

THE

Thousand and One Days:

Persian TALES.

V O L. III.

Translated from the *French*

By Mr. *PHILIPS*.

Τί γὰρ ἂν ἄλλο φήσαντες ταῦτα, ἢ πρὸς ὄντι
Τῷ Διὸς ἐνύπνια; Longinus.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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against *Katharine-street* in the *Strand*. 1722.

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THE ROYAL HONORABLE

COUNTY

VOL. III



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To the Right Honourable the
C O U N T E S S
O F
D O R S E T.

MADAM,
HE Two former Volumes
of the *Persian*
Tales having met with
A 3 a

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Dedication.

a favourable Reception under the Protection of Two Ladies eminent for their refined Taste in Writings of Genius and Invention, I humbly beg Leave to Inscribe this Third and Last Volume to Your Ladyship; that so the Whole may meet with equal Indulgence from the Publick.

Dedication.

I have been honoured with the early Patronage of my Lord *Derfet*; which is the only Merit I can plead for the Liberty I take in addressing to your Ladyship upon this Occasion. His Favour will excuse my Ambition in aspiring to Yours; and You will vouchsafe to Smile upon those
A 4 Arts,

Dedication.

Arts, which his Lordship is pleased to encourage, and which have all along been the Delight of his Ancestors.

Should some *English* Writer undertake to invent a Series of Stories in all the Solemnity of the Eastern Compositions, and heighten any one of them with the Cha-

Dedication.

Character of a Lady,
whose Beauty was u-
niversally admired,
and whose Virtues
had gained her the
Esteem of the Age
she lived in; whose
Merit had placed her
near the Person of
the most Amiable
Princess then living,
and whose Accom-
plishments rendered
her an Ornament to

A 5 the

Dedication.

the politest Court in
the World; yet who
at the same time was
not less Eminent in
the private and Do-
mestick Duties of
Life: By some such
Expedient as this your
distinguishing Quali-
ties might receive their
due Praise without
offending You; since
the Disguise would
be seen through by e-
very

Dedication.

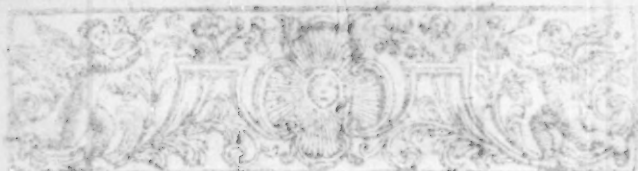
very Reader, except-
ing Your Self.

*I am, with the greatest
Respect,*

M A D A M,

*Your Ladyship's most Humble
and most Obedient Servant,*

Ambr. Philips.



THE

Thousand and one Days
of the
Regatta

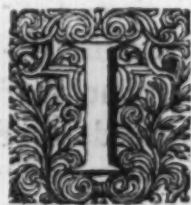
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THE
Thousand and one Days.
PERSIAN TALES.

VOL. III.

*The Hundred and fifty sixth
Day.*



Was so over-joy'd to find *Rezia* was not married, that I could not refrain from interrupting her; Ah my Princess, cried I; and would you have been delivered up to a Prince whom you do not love, had it not been for the happy Violence I put in Practice? This Circumstance extenuates my Crime. No,
re-

replied the Princess, interrupting me in her turn, it does not extenuate your Crime, but it hinders me from reproaching you. Ah pardon me then Madam, answered I, and do not disdain the Crown of *Circassia*, which, together with my Heart, I now offer you.

I pass over in Silence the Professions of Love which I made *Rezia*, to render her sensible of my Passion. The kindest thing I could draw from her was, that she would readily consent to my Happiness, provided her Father would do so too.

I consulted *Avicene* upon this; he advised me to send an Ambassador to the Sultan, to acquaint him with his Daughter's Fate, and demand her in Marriage; adding, I should leave the rest to him. I followed the Philosopher's Advice, and dispatched away *Husseyn* a second Time to the Court of *Carizme*, with new Presents; and till he should return, I conducted the Princess to the fairest Apartment of my Seraglio, where she was served, as if she had already been my Queen.

As to the Philosopher, who had laid such an Obligation upon me, I desired him to stay in my Court, and live as he pleased there. I do not, said I, offer you the Place of first Minister. It is not worthy
of

of you, but let us be as Friends, and divide the Supream Power between us. I can never enough shew my Gratitude to you. *Avicene*, judging by this Discourse how sensible I was of the Service he had done me, said; He received the Honour I did him, by placing him in the Rank of my Friends, with equal Pleasure and Respect. That it was the greatest Recompence I could make him, and that I overpayed all his Services.

I must now return to *Husselyn*, and let you know in what Disposition he found the Court of *Carizme* upon his Arrival. As soon as the Sultan understood after what a strange manner his Daughter had been carried away, he assembled all his Visiers and the Principal Lords of his Kingdom, to consult with them what should be done in so singular a Conjunction. They were all of Opinion that Recourse should be had to an able Astrologer who lived at *Scheherestan*: and it was discovered by his Observations that the Princess of *Carizme* was in my Seraglio. Upon which a Courier was dispatched away to the King of *Candabar*, to inform him of this extraordinary Adventure, and to propose to him to join his Troops with those

those of *Carizme*, in order to procure Satisfaction for the Rape of *Rezia*. The King of *Candabar* hearing this News, which did but too much excite him to Vengeance, put himself at the Head of his Army, and advanced by long Marches towards the City of *Carizme*, near which Place he approached when the Sultan was informed of the Arrival of my Ambassador.

Clich-Arselan is by Nature somewhat inclined to Cruelty. He ordered *Husselyn* to be apprehended and brought before him. I guess, says he with Looks full of Rage, the Subject of thy Embassy. Thy perfidious Master has sent thee to acquaint me that, contrary to all Right and Reason, he keeps my Daughter in his Seraglio; he shall soon repent of the Injury he has done me. *Circassia* shall be laid in Ashes, and in the mean time, I order thy Head to be cut off. Would I could in the same manner treat the base Prince, who, having no Respect to Royal Majesty, has dishonoured my House, in taking my Daughter from me by the wicked Art of a Magician. At these Words he commanded a Scaffold to be erected before his Palace, and *Husselyn* ascended it to receive the Stroke of Death in sight of all the People of

of the City of *Carizme*, who were gathered together to behold his Execution. But in the Instant when the Executioner had lifted up his Arm to sever his Head from his Body, *Husseyn* was taken up into the Air, and vanished, to the great Astonishment both of the Sultan and the Spectators.

The Hundred and fifty seventh Day.

THE Sultan of *Carizme* judged very rightly, that the same Power which had carried away his Daughter, had likewise saved *Husseyn*. This enraged him still the more. At least, says he, go find out the *Circassians* who came to *Carizme* with this Ambassador. The Guards ran to the Place where *Husseyn* lodged, but could meet with none of his Train. They were all carried off at the same time by the Slaves of *Avicene*.

I knew this Adventure a Moment after it happened. *Husseyn*, who on a sudden appeared before me, gave me an Account of it. He acquainted me afterwards, that the King of *Candahar*, and the Sultan of *Carizme*, were preparing to lay *Circassia* waste,

waste. As he was giving me Information of the Design of these two Princes, *Avicene* came to us. We all three laughed at the Surprize the City of *Carizme* must be in at *Husseyn's* miraculous Escape. We then discoursed of the War we were entering upon; and the Philosopher perceiving I was a little uneasie at my Enemies' Preparations, made me Reproaches on that Head, saying, What have you to fear so long as I am with you? Their Efforts to destroy you will be ineffectual, while I am in your Interests. If the whole People of *Indostan*, of *China*, and all the Tribes of the *Moguls*, united with your Enemies against you, I am able to confound them, and to make you triumph. The Sultan of *Carizme* and the King of *Candabar* threaten to ravage your Kingdom; leave the Defence of your Territories to me, I will take care of them, and acquit my self of that Commission better than your Generals. I thanked the Philosopher for the Assistance he promised me, and rejoiced that my Affairs were in so good Hands. I was so far from being afraid of the King of *Candabar*, and the Sultan, that I wished them already on the Banks of the *Volga*. My Wishes were soon accom-

accomplished. These two Princes advanced towards my Territories, without loss of Time. They coasted along the *Caspian* Sea, and leaving the Mouth of the *Faxartes* behind them, they approached the River *Jaic*, when the Rumour of their March put *Astracan* into a terrible Consternation. As I depended entirely upon *Avicene*, I had not assembled many Troops: My Subjects not imagining that we should be able to make Head against such Numbers as came against us, looked upon *Circassia* as a ruined Country, and thought they saw the City of *Astracan* already in Flames. On the other Hand, the Enemy understanding I had but a very small Army to oppose him, did not imagine I would have the Boldness to attempt it. So marching on in an Opinion that he might penetrate as far as my Capital without Opposition, he doubted not but he should ruin my Kingdom, and return loaden with it's Spoils. The Event, however, did not answer his Expectations.

Avicene kept his Promise, and had Occasion to make use of but one of his Secrets to free my Dominions from the Danger which threatned them. We marched both together at the Head of my Army.

We

We passed the *Volga*, and then halted two Leagues from our Enemies, among whom the Philosopher sowed Discord. A Difference arose between the Sultan and the King of *Candabar*. The Quarrel went so far, that these two Princes turned their Arms against each other. They came to Blows; and after a long Battel, the King of *Candabar* and all his Men were cut off. The Sultan remained Master of the Field of Battel; but he had no great Reason to boast of his Victory; he had so few Men left, that he was in no Condition to resist us. When we came up with him, we surrounded him. Being obliged to yield to Necessity, he surrendered himself, and I carried him to *Astracan*.

I gave him no Cause to complain of my Usage of him; he received all sort of Honours in my Court; I spared no Pains to calm his Resentments; and I succeeded in my Endeavours. But what I believe contributed more than any thing else to it, were the kind Things the Princess his Daughter said of me. She gave him a particular Account of the Respect and Civilities she had met with from me, of my Affiduity in contriving daily new Amusements for her; and the King was so pleased

sed with my Behaviour towards his Daughter, that at last he consented to accept of me for his Son-in-Law.

The Hundred and fifty eighth Day.

Nothing was now thought of but Rejoicings. The most magnificent Preparations were made to celebrate my Nuptials. Joy triumphed in Court and City for a whole Year, or rather it still continues to triumph there from that time to this.

Clich-Arselan after the Nuptials were over, which comforted him for his Defeat, returned to his Dominions; but before his Departure he had several Conferences with *Avicene*, whom he no more looked on as a Magician. He not only pardoned the Rape of his Daughter, he desired him to be his Friend; and *Avicene* shewing himself very sensible of the Honour the Sultan did him, *Clich-Arselan* left *Astracan*, no less contented with having made the Philosopher his Friend, than his having disposed of his Daughter so much to his and her Satisfaction.

I had no sooner married that Princess, than laying aside her former Haughtiness, she confessed she had an Inclination for me which encreased daily, and we lived as happily as we could wish; when on a sudden, he who was the Author of our Happiness, soon put an end to it, and rendered us both true Objects of Compassion.

Avicene, in spite of all his Philosophy, cast an amorous Eye on *Rezia*; and conceived a Passion for her, which has ever since made my Life miserable. To shew this Philosopher how much I valued him, I suffered him to see the Queen, and talk with her every Day. His Conversation so augmented his Love, that being no more Master of it, he declared it to her. The Princess highly resented such an audacious Declaration; but believing it her best way not to irritate a Man whose Power she was afraid of; *Avicene*, says she to him with a Look full of Trouble, I pray you to make use of your Reason, and overcome the Sentiments you have discovered to me. This Conquest ought to cost you less than another Man. Think of the King's Friendship and Deference for you. Cannot you cast your Eyes on some Body else? The Prince adores me.

I tenderly love him, and can love no Body but him; for Heaven's Sake, forbear to disturb an Union which you your self have formed.

The gentle Treatment this Philosopher met with made him more bold. He continued to talk of Love to her, and pressed the Queen so earnestly to listen to him, that at last she lost all Patience. She treated him as an insolent Fellow, and reproached him with his Presumption after so haughty and so scornful a Manner, that he grew angry. He was naturally Passionate. His Tenderneſs turned to Hatred; and from a fond Lover he became a jealous enraged Enemy; Ungrateful Woman! said he, looking with a menacing Air on the Queen, do not think that thou shalt despise my Love with Impunity; this Disdain shall cost thee dear; I will strike thee in the most sensible Part; thou lovest thy Husband, and in him will I punish thee. At these Words he breathed upon the Princess, muttered something to himself, and vanished.

The Queen was frightened at his Threats; but not then feeling any Alteration in herself, she imagined *Avicene* had said it only

ly to frighten her ; and she lost her Senses at my approaching her twice or thrice, before she perceived that the Condition in which you saw her, was the Work of the Philosopher. This is the fatal Charni which disturbs the Quiet of my Life. Yet as wretched as I am, I must be thankful to Heaven that *Avicene* has not carried away my dear *Reziah* with him.

*The Continuation of the History
of Bedreddin Lolo, his Visier,
and his Favourite.*

HERE the King of *Astracan* finished his Relation. *Bedreddin* returned him Thanks for having satisfied his Curiosity, assuring him, That no Body could be more concerned than himself for his Misfortune. These two Monarchs afterwards took their Leaves of each other, and the King of *Damascus*, with *Atalmulc* and *Seyfel Mulouk*, set out from *Astracan* for his own Dominions.

The Condition in which they had seen Queen *Reziah* was often the Subject of their Discourse on the Road. As they were one Day talking of it, says *Seyfel Mulouk*

Mulouk to *Bedreddin*, it must be owned, my Lord, that there cannot be a more perfect Beauty, nor a more engaging Object, than that Princess; yet, added he with a Smile, tho' we all three looked on her very seriously. I do not find that either of us lost our Senses. It is true, my Mind was full of the Image of *Bedy al Femal*, which doubtless preserved me from that Misfortune. And my Case is the same, says *Atal-mulc*. It is not surprizing that I preserve my Reason as well as you. *Zelica's* Image, which is engraved on my Heart, renders me insensible to all other Beauties in the World. What we have most Reason to admire, replied the Favourite, is the King our Master's Indifference; tho' he is not prepossessed in Favour of any Princess, he was no more touched at the sight of *Rezia's* Charms than you and I were.

Bedreddin took him up here, saying, You are in a great Error to think I have never been in Love, because you never saw me have a Mistress. To undeceive you, I must tell you, I am as much in Love as you, and that it is Love alone which hinders my being Happy. It is not a Princess who reigns in my Heart; it is a Woman of Ordinary Condition. The Secret

I am now going to tell you, I did not intend ever to reveal, but you have given me an Occasion which I am not willing to let slip.

The History of the Fair Arouya.

SOME Years since, there lived at *Damascus* an old Merchant, called *Banou*; he had a very pretty Country-Seat near the City; two Ware-houses full of rich Brocades and *Indian* Silks of all Sorts, and a greater Treasure than all the rest, a young Wife who may very well be compared to the Queen of *Astracan* for Beauty.

Banou was a Man of Pleasure, he loved Expençe, and valued himself on his Generosity. He was not contented with treating his Friends, he lent them Money; he assisted all that applied to him. In fine, he could not have forgiven himself if any Day past over his Head without his doing some good Office or other. He found so many Opportunities of exercising his obliging Temper, that he prejudiced his Affairs by it; he perceived himself declining, but he could not think of changing his Conduct. So that going backwards

wards every Day more and more, he was at last obliged to sell his Country-house, and insensibly fell into Poverty.

The Hundred and fifty ninth Day.

WHEN he found his Fortune was quite broken, he had Recourse to his Friends, but had no Help from them; they all forsook him. He hoped at least his Debtors would repay him what they had borrowed of him; but some denied the Debt, and others had not wherewithal to pay it, which *Banou* took so much to Heart that he fell sick upon it.

During his Sickness, he by chance called to Mind that he had lent a Doctor of his Acquaintance a thousand Sequins of Gold; upon which he called his Wife, and said to her, Ah my dear *Arouya*, we must not yet despair; I just now have called a Debtor to my Remembrance whom I had forgotten. I formerly lent him a thousand Sequins of Gold. It is Doctor *Danischmende*. I do not believe he will be so dishonest as the others; go to him, since I cannot go my self, and tell him,

I pray him to send me the thousand Sequins he borrowed of me.

Aronya presently took her Veil, and went to Doctor *Danischmende* on her Husband's Errand. She was conducted into the Apartment of the *Alfakib*; who prayed her to sit down, and tell him what brought her thither. Signior Doctor, replied the young Woman lifting up her Veil, I am the Wife of *Banou* the Merchant: He wishes you the Enjoyment of all Happiness, and prays you to send him the thousand Sequins he lent you. At these Words pronounced by the Fair *Aronya*, with a sweet and graceful Air, the Doctor, all on Fire, fixed his Eyes on the Merchant's Wife, and answered her thus prettily, as he imagined. Ah, Fairy Face, I will readily give you what you demand; not as a Debt due to your Husband, but for the Pleasure you do me in coming to my House: I find I am not my self at the Sight of you. 'Tis in your Power to render me the happiest of *Alfakibs*. Accept, I beg of you, the Passion your bright Eyes have inspired. Your Husband is too much in Years to deserve your Affection. If you will grant my Desires, instead of a thou-

thousand Sequins I will give you two thousand, and swear by my Head and by my Eyes to be all my Life your Slave. Having said this, the Amorous Doctor, to shew, as well by his Actions as his Words, what an Effect her Beauty had upon him, came up to the young Woman and would have embraced her; but she pushed him off roughly, and, looking on him with a Frown, cried; Hold Insolent, and do not flatter thy self that I give Ear to thee: Didst thou offer me all the Riches of *Egypt*, and were they all at thy Disposal, thou couldst not corrupt my Fidelity. Pay me the thousand Sequins that thou owest my Husband, and do not lose Time in endeavouring to gain a Heart that is given to another. The *Alfakib* had too much Sense not to guess, by this Discourse, what he was to expect from the virtuous *Arouya*: He lost all Hope of prevailing upon her, and being a brutal Fellow he soon chang'd his Language.

Thou must have a good stock of Impudence, says he in a Fury, to demand Money of me. I owe thy Husband *Banou* nothing, and if the old Fool has ruined himself by his Extravagance, I shall not be so

unwise as to set him up again. Saying this, he turned her out of the House, and could scarce refrain from striking her. The young Woman returned home in Tears: My dear *Banon*, says she to her Husband, Doctor *Danischmende* has no more Honesty than the rest of your Debtors: He was so impudent as to deny his owing you any thing. Perfidious Man, cried the old Merchant; is it possible that he too should abandon me in my Necessity? He has the Look of an honest Man. I would have trusted him with all my Fortune, when he asked the thousand Sequins of me. Whom can one confide in? What shall I do with him, continues he; shall I let him keep it peaceably? No, I will try it with him. Go to the *Cady*. He is a severe Judge, and a sworn Enemy of Injustice. Tell him all the Doctor's Treachery. I am sure he will pity me, and do me Justice.

The

The Hundred and sixtieth Day.

THE Merchant's young Wife went to the *Cady*. She entered a Hall where that Judge gave Audience to the People, and stood at a good Distance from him; the Majesty of her Form, and her noble Air, were immediately taken Notice of. The *Cady* was naturally amorous. He no sooner saw *Arouya* than he beckoned to her to come up to him, and led her himself into his Closet. He made her sit down on a *Söfa*, and obliged her to lift up her Veil, when, on the Sight of her extream Beauty, which he was as much charmed with as the *Alfakib* had been, he cried out, in a Rapture of Love, Oh sweet Sugar-Cane! fair Rose of the Garden of the World! tell me what you would have me do for you, and be assured before-hand of my doing whatever you request.

She then acquainted him with *Danischmende's* Endeavour to cheat her Husband, and most humbly prayed him to interpose his Authority to compel the Doctor to restore what he had received of her Husband. Ay, ay, that's nothing but Justice,

interrupted the *Cady*, I shall compell him to do that. He shall repay the thousand Sequins, or I will have it out of his Bowels: But my charming *Houry*, continued he with great Sweetness as he imagined, think that the Bird of my Heart is taken in the Net of thy Beauty. Grant me what thou refusedst to the *Alfakih*, and I will this Moment make thee a Present of four thousand Sequins.

Aronya burst out a weeping at this Discourse. Oh Heaven, says she, is there no Virtue to be found among Men? I cannot meet with a Man that is truly generous. Even those whose Duty it is to punish the Criminal, make no Scruple of committing Crimes.

The *Cady* in vain endeavoured to bring the young Woman into a good Temper with him. He still persisted in requiring her to grant him Favours, without which he bad her assure her self he would do her no manner of Service. So she rose and went out of the House, full of Grief at the Injustice she met with.

When *Banou* saw his Wife return, it was not difficult for him to imagine that she had brought no good Tidings with her. I perceive plainly, says he to her, you are
not

not very well satisfied with the *Cady*. He refuses you his Protection; Doctor *Damischmende* is doubtless a Friend of his. Alas! replied she, my Trouble is to no Purpose. He will not do us Justice. We have no Hope left. What will become of us? *Banon* answered, We must apply to the Governor of *Damascus*. I have often trusted him to a considerable Value. He is even now in my Debt. Let us implore his Assistance. I believe he will employ his Credit for us.

The next Day *Arouya* went veiled to the Governor, and demanded to see him. She was conducted to his Apartment. He received her with great Civility, and desired her to discover her self. As she knew the Consequence, she would have excused her self. But he would by no means be put off, and prest her so earnestly to lift up her Veil, that she could not avoid it.

The Governor was as much enflamed at the sight of this young Woman, as the Doctor and the *Cady* had been. He was one of those Men in Power that spare no handsome Women, who fall in their way.

How charming is she, cried he, I never saw any thing so lovely. Ah amiable Crea-

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ture,

ture, continued he, tell me who you are, and what I can do to serve you? My Lord, replied she, I am the Wife of a Merchant, named *Banou*, who has had the Honour to sell you some Goods formerly. Ay, I know him very well, interrupted the Governor; he is a Man for whom I have the greatest Esteem and Friendship. How happy is he in having so beautiful a Wife? No, my Lord, replied *Arouya*, He rather deserves to be pitied. You do not know, I perceive, to what a miserable Condition the unfortunate *Banou* is reduced. She then represented to him the ill Situation of her Husband's Affairs, and told him the Reasons which obliged her to wait on him.

The Hundred and sixty first Day.

THE Governor understanding her Errand to him, was very ready to promise, he would make use of all his Authority to force Doctor *Danischmende* to pay *Banou* what he owed him; but he was not more generous than the *Cady* had been. I will grant you my Protection, says he to
the

the young Woman; I'll send for the *Alfakih*, and if he does not fairly repay what he has borrowed of your Husband he shall repent it. In a Word, I will engage he shall restore it, provided you this Moment let me see you are sensible of the Obligation I am about to lay upon you. For we great Men are always for having the Acknowledgment precede the Service.

As the fair *Arouya* was no more dispos'd to satisfy the Governor than the rest, she retired in a most disconsolate Condition. O *Banou*, says she to her Husband, there is no depending upon any Thing; no Body will commiserate us, nor give us the least Assistance. These Words threw the old Merchant into Despair; he cursed all Mankind a thousand times over, and was about to renew his Imprecations, when his Wife interrupted him, saying, Cease, cease your Curses on the Authors of our Miseries; what Good will your vain Complaints do you? We must think of some other Means to recover your Mony, and I have thought of one which *Mahomet* has inspired me with. Do not ask me, added she, what it is. I do not think it proper to tell you: Content your self with the Assurance I give you,

you, that it will make a great deal of Noise, and that we shall be fully revenged of the *Alfakib*, the *Cady*, and the Governor. Do what thou wilt, says *Banon*, I resign my self up to thy Conduct.

The old Merchant's young Wife went presently out of the House, and after having crossed several Streets came to a Box-maker's. The Man of the Shop saluted her, saying, Fair Lady, what would you have? I have Occasion, replied she, for three Chests, pray let them be very good ones. The Box-maker shewed her several of different Sizes. She pickt out three, each of which would easily hold a Man. She paid for them, and caused them to be carried home. She then dress'd her self in her richest Cloaths, put on all the Jewels her ill Fortune had left her, and did not forget Perfumes.

When she had thus given her self all her Charms, she went to the *Alfakib*, and assuming a free and coming Air, she lifted up her Veil, without staying till the Doctor desired her to discover her self; then looking upon him so languishingly, that it was enough to inspire the most insensible Hearts with Love, Signior *Alfakib*, says she, I am come once more to desire you to pay
the

the thousand Sequins you owe my Husband. If you do it for Love of me, you may depend upon my Gratitude. Fair Lady, replied the Doctor, I am still in the same Mind: I have two thousand Sequins at your Service, on the Condition I proposed to you. I see, says *Arouya*, you do not go back from your Word, and I think I must even resolve to content you. I will expect you to Night, continued she, holding out one of her fair Hands which he kist with Transport: Bring the Money you promised me, and come exactly at ten a Clock, and knock at my Door. A trusty Slave will open it to you, and introduce you to my Apartment, where we will spend the Night together.

The *Alfakib* could not contain himself, hearing her talk thus, it being all his Heart desired. He embraced the fair Charmer, who was not able to excuse it, after what she had said; but she got out of his Hands as fast as she could, and finding him fully disposed not to miss the Assignment, she went from his House to act the same Part at the *Cady's*.

The Hundred and sixty second Day.

AS soon as she was alone with this Judge, My Lord, said she, ever since I left you I have not had a Moment's Rest. A thousand Times I called to Mind every thing you said to me; I remembred that I did not seem to have displeased you: On the contrary, it was my Fault if I had you not for a Lover. What a Pleasure must it be to a Citizen to be Mistress to a young handsome *Cady*? My Virtue, I own, is not Proof against such a tempting Fortune. The *Cady* was in an Extasie all the while she was talking. Yes, my Queen, cries he, you shall, if you please, be the first Lady of my Seraglio, and the Sovereign Mistress of my Will. Leave old *Banon*, and come and live with me. No, my Lord, replies *Arouya*, I cannot consent to give him such extream Trouble as that; besides, that would be the way to lose my Reputation; I would not make a Noise, but only have a private Intrigue with you. Where then, says the *Cady*, shall I meet you? In my Apartment,
replied

replied *Banou's* Wife; it is the safest Place. My Husband keeps close in his; he is an old Man, worn out with Age and Infirmities; we need not be in any Concern about him. Come to me this Night, if you are desirous of it; be at my Door at Eleven a Clock, and come alone, for I cannot bear to think your People should know what I do for you.

The *Cady* was so far from suspecting the young Woman's Precautions, that they made him value his good Fortunes the more. He did not fail to let the Lady see how transported he was at the Thoughts of her being so kind to him; he caressed her very passionately, but she took care to keep his Caresses within Bounds, and he promised to come to her House at the appointed Time.

Thus were two of her Lovers prepared to fall into the Trap she laid for them. No Body remained now but the Governor, whom it was not difficult to deceive, as well as the other two. *Banou's* Wife had the Address to make him believe every thing she said; and the result of their Discourse was, that he should come to her at Midnight, and swear
to

to come alone, that every thing might be done as discreetly as she desired.

Great Prophet, says *Arouya*, as soon as she was out of the Governor's Palace, Oh thou Protector of all faithful *Musselmén*, *Mahomet*, who from Heaven where thou dwellest, hast thy Eyes open to the Steps I am taking, who seest the bottom of my Heart, let my Design succeed, and do not abandon me in the Perils of the Execution.

After this Ejaculation which she made, that she might the more surely arrive at the End she proposed to her self, she felt her Mind full of Confidence; and following all its Motions as so many Dictates of the Prophet, she bought Sweet-meats and Fruit to treat her Lovers with. She had an old Slave whose Fidelity she had experienced; her she acquainted with her Project, and gave her Instructions for her Part in it. They then prepared an Apartment, put every thing in nice Order, and spread a Table with *China* Dishes full of Fruit and Sweet-meats; in short, had she really intended to make her Lovers happy, she could not have made more Preparations for it.

She

She waited for their coming with great Impatience, being sometimes afraid they would not come at all; but her Fears were groundless. Their Hopes were too pleasing for them to fail at the appointed Hour. The first that came was Doctor *Danischmende*, who at ten a Clock precisely knocked at *Banou's* Door. The old Slave let him in, and conducted him to her Mistress's Apartment, saying softly, Have a Care you don't make a Noise, least you wake the old Merchant who is asleep.

As soon as *Danischmende* saw *Arouya*, who had dressed her self out as much as if she was to receive a most desirable Lover, he was dazzled with the Lustre of her Charms, and cried out with a great deal of Passion, Oh *Phoenix* of the Field of Beauty! I cannot enough admire my Happiness. There, continues he throwing a Purse on the Table, there is the two thousand Sequins I promised you; it is too little for so much Felicity.

The

*The Hundred and sixty third
Day.*

AROUYA smiling, took the *Alfakib* by the Hand, and making him sit down on a Sopha, said to him, Signior Doctor, take off your Turbant and Girdle, and be at Ease; you are here as if you were at Home. *Dalla Moukhtala*, continues she, addressing her self to the old Slave, help me to undress my Lover, for his Cloaths are troublesome to him. Immediately the Lady her self untied his Girdle, and the Slave took off his Turbant; then both of them pulled off his Robe, and left him in his Vest and bare-headed; Now, says *Banou's* Wife, let us refresh our selves with what I have provided for us: Accordingly they fell to eating the Sweat-meats and Fruit, and dringing the Liquors she had got for them. The Lady was so gay all the while, that the *Alfakib* was more and more charmed with her; but in the heighth of his Expectations and Joy, a Noise was heard in the House. *Arouya* seemed to be in a terrible Fright, making as if she did not know what

what it was. *Dalla*, says she to the old Slave in a mighty Concern, go see what is the occasion of the Noise we hear. *Dalla* went out, and returned a Moment after full of Trouble and Confusion; Ah Madam, we are undone, said she, your Brother is just come from *Cairo*, he is now with your Husband, who is this Minute bringing him to you. What an unlucky Accident it is, says the Wife of *Banou*, affecting great Displeasure? What a base Baulk? they do not only come to interrupt my Joys, but they surprize me with my Lover, and I shall pass for an inconstant Woman the first Step that I took against my Duty. What will become of me? How can I prevent the Shame that threatens me? Why are you so embarrassed, says the old Slave! let Signior *Danischmende* get into one of the three Chests your Husband sent Home to pack up his Goods for *Bagdad* in; they are in your Closet, and we have the Keys of them.

This Advice was approved of; the Doctor got into the Chest, and *Aronya* herself locked him in it, saying, Ah my dear *Alfakih*, do not be impatient; when my Brother and Husband are gone, I will let you out again, and we will spend the Night

Night together the more pleasantly for our being now interrupted. This Promise, and his Hopes of her making him Amends for the Time he lost while he was in the Chest, made the Doctor bear with Patience an Adventure which he was not like to get so well over. Instead of suspecting the Lady's Sincerity, or thinking the Condition he was in might be a Snare laid for him, he flattered himself that he was beloved, and full of the sweet Delusion lay comfortably in his Coffin, hoping his Mistress would soon reward him for his Sufferings.

Arouya left him in her Closet, and returned to her Chamber, where she said softly to her Slave, There is one of them fast, let us see if the other will escape me. We shall know that presently, replies *Dalla*, for it is almost Eleven a Clock, and I do not believe the *Cady* will miss the Assignment. The old Slave was in the right of it; the *Cady* came as punctually to his Time, as the *Alfakib* had done. At Eleven a Clock they heard him knock at the Door. *Dalla* ran to let him in, and seeing him, cried, who are you? The *Cady*, replied he. Speak softly, answered the Slave, for fear of waking Signior

Signior *Banou*; my Mistress, who has a great Love for you, has ordered me to introduce you to her Apartment. Pray be pleased to follow me; I will carry you thither. The Judge was all on Fire at this promising Beginning of his Joys, and following the old Slave, was conducted to *Arouya*. Oh my Queen, cries he as soon as he saw her, are you so good as to give me this Meeting? How impatiently have I longed for it? and then casting himself at her Feet, Do you suffer me, continues he, to conceive the most charming Hopes? There is no Happiness comparable to mine. The Lady lifted him up, and prayed him to sit down on a Sopha, saying, I am glad, my Lord, I am so much in your Favour, since you are of all Men he for whom I have the greatest Affection, and indeed the first Man whom I ever could love. The old Slave can witness that from the time I first saw you, I have done nothing but languish; I have incessantly talked of you to her, and have not had a Minute's Quiet for my Passion.

*The Hundred and sixty fourth
Day.*

AROUYA's talking thus to the *Cady* made him almost out of his Wits. Oh thou tall Cypress, says he, thou living Image of the *Houris*, how dost thou charm me with thy Sweet Words? Compleat my Joys, and raise me to the highest pitch of Felicity. Haste, my Princess, haste I conjure you to fulfil my Desires, for I am no longer my own Master, and no longer can contain them. I am transported, replied the Lady, to find you so amorous. It is the greatest Pleasure to me, who am my self so full of Love, and so delighted with your Impatience, that I cannot delay your Passion. I had prepared some Refreshments, and intended to eat and drink with you, but since you are so eager, I must comply with your Instances. Undress you then, and get into that Bed there. I will go to my Husband's Apartment, and see if he's asleep, and come back to you in a Moment.

The Judge fancying, by this Discourse, that he was already in the Arms of the
Object

Object of his Wishes, pulled off his Cloaths immediately, and went into Bed. He was scarce lain down before he heard a great Noise. A Minute after *Aronya* returned in a Fright, crying, Ah, my Lord, you do not know what has happened here. We have an old Slave whom I would not trust with my Intrigue, he being too much in my Husband's Interest. He saw you come in, and has told his Master, who is sending for my Relations to be Witnesses of my Infidelity. They are all coming to my Apartment. I am the most miserable Woman alive. At this she fell a weeping, and did it so artfully that the *Cady* was mightily touched at it.

Comfort your self, my Angel, says he, fear nothing. I am Judge of the *Musfulmen*, and can by my Authority impose Silence on your Relations and Husband. I will threaten them all. I will forbid them to make any Stir about it; and you may be assured they will be afraid of my Menaces. I don't doubt it, my Lord, replies *Aronya*; but it is not the Resentment of my Relations, nor my Husband's Wrath I am apprehensive of. I know that, supported by your Protection, I am safe from all Chastisement. But

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I shall lose my Reputation, pass for an Adulteress, and bring Reproach and Contempt upon my Family: How can a Woman bear this, whose Virtue has not hitherto been the least suspected? Suspected, said I! I may say I have been looked upon as the Pattern of all discreet Wives. A Character I shall lose in a Moment. At these Words the Tears burst out afresh, and she mourned with so natural an Air that the Judge took Pity on her.

Oh Light of my Eyes, cries he, your Affliction grieves me; but leave off lamenting, since it is to no Purpose. What good will this weeping for an unavoidable Misfortune do you? Here *Dalla Moukbtala* interrupted the Judge saying, Great *Cady* of the Faithful, and you fair Rose of the Garden of Beauty, listen to what I have to say to you. I am a Woman of Experience, and it is not the first time that I have been assisting to embarrassed Lovers. While you were bemoaning your selves, I thought of a way to deliver you out of this Embarrassment; and if my Lord *Cady* will, we will be too hard for Signior *Banon* and my Mistress's Relations. And how so, says the Judge? You need only shut your self up in a Chest that is in *Aronya's* Closet,

Closet, replied she: I am sure they will not think of any body's being there. With all my Heart, says the *Cady*: I'll be lockt up in the Closet for some Moments, if you think it proper. The young Lady expressing how much it would oblige her, and assuring the Judge that she would come and let him out as soon as her Husband and Relations had visited her Apartment, he suffered himself to be lockt up as the *Alfa-kib* was, expecting that *Arouya* would pay him with Usury for his Complaisance.

There was now the Governor only to be served so, and at Midnight he came too. *Dalla* introduced him as she had done the two others, and *Arouya* received him after the same manner. She carest him as a kind Mistress would have done; and when she found the old Lord grew too pressing, she made a Sign that had been agreed upon between her and the old Slave. A Moment after, a great knocking was heard at the Street Door, and the old Woman came running into the Chamber in a terrible Fright, crying: Ah Madam, what an Accident is here? The *Cady* is coming. He is now in your Husband's Apartment. Heavens! cries *Arouya*: go softly and hear what he says to *Banou*, then bring us an

Account of it. The old Slave went out a second time, and while she made as if she was doing what her Mistress sent her about, the Governour said to the Lady, What can bring the *Cady* hither at this Time of Night? Is *Banon* in any Trouble? No, replies *Arouya*; and I am as much surprized as you can be, at this Judge's coming.

The Hundred and sixty fifth Day.

*D*alla returning some time after, said to her Mistress: I listened attentively to what they were talking of in Signior *Banon*'s Apartment, and heard enough to know what he comes about. 'Tis to examine you in Presence of *Danischmende*, who accompanies him. This Doctor affirms he has paid you the Sequins your Husband lent him. The Grand Vifier, who has been informed of this Matter, has charged the *Cady* to inquire into it, and give him an Account of it to Morrow Morning. *Arouya* upon this fell a weeping again, and prayed the Governor to hide himself; saying, My Lord, I conjure you to have Compassion on me. The *Cady*, *Banon*, and *Danischmende* are coming. Spare me

me the Shame of passing for a lewd Woman. Have some Regard to my Weakness for you. Go into my Closet, and suffer me to lock you up in a Chest there for some Moments. The old Lord shewing some Repugnance to do what she proposed, she threw her self at his Feet, and at last prevailed upon him. So the Governor was served as the other two had been, and *Arouya* locked the Closet Door. After which she went and told her Husband what she had done. They both made themselves very merry at the Expence of the three unfortunate Lovers. Well, says *Banon*, and how do you intend to unravel this Adventure? You shall know to Morrow, replied *Arouya*; remember only that I promised to revenge you in a publick Manner, and be assured I will be as good as my Word.

Accordingly she came next Day to my Palace, and entered the Hall where I give Audience to my People. As soon as I saw her, her noble Air and Beauty made me fix my Eyes upon her: I bad my Grand Visier observe her. Do you see, says I, what a fine Woman there is? I bid her draw near my Throne. She broke through the Croud, and prostrated her self before me.

What brings you hither, said I? rise and speak. Oh mighty Monarch, replied she when she got up, may your Majesty's Days be eternal, or at least have no End but with the last Ages. If you will be pleased to hear me, I shall tell you a Story that will surprize you. Let me hear it, said I; proceed.

I am the Wife, replied she, of a Merchant named *Banou*, who has the Honour to be your Majesty's Subject, and to live in your Capital City. Some Years since he lent a thousand Sequins to Doctor *Danischmende*, who denies that he ever received them. I went to demand them of the *Alfakih*; he answered, he owed nothing to my Husband but would give me two thousand Sequins if I would do what he would have had me. I complained of the Doctor's Knavery to the *Cady*, and that Judge declared he would not do me Justice unless I would shew the same Complaisance to him which *Danischmende* required of me. Provoked at this Judge's ill Treatment, I left him and went afterwards to the Governor of *Damascus*, whom my Husband knew very well. I implored his Assistance: But he had no more Generosity than the *Cady*, and spared for no Pains to seduce me.

I could scarce give Credit to what she said, and had some Suspicion that this was a Story invented by her to do *Danischmende*, the *Gady*, and Governor, an ill Office with me. No, no, says I to her, I cannot believe what you tell me, nor that a Doctor would disown a Debt of a thousand Sequins; nor that a Man, whom I have chosen to distribute Justice among the People, should make you such an insolent Proposal. King of the World, replied the Wife of *Banou* to me, if you refuse to give Credit to what I say, I hope at least you will believe the irreproachable Witnesses I have to produce. Where are the Witnesses, said I in a Surprize? Sir, replied she, I have them at my House. If you will please to send for them, your Majesty will not suspect their Testimony.

I sent some of my Guards to *Banou's* House, and he delivered them the three Chests with the Lovers in them. The Guards brought them to me: And, says *Aronya*, my Witnesses are in there, Sir. She then pulled three Keys out of her Pocket, and opened the Chests. Imagine how I was surprized, as well as all my Court, when we saw the Doctor, the Governor, and the *Gady*, all three almost na-

ked, pale, and strangely mortified at the unravelling the Adventure in this Manner. I could not at first help laughing to see them in that Condition. The Spectators also laughed at them. But I soon resumed a serious Air, and reprimanded the Lovers in the Terms they deserved. After I had sufficiently reprehended them, I condemned Doctor *Danischmende* to pay *Banou* four thousand Sequins of Gold; I turned the *Cady* out of his Place, and made another Lord of my Court Governor of the City of *Damascus*. Then having ordered the Chests to be taken away, I bad the young Woman lift up her Veil. Let us see, said I, those dangerous Looks that have been so fatal to these three Persons.

The Hundred and sixty sixth Day.

THE Wife of *Banou* obeyed; she lifted up her Veil, and set all her Beauty in View. The Emotion she was in, on Account of this Event, and her being exposed to the Eyes of the whole Court, added a new Lustre to her Charms. I never saw any thing so beautiful. I was struck with Admiration, and cried out in a kind of Transport; Ah lovely Creature! The

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Alfakib, the *Cady*, and Governor, are not so much to blame as I thought they were.

I was not the only Person whom she charmed. There was a general Murmur thro' the Court at the Sight of her Beauty. Every one looked upon her. No Body could take their Eyes off her, nor praise her enough. I desired her to give us the particular Circumstances of the Story she had told us succinctly. She did it with so much Grace and Wit, that it still encreased our Admiration. The Hall of Audience resounded with her Praises, and those who knew *Banon*, as bad as it went with him, thought him too happy in so charming a Wife.

After she had satisfied my Curiosity, she thanked me for the Justice I had done her, and went home. But alas! tho' I had her no longer before my Eyes, I kept her still in my Thoughts. Her Image was fully impress'd there: Not a Moment pass'd in which she was absent from them: And at last, perceiving I could have no Peace without it, I ordered her Husband to be brought to me, took him into my Closer, and spoke thus to him. I understand, *Banon*, how it is with you, that your Generosity has been your Undoing, and

doubt not but you are so troubled that you cannot live as you were wont, that it is a more sensible Affliction to you than your Poverty it self. I am resolved to put you again into a Condition to entertain your Friends, and even spend more than ever you did, without fear of being again undone by it. In a Word, I would overwhelm you with Wealth, provided you will but do one thing which I shall desire of you. I am fallen passionately in Love with your Wife. Put her away, and send her to me. Make me this Sacrifice, I conjure you; and besides the Riches I intend to give you, I will, by way of Acknowledgment, let you have the fairest Slave in my Seraglio. I will carry you now into the Apartment of my Women, and you shall take which of them you like best.

Great King, replied *Banou*, as considerable as the Wealth you offer me is, it is no Temptation to me, if I must purchase it with the loss of my Wife. *Arouya* is a hundred times dearer to me than all the Riches of the World. Judge, Sir, of my Sentiments by your own, and you will see then, whether I can be dazzled by the glorious Fortune you propose to me. Yet such is my Love for my Wife, that I will prefer

prefer her Satisfaction to mine. I will go to her this Minute, tell her what Effect her Beauty has had upon you, and the Offers you have made me to enjoy her; so tempting a Conquest may perhaps charm her. She may shew some secret Desire to be parted from me. If so, I swear I'll put her away, as fond as I am of her. I will sacrifice my own Peace to her Happiness, as much as the Loss of her will grieve me.

He said nothing but what he resolved to perform. He returned home immediately, to give his Wife an Account of the Discourse he had had with me; *Arouya*, says he, (after he had told her all that I had proposed to him) my dear *Arouya*, since you have charmed the King, make the best of your Fortune. Go live with this young Monarch. He is lovely, and more worthy than I to enjoy you. It will be much better for you to enjoy the Happiness of so great a King's Affection, than to be the Partner of my Misfortunes. He could not say these Words without weeping. His Wife was mightily concerned to see him thus assaulted. Oh *Banou*, replied she, do you think you please me by telling me the King loves me! that I am charmed with his Dignity? Ah, you are mistaken

if you imagine his Greatness has any Influence on my Heart. No; as unfortunate as you are, I had rather live with you than with any Prince in the World.

This Discourse of hers ravished her old Husband. He embraced her with Transport, crying, What Praises do you deserve, dear *Phoenix* of the Age; You are worthy to reign in the Heart of the Man to whom you prefer me. It is not just that so charming a Wife should fall to the share of such a one as I. I am old, and you in the Flower of your Youth. I am Unfortunate, and you by abandoning me may be as happy as Heart can wish. You have lived too long with a Man, who has nothing to speak in his Favour, but your Virtue. Refuse not the Rank to which you are called by Love; and without thinking of the Grief it will be to me to lose you, consent that I put you away, to render your Fate more prosperous and pleasant.

The Hundred and sixty seventh Day.

THE more *Banou* seemed willing to part with *Arouya*, the more she opposed it; at last, after a long Struggle, wherein

wherein Conjugal Love prevailed, the Merchant said to his Wife, Ah my dear Spouse, be contented with the Dominion you have over my Heart; since there it is that you limit your Desires. But what shall I say to the King? He waits for my Answer, and doubtless flatters himself it will be as he wishes. If I go and declare to him your Refusal, what may we not fear from his Resentment? Consider he is a Sovereign, and can do what he pleases. Perhaps he will make use of Violence to obtain you. I cannot defend you against so powerful a Rival. I see plainly, replies *Aronya*, the Mischief that threatens us, but it is not possible to avoid it. Instead of going to the King, and irritating him, by telling him I refuse the Honour he would do me, take what Money you have left, and what is most valuable of our Goods, and let us fly from *Damascus*, recommending our selves to the Prophet, who will not forsake us. *Banon* liked this Advice, and resolved to put it in Practice; which he did accordingly. They left the City the same Day, and travelled towards *Grand Cairo*. I learned it all the next Day from *Dalla Moukbtala*, who would not accompany her Mistress, and was brought.

brought to me by a trusty Servant, whom I sent to *Banou's* House to get Tidings : So impatient was I to hear of him. Had I been less Master of my Passions, and been positively resolved to enjoy my Wishes, I could have had *Arouya* in my Seraglio, whether she would or no. I needed only to have sent after them; but it would have been an unjust Action, and I never loved to put a Constraint on Peoples Inclinations.

I left the Merchant's Wife to her Liberty, to fly from me, and go where she pleased. I did my utmost to conquer an unhappy Passion. All my Endeavours were in vain. *Arouya*, in spite of all my Efforts to forget her, lives still in my Memory. Her Beauty and her Virtue are fixt in my Heart, and for above twenty Years have rendered me insensible to the Charms of my most beautiful Slaves; the fairest of them amuse, but cannot delight me.

Here *Bedreddin Lolo* ended his Story. The Visier *Atalmulc* and Prince *Seyfel Mulouk* asked him, if he knew not what was become of *Arouya*. He said No, and that he had not heard of her since she left *Damascus*. It must be owned, said the Favourite smiling, we are a pretty singular

lar sort of Lovers. The King was smitten at the Sight of a Citizen's Wife, who preferred an old Man to him, and has loved her these twenty Years without being beloved. I love a Woman that lived in Solomon's Days; and the Visier --- but I am mistaken, added he, taking himself up short; as for Lord *Atalmulc*, I agree, he would be in the wrong to forget the Princess *Zelica*: She used him too well for him ever to lose the Memory of her.

The King of *Damascus* could not help laughing at this Reflection of Prince *Seyfel Mulouk*. He laughed on till he was on a sudden diverted by the Sight of a great number of Camels and Horses grazing in a neighbouring Meadow. He spy'd also several Tents, in which were Men eating and drinking very merrily. Let's go to that Meadow, said he to his Visier and Favourite, and know who those Men are, and whither they are going. They then made towards the Tent, and discovered new things as they drew nearer to them.

The Hundred and sixty eighth Day

WHEN they were got into the Meadow, and could distinguish Objects, they perceived all the Tents were magnificent, and

and one among the rest of Brocade ; in which they observed a tall Man of a noble Air, and very richly dressed. He was sitting Cross-legg'd on a Foot-Cloth of very fine Tapestry, and had several Golden Dishes before him of several sorts of Meats. Not far off him was a Boufet adorned with an infinite number of Vessels of great Price. This venerable Person, who was about fifty Years of Age, eat by himself, attended by twenty or thirty Officers neatly dressed, and two Slaves well armed kept Guard at the Entrance into his Tent.

He spied out *Bedreddin* and his Companions as soon as they spied him, and sent one of his Officers to ask them who they were, and whither they were going? Sir, said the King of *Damascus* to the Officer, we are three Jewellers. We came from the Court of *Circassia*, and are going to *Bagdad*. Pray inform us who your Master is. He is, without doubt, some mighty Prince travelling out of Curiosity.

No, my Lord, replied the Officer, my Master does not reckon *Cans* among his Ancestors. He does not pretend to an illustrious Origin. All he values himself upon, is a great and generous Soul. He is called *Aboulfaouaris*, surnamed, by way of
Ex-

Excellence, *The great Voyager*. 'Tis true, he deserves to have been born a Prince; for he does every thing Prince-like. He dwells commonly at *Basra*, where he has built a Marble Palace. All that come to his House are welcome, and no Body goes away without some Present. He daily treats the greatest Lords of the Court, and the King takes so much Pleasure in his Company that he often sends for him to tell him his Adventures. He must then sure have met with very extraordinary ones, says *Bedreddin*. Never Man met with more surprizing, replied the Officer. But after all, 'tis not very strange that a Man who has travelled from one End of *India* to the other, who knows almost all the Countries and Isles of the East, should have seen things very rare and curious.

The Officer having said this returned to his Master, who no sooner understood that the Strangers he saw coming, were Merchants, but he rose, and went out of his Tent to receive them. Many Compliments passed on both Sides. After which *Aboulfaouaris* obliged *Bedreddin*, *Atalmulc*, and *Seyfel Mulouk*, to enter his Tent. They being entered, he desired them to sit down on the Tapestry Foot-Cloth, and to eat with

with him. They eat several good Ragouts, and drank the Liquors the Slaves gave them in Gold Cups enriched with Rubies.

Aboulfaouaris shewed so much Wit, during the Entertainment, that the King and his two Companions were extreamly delighted with him. Tho' he was very gay, his Judgment was good, and he talked very agreeably. *Bedreddin* was glad he had met with a Man of so good Conversation. He let him know it, and desired they might be of a Company. *Aboulfaouaris* made a very handsome Answer, and they continued to entertain one another in the pleasantest manner they could. In the mean while the great Voyager's Slaves loaded the Camels that had been unloaden for the benefit of their grazing and resting. They folded up the Tents, and there remained only their Master's standing, who, finding they must depart, rose up, mounted a very fine Horse brought him by one of his Officers, and proceeded on his Journey, the three Merchants accompanying him. He had in his Train about two hundred Persons armed with Bows and Arrows, and Sabres, so that it was no easie Matter to pillage the Caravan which travelled by short Journies in great Safety towards *Basra*. *The*

*The Hundred and sixty ninth
Day.*

A Boulfaonaris insensibly conceived a Friendship for the King of *Damascus* and his Companions. Perhaps it was because he saw they were pleased with him, and listened to him as to an Oracle. Their Earnestness to hear him tell his Stories put him into a Humour of talking, and he began to speak of his Voyages. There are few Men of my Age, said he, that have travelled as much as I have done. I am better acquainted with the Coasts of the *Indian Sea*, than with my own Country: I have seen things so prodigious, that I dare not mention them for fear of passing for a Cheat. The Adventures that have happened to me are so extraordinary, that those I have told them to would not have given Credit to them, if I was not known to be a Man who hates Lying.

The King of *Damascus's* Curiosity was still heightened by this Preamble, and that of his Visier and Favourite was no less exalted. They all three earnestly pressed him to tell them his Story, and he presently

ly complied with their Instances. Yes, my Lord, says he, I will content you, since you seem so much to desire it. But pray remember what I have been saying, you will find it difficult to believe part of the things which I am about to relate.

The singular Adventures of Aboulfaouaris, Sirnamed the Great Voyager.

First Voyage.

MY Father was a Merchant of *Basra*, and my Name is *Aboulfaouaris*. My Father in my Childhood took me with him in his Voyages on the Coast of *India*, so that at twelve Years of Age I knew a great many of the Isles in that vast Sea. He followed his Trade closely, and in less than ten Years became one of the richest Merchants of *Basra*.

Son, says he to me one Day, I have some Accompts to make up with my Correspondent in the Isle of *Serendib*, and have resolved to send you thither to adjust them. As loath as I was to leave my Father, the Desire I had to see the famous
City

City of *Serendib*, where I had been before, but was too young to take any Notice of what I saw there, made me accept the Commission he gave me with Joy. I soon after departed from *Basra* with my full Powers and Instructions. I embarked in that Port in a Ship bound for *Surat*, and the Island *Serendib*.

We crossed the Gulf of *Basra*, which is above three hundred Leagues long, and fifty broad, formed by the Eastern Point of *Arabia Felix*, and the Southern of *Persia*. The two Points of this Gulf meet at its Mouth near *Ormuz*. We stayed at this last Place some time, then entered the *Persian* Sea, and turning Eastwards sailed towards *Surat*, where we arrived in Safety. We landed the Goods that were designed for that Market, and proceeded to the Isle of *Serendib* with the rest.

We had the good Fortune to arrive as safely there also. The first thing I did, was to inquire out my Father's Factor; I was not long ere I heard of him. Signior *Habib* being as well known as any Man in the City; he was one of the richest Merchants in the Island, and a very honest Man. He received me as the Son of one of his best Friends; he embraced me, and
said.

56 *Persian* TALES.

said I must make his House my Home; which he pressed me to do so cordially, that I could not refuse it.

He was a Man who understood Business as well as any Body, and was exact and just in all his Dealings, by which means our Accompts were not long in adjusting. At my leisure Hours I went to see the Rarities of the City, which are very numerous. I informed my self of the Laws of the People, their Occupations and Government. In five or six Weeks time I had finished my Matters, satisfied my Curiosity, and was preparing to be gone with the first Opportunity, which was a Ship bound back for *Surat*, aboard which I was to embark the next Day; when as I was going Home in the Evening, I saw a Lady pass by me very well shaped, richly dressed, and attended by a Slave, who carried some things for her, which she had been buying: tho' she was covered with a Veil, yet I was smitten with the Majesty of her Air and Mien. I stopped to gaze upon her, and every Look discovering to me some new Charm, I could not help crying out in my Transport, What a lovely Creature it is! She is doubtless the King's Favourite. She heard me, turned about and
looked

looked earnestly upon me; after which she went on without saying a Word, that she was either pleased or displeased at my Liberty. As for me, I was a long time reflecting on this Adventure, and my Mind violently agitated by means of it. I was afraid I had offended the Lady, for whom I began to feel what I never felt for any one before. My Thoughts were thus taken up when the Slave came to me, as I stood still in the same Place, and the sight of him redoubled my Agitation. What would you have, Friend, said I to him? My Lord, replied he very respectfully, I have Orders to desire you to follow me to a Place whither I shall have the Honour to conduct you. If your Mistress sends you, says I, I am ready to obey her Commands whatever be the Consequence. My Mistress, replied the Slave, has not explained her self to me. But if you do what she desires, I believe you will have no Reason to repent it.

The Hundred and seventieth Day.

I Resolved to do it, notwithstanding I was to embark the next Day, and ought to have thought of nothing but my Departure.

ture. I followed the Slave, putting every thing that might happen to the Venture. He led me through several little Streets, and by several Turnings and Windings to a great Palace, the sight of which struck me with Admiration. We entered it. He carried me into a spacious Apartment most magnificently furnished; he bad me stay there till he came for me. My Thoughts were too full of the Lady to mind the many rich and curious things that were to be seen there, and would at another time have taken up all my Attention.

While I was thinking of her, several Ladies came into the Room where I stayed; but though they were all very handsome, they all yielded to her, whose coming I expected. At last she came. I knew her by her Shape and Air, and she having now no Veil on, her Beauty appeared to me to be more Perfect than I had thought her Shape was. Her Jewels and rich Cloaths added a Lustre to her natural Graces, which however had no need of the Helps of Art to set them off. I was dazzled at so bright an Appearance; she observed it and smiled. She placed herself on a Sopha resembling a little Throne, and

and her Women ranged themselves in two Files on her Right and on her Left.

Come hither young Man, says she to me with a very gentle Aspect; any Body else might perhaps have been offended with your want of Respect to me in a publick Place, but as you are a Stranger, you deserve some Indulgence; nay, I must let you know that the Stars incline me to do you good, if you render your self worthy of it by devoting your Heart sincerely to me. I permit you then to aspire to obtain my good Graces, a Favour I never yet granted to any Man.

She pronounced this with so much Majesty, that it set a double Value on what she said, and I was all over Rapture. Ah Sultana, cried I, prostrating my self at her Feet, to what high Fortune do you deign to raise a Stranger, who has no other Merit but his looking on you with Adoration? So much the better, says she interrupting me; the Favour will be the greater, the less you think you deserve it; tell me, continues she, what Countryman you are, of what Quality, and what brought you to *Serendib*.

I fully satisfied her Curiosity; but when I told her I was to embark the next Day
to

to return home, she interrupted me again, and with some sort of Emotion, How, says she, *Aboulfaouaris*, do you intend to leave us so soon? Has not the fairest Isle in the *Indian* Sea Charms enough to keep you here longer? Princess, replied I, there are doubtless Things enough in the City of *Serendib* to charm nicer Eyes than mine; but as many Wonders as are to be seen within her Walls, I should quit them all without Pain, if I had not this Day beheld a Beauty that is much more capable of keeping me. Then, replied the Lady smiling, you do not persist in your Resolution to depart so hastily? After the glorious Hopes, says I, which you have permitted me to conceive, how can I, my Queen, have any other Will than what you are pleased to inspire me with? With such Sentiments as these, replied she, you cannot fail of pleasing me, and I do not repent of fixing my Choice upon you.

Saying this, she bad me sit down by her Side on her *Sopha*. I made some difficulty to do it; which she seemed to be so offended at, that I thought I should shew her more Respect in obeying her, than in putting on the Air of a Slave. She told me, her Name was *Canzade*, that she was
Daughter

Daughter to the King of *Serendib's* prime Visier; that by the Death of her Father she became at her own Disposal; that she had been courted by the greatest Lords of the Kingdom, but that she denied them all, and her Heart had hitherto no Engagement. She confessed the Words I said as she passed by me struck her, that she had looked on me with Attention, and that my Person pleased her; that her Father during forty Years Ministry had amassed a great Treasure, and it would be my Fault if I did not divide it with her.

I expressed my Gratitude in the most tender and submissive Terms, and such as shewed her I was more taken with her Person than with her Riches. She was very well satisfied with my Behaviour. We changed our Discourse, and I found by her Conversation that her Wit was equal to her Beauty.

*The Hundred and seventy first
Day.*

SOME time after, the Slaves entered the Room with Preparations for a Collation; Tables were soon spread, and the

Meats that were served up were all exquisite, one might judge of their Goodness by their odoriferous Smell; *Canzade* took me by the Hand, and made me sit down at Table by her. We fell to eating; she helped me her self with what she thought most nice. The Delicacy and Variety of the Wines were suitable to those of the Meats; they sparkled in the Gold and Chrystal Cups; but the Spirit of them did not work on my Brain so much as the Lady's Glances, who presenting me a Cup with a smiling Air, kindled a Flame in my Breast which encreased every Moment.

During the Collation, she talked to me with as much Gaiety as Wit, her Humour inclining her to Pleasantry, and her Desire to charm never failed of the Effect. Taste this Wine *Aboulfaouaris*, says she, as often as she presented me with some I had not tasted before. She tasted it first with her own fair Lips, which gave the Wine the more delicious Relish to me. I took every Cup with Transport, and swallowed large Draughts of the sweet Poison of Love.

When the Collation was over, *Canzade's* Women divided themselves, some played

on Instruments, others sang, and others danced, each performing her Part to Perfection; and whether she danced, or sang, or played on an Instrument, all was performed with an exact Order and Method. While they were singing tender Airs, the dumb Language of *Canzade's* Eyes and mine was the most moving in the World. It was mixt with Sighs that sufficiently discovered our Wishes. When the Lady's Women had sung, she would needs sing her self too. She called for a Cup of Wine, and looking on me with Glances full of Tenderness and Joy, she sang an Air, the Sense of which was, *That Wine by its soft Heat wonderfully disposes the Heart of a Lady to mingle Flames with her Lover.*

The last Service was Perfumes. A Golden Hearth on which was burnt the best Cinnamon the Isle of *Serendib* could afford. Sweet Water was brought to wash with, and the Singing and Dancing were renewed, tho' we rose from Table. These Diversions lasted till Night.

When being about to take Leave of the Lady, she cried with a discontented Look, What, do you think of leaving me then? After you had assured me that my Will

is yours, I did not expect such a Complement. Your Reception has been such, that, I suppose, you do not desire the Continuation of it. You have an odd sort of Impatience for a Man who pretends to be in Love; you are as much afraid of Night, as other Lovers wish for it. Ah Madam, cried I, how ill do you read the bottom of my Heart? What you unjustly accuse me of not knowing the Price of, is the sweetest Idea I have in my Mind. I am afraid only of abusing your Goodness, and instead of blaming me for offering to take Leave of you, you ought to pity me for the Violence I do my self in being absent from your Charms. One need not pity you, replied she, for a Violence which you may spare. I cannot but suspect so great Discretion, and do not advise you to endeavour to shew your Merit to me that way. Ah Madam, said I, may I flatter my self that you design to let me pass the Night in your Palace? After what I have said to you, answered she, I should have pardoned you had you believed it, and observe a Dulness in your Behaviour which does not at all agree with the Vivacity of your Sentiments.

The Hundred and seventy second Day.

I Failed not to let the Lady know she did me the most cruel Injury to charge me with Coldness. I said all the passionate things I could think of to undeceive her. I owned to her, that among all the Pleasures her Goodness had entertained me with, I could not help being uneasie. I told her how civilly I had been entertained by my Host at *Serendib*, and represented to her that he must be in great Pain at my staying so long, and would be much more so if I stayed out all Night. This satisfied *Canzade*, so that she acknowledged I had reason to deliver my Host from that Pain; but she would not let me go my self, though I swore I would come back immediately. She was afraid the wise *Habib* would hinder me from following the Dictates of my Heart; she would only let me write to him, and forbad me to tell him the least tittle of my Adventure, or the Place where I was. Her Diffidence was such, that she would word the Letter her self; so I only wrote that an Af-

fair of Importance had obliged me to put off my Departure, and would deprive me of the sight of him for some Days, praying him to be under no Concern on my Account.

She caused this Letter to be conveyed to *Habib*, and finding she was not like to lose me so suddenly, she led me into all the Apartments of her Palace, and shewed me those Splendors that were worthy a Prime Visier. When it was time to take our Rest, she conducted me to the Apartment she intended for me, which was not the meanest in her Palace; she left me there, and was scarce gone before several Slaves came and brought me every thing proper for a gallant *Disshabillé*, having also Orders to serve me; when they had put me to Bed, I began to reflect more seriously on the Condition I was in. What will all this end in, said I to myself! What great and glorious Fortune presents it self to me? What Treasures are there in this Palace! May I hope to possess so fair a Lady? No, no, *Aboulfaouaris*, all this is not for thee; do not flatter thy self; they are Snares which Chance has put in thy Way, and thou wilt without doubt soon see this tempting Scene vanish

vanish like a Dream, and the Ideas of Greatness and Pleasure with which thou art intoxicated, turn to thy Shame and Confusion.

This Thought gave me great Disquiet, but a Moment after I was relieved by another, representing that I was in the wrong to be alarmed; that *Canzade* having no Interest in deceiving me, I ought not to distrust her Kindness; that the People who were about her looked too serious and too much in earnest to be upon a Frolick, and that I had observed in her Eyes the Tokens of a real Passion. Thus was I divided between Hope and Fear, and was so agitated by both that I could not rest all Night.

When Day broke I was still reflecting on the Thing, that had employed my Thoughts all the Night. The Sun breaking in with his Light upon my Apartment, the rich Furniture dazzled my Eyes, and I looked on this Palace as one of those enchanted Castles adorned by Magick Art. I rose, and immediately the Slaves who had put me to Bed, hearing me up, entered with gorgeous Apparel. I took a Robe of green Silk embroidered with Gold, the Work of which pleased me the more

for the good Goût of the Design. I was scarce dressed, when *Canzade* understanding I was stirring, came to ask how I rested; her Impatience to see me not suffering her to stay till I came to wait upon her in her Apartment. I answered, that I had spent the Night in such a manner as to deserve that she should hasten the Moment of my Happiness. She replied smiling, she would be fully satisfied of my Sincerity before she would take a Step on which the Quiet of her Life so much depended.

The Hundred and seventy third Day.

Eight Days stayed I in *Canzade's* Palace, treated with as much Deference as if I had been a King. The Lady's Carriage towards me was in every thing charming, she refused me no Sign of Complacency and Tenderneſs that I could require of her, that singular Favour only excepted, in which consists the Supream Happiness of Lovers.

As we were one Day walking in the Gardens of the Palace, *Aboulſaouaris*, says she,

she, I flatter my self that you love me, and in Confidence of it am determined to fulfil your Desires. Be thankful to Love that takes the Thorn out of the Roses you are about to gather. Know then what I am going to do for you. With the free Disposal of all my Treasures I give you my Person also; which you ought not to value less, if you are really in Love. Will you after all this refuse to do something for me too? Ah Madam, interrupted I with all the Marks of a true Acknowledgment, the very Doubt of it does me the most violent Injury. Say what it is you require; Were it my Life, I should be proud to sacrifice it to the least of your Wishes. What I demand of you, replied she, will be a new Favour to you, if you love me as much as I am willing to believe you do. Explain your self, Madam, cried I, you keep me too long in Suspence. My Peace and my Honour, says she, are concerned. Promise me, I swear to me an eternal Constancy; and to spare me the Sorrow I should have at parting with you, give me your Hand with your Heart, and let us be bound to one another by the sacred Tye of Marriage.

If I rejoiced at the beginning of *Canzade's* Discourse, her last Words had a quite contrary Effect. I expected something far different from what she propos'd to me. She was of the Sect of the *Guebres*, and I a *Mahometan*. I imagined she intended a private Intrigue only, and that her Religion would hinder her from having any other Thoughts. Thus was I put into a very great Astonishment, when she discovered her Intention to me. I was strangely disordered, my Colour went and came, I held down my Eyes, and instead of the Joy that appeared in my Looks a Moment before, they were full now of Embarrassment and Confusion.

The Lady, who observed every Look, saw easily what Emotion I was in, and guessed the Cause of my Disorder. I did not think, says she with a haughty and scornful Air, that such a Proposition should have been so disagreeable to you. I rather expected a thousand Ecstasies of Joy, than such a shocking Consternation. What do you mean, do you take it to be a Dishonour to have me for your Wife? Madam, replied I, I know very well the Value I ought to set on the glorious Rank to which
your

your Goodness would raise me, but Heaven has put an insurmountable Obstacle in my way; and the Trouble and Confusion which you see in my Face, are occasioned by my deploring in secret my Misfortune, which does not permit me to accept an Offer which would otherwise be both my Glory and Felicity. I thought, answered she, that my Quality alone and my Pleasure might have opposed all Obstacles to your Happiness, and since I would lessen my self so much as to take you for my Husband, I did not think there could be any Difficulties in the way; but tell me, continued she, what this Obstacle is that is so insurmountable? My Religion, replied I: I dare not break the Law which forbids us to marry a Woman who is not of the Faith of *Mahomet*. I am as scrupulous as you can be, says *Canzade*, in Matters of Religion. I would not for an Empire marry a *Mahometan*. I demand of you to renounce the false Doctrine of your Prophet, and embrace the Sect of the *Guebres* before our Marriage. I expect that you adore the Fire and the Sun: In short, that you abjure your own Religion and profess mine. I own I look upon it as a meritorious Action to gain over a Proselyte

lyte to the Sun, in the Man who is most dear to me, and to whom I give up all my Treasures. But you despise that Advantage and the high Fortune of having my Hand, which renders you the most ungrateful of all Mankind.

The Hundred and seventy fourth Day.

THESE last Words, and her manner of speaking them, encreased my Confusion, and gave the Lady new Provocation; she wept so bitterly, that it pierced my Heart more than the Reproaches she upbraided me with. How much is such a Sight to be dreaded by a Lover who would preserve his Virtue? My Grief and hers almost deprived me of the Use of my Reason. I had much ado to avoid abandoning my self to her Will, and had doubtless sacrificed all to her Tears, had I not been secretly inspired by the Prophet who sent me his Succour in time of Need. So I stood firm in my Duty.

Canzade was amazed to find me so positive in Point of Religion, which I would not renounce for her and her Riches. She surely had heard some Story of a *Mussul-*

man

man less scrupulous than my self. My Obstinacy grieved her; nevertheless having some Hopes that in the End I might be wrought upon, she would not take my Refusal for a final Answer. The Injustice and Stubbornness of your Behaviour, says she, might make me lose all Patience; I'm ashamed that I am so weak as to bear you in my sight still. But I will hope the best, and that you will change your Opinion; I allow you eight Days to determine in; I will not have you complain of me that I did not give you Time to consider of the Matter; but if you do not then resolve to do what I require of you, if you persevere in rendering your self unworthy of my Favour, expect every thing that the just Resentment of an injured Woman can think of, to revenge her self and punish you.

Saying this, she left me with a Look which shewed she intended to come to the last Extremities, if I did not resolve to marry her. It is not to be conceived what a dismal Condition I was in, nothing could be equal to my Distraction; I saw no way to Happiness but by abjuring *Mahometism*. Ah charming *Canzade*, cried I to my self, can I come to such a Resolution,

tion, and am I no more permitted to aspire to the Possession of you? though I am forbidden to hope, I can never cease to Love; though I am at never so much distance from you, you will always be Mistress of my Heart. In such kind of Reflections as these, I spent the eight Days which were allowed me to consider of it. It was a hard Matter to give up the Hopes of the Happiness I had in View, but I had the Courage to persist in my Resolution. *Canzade* perceiving at the end of the allotted Time in which I was to resolve what to do, that I was in no Disposition to do as she would have had me, allowed me eight Days more; and to contribute as much as in her lay to the Victory she was disputing, she did not fail to set out all her most powerful Charms. At last finding the Time ran away, and she gained no Ground, she sent for me to come to her. I was conducted to the most stately Apartment in her Palace; she received me sitting on a Throne raised a few Steps only; her Women surrounding her: She looked more like a severe Judge than a tender Lover. I could not help trembling as I approached the Throne, for by all this Formality I guessed I was then to have my
Sen-

Sentence, if I did not what she required of me. Though I had time enough to prepare an Answer, yet I was in so much Trouble that I had hardly my Senses about me. She dismissed all her Attendants that were not in the Secret, and looking a little more kindly upon me, Well *Aboulfauaris*, says she, are you at last become more reasonable? Have your Reflections inspired your hard Heart with Sentiments more worthy of me? She pronounced these Words so movingly, that it struck me to the very Soul, and in the height of my Grief for the Loss of so many Charms, I fell into a Fit and swooned away at the Foot of the Throne.

The Hundred and seventy fifth Day.

*C*ANZADE could not behold me in that Condition without Compassion. She descended from her Throne, and was very officious about me; I perceived what she did to assist me. When I recover'd the use of my Senses, I fixed my Eyes upon hers, and saw she was a little melted; Cease, Madam, said I with a feeble Voice, cease to concern your
self

self for a Wretch who is not worthy of your Care. 'Tis true, interrupted she with some Emotion, I have Reason to complain; but 'tis in your Power to deserve your Pardon by a sincere Return, wherein I am so weak as still to make my Happiness to consist. Forget the Injustice you have done me, and accept of the Possession of my Person, as a Blessing you can never enough cherish.

Alas Madam, cried I with a Voice which exprest both my Grief and Despair, How can I be the better for your Favours, since you propose them on such cruel Conditions? When the Possession of me is in Question, replied she, ought you to have any Considerations that can outweigh that single one of so fair a Fortune? You would have me believe then there is something dearer to you than I am. You are dearer to me, said I, than all Things; but should I be worthy of you, was I so weak and so base as to soil my Honour by renouncing a Faith ---- Peace, Traitor, replied she interrupting me with the utmost Fury: Do not bring your false Reasons against a Demand which is not grievous to you on any Account, but that you never loved me. I see thou art indeed unworthy of my Kindness, and I should be ashamed to press such an
un-

ungrateful Wretch as thou art any further. I'll no longer live in Suspence, but abandon thee to thy Ingratitude. At these Words, which made me tremble, she was silent for about a Minute, and then with a Look as furious as ever, she cry'd, *Aboul-faouaris*, never see me more: Wait for my Orders: You shall soon know what is to be your Destiny. Saying this she went out of the Apartment; her Mind in as much Disorder as mine was; and both variously agitated.

I began then to be apprehensive of what I ought to expect from the present Posture of Affairs; and if like a fond Lover I pleased my self sometimes with thinking I should die by the Hands of the Object I loved; at others, the Love a Man naturally has for Life made me think of Means to save my self. But how was it to be done? I was strictly guarded, and all the Lady's Orders punctually executed, so that let me do or think what I would, I could not give my Host notice of the Place and Peril I was in.

I expected every Day to have my Sentence pronounced, but it was three Weeks before I heard a Word of any thing. The

Uncer-

Uncertainty I lived in had something in it more terrible to me than the Declaration of my Fate could be, and I wished to see an End of it, happen what would.

At last the Moment when I was to know my Doom arrived; I had just dressed myself one Morning, after having had a worse Night of Agitation than I had yet had, when five or six of *Canzade's* Slaves entered my Chamber. They conducted a Band of Men in a Dress not like what is worn at *Serendib*. He who appeared to be the Chief of the Strangers, looked on me some time very attentively, without saying a Word. Then gravely breaking Silence he bid me follow him. He said it in such a manner as gave me to understand he was to be obeyed.

The Hundred and seventy sixth Day.

WE traversed the Palace from one End to the other: When we were near the Gate and just going out, I demanded of one of my Leaders whither they were carrying me? You will know in time, says he; we are now expressly forbidden to tell you.

you. I followed these Men, who conducted me to the Port, where I embarked with them. We presently weighed Anchor and set Sail.

When we were out at Sea, the Master of the Ship told me he belonged to *Golconda*, that *Canzade* had given me to him for a Slave, and had charged him above all Things never to let me return to *Basra*. He said no more to me, nor asked me any Questions concerning that Lady: Which made me think that she being willing to conceal her Weakness for me, and the Affront of my refusing her, had engaged him not to inquire into the Occasion of her ridding her self of me.

Such was *Canzade's* Revenge, which I did not look on as too cruel, considering what a Crime I had been guilty of: I expecting something much more severe than the Punishment she condemned me to. Not but that when I reflected that I should never see my Father and my Country more, I was as sensible as any one could be of the Misery of my Slavery. I grieved very much for several Days; However making a Virtue of Necessity, I applied my self to serve my Patron with great Fidelity. He was a very good Man, and did not
want

80 *Persian* TALES.

want Understanding. I was not satisfied with doing only what he bid me, I endeavoured to prevent his Desires, and perceived every Moment that I grew more and more into his Favour.

Having failed almost round the Isle of *Serendib*, we entered the Gulph of *Bengal*, the greatest Gulph in *Asia*, at the lower End of which are the Kingdoms of *Bengal* and *Golconda*. Just as we entered it, there rose a violent Storm of Wind, the like of which had never been seen in those Seas. We wanted a South Wind, and this was a North-West, quite contrary to our Course for *Golconda*. We lowered our Sails, and the Seamen did all they could to save the Ship, which they were at last forced to let drive at the Mercy of the Wind and Waves. The Storm lasted fifteen Days, and blew so furiously that we were in that time driven six hundred Leagues out of our Way. We left the long Isles of *Sumatra* and *Java* to our Lar-board, and the Ship drove to the Streight of the *Molucca's*, South of the *Phillipines*, into Seas unknown to our Mariners. The Wind changed at last, and turned to an easterly Wind. It blew pretty gently, and great was the Joy of the Ship's

Ship's Company. But their Joy did not last long; 'twas disturbed by an Adventure which you will hardly believe, it being so very extraordinary. We were beginning merrily to resume our Course, and were got to the East Point of the Island of *Java*, when not far off we spied a Man quite naked, struggling with the Waves and in danger of being swallowed up. He held fast by a Plank that kept him up, and made a Signal to us to come to his Assistance. We sent our Boat to him out of Compassion, and found by Experience that if Pity is a laudable Passion, it must be owned that it is also sometimes very dangerous. The Seamen took up the Man and brought him aboard. He looked to be about forty Years old, was of a monstrous Shape, had a great Head, and short, thick, bristly Hair. His Mouth was excessively wide. His Teeth long and sharp. His Arms nervous. His Hands large, with a long crooked Nail on each Finger. His Eyes, which are not to be forgotten, were like those of a Tiger. His Nose was flat, and his Nostrils wide. We did not at all like his Physiognomy, and his Mien was such that it soon changed our Pity into Terror.

The

The Hundred and seventy seventh Day.

WHEN this Man, such as I have described him, appeared before *Debaousch* our Master, he thus addressed him; My Lord, I owe my Life to you: I was at the Point of Destruction when you came to my Assistance. Indeed, replied *Debaousch*, it would not have been long before you must have gone to the Bottom, had you not had the good Fortune to have met with us. I am not afraid of the Sea, replied the Man smiling; I could have lived whole Years in the Water without any Inconvenience; what tormented me much more is Hunger, which has devoured me these twelve Hours, for so long it is since I eat any thing; and that is a very long while for a Man who has so good Stomach as I have. Therefore pray let me have something as soon as possible to repair my Spirits almost spent with such a Fast as I have been forced to keep. You need not look for Niceties: I am not squeamish, I can eat any thing.

We

We looked upon one another, very much surprized at his Discourse, and doubted not but the Peril he had been in had cracked his Brain. Our Master was of the same Mind; and imagining he might indeed want something to eat, he ordered Meat enough for six hungry Stomachs to be set before him; and Cloaths to be brought him for his Covering. As for the Cloaths, says the Stranger, I shall not meddle with them; I always go naked. But, replied *Dehausch*, Decency will not permit that you should stay with us in that Condition. The Man took him up short, Oh, says he, you will have time enough to accustom your self to it.

This brutal Answer confirmed us in the Opinion that he had lost his Senses. Being sharp set, he was very impatient that he was not served to his Mind. He stamped with his Foot upon the Deck, ground his Teeth, and rolled his Eyes so ghastly, that he looked both furious and menacing. At last what he wanted appeared. He fell upon it with a Greediness that surprized us, and though there was certainly sufficient for any other six Men, he dispatched it in a Moment.

When

When he had cleared the Table, which had been spread for him, he with an Air of Authority bad us bring him out some more Victuals, *Dehaonsch* being resolved to try how much this devouring Monster could really swallow, ordered he should be obeyed. The Table was spread as before, and as much Victuals again set before him: But this second Service lasted him no longer than the first; it was gone in a Moment. We thought however he would stop there; but we were mistaken; he demanded more Meat still. Upon which one of the Slaves aboard the Ship going up to this Brute, was about to chastise him for his Insolence; which the other observing prevented him, laying his two Paws upon his Shoulders, fixing his Nails on his Flesh, and tearing him to Pieces. In an Instant there were fifty Sabres drawn to revenge this dreadful Murder. Every one pressed forward to strike him, and chastise his Insolence; but they soon found to their Terror, and the Skin of their Enemy was as impenetrable as Adamant. Their Sabres broke, and their Edges turned without so much as razing the Skin; though he received no hurt by their Blows, they did not strike him with Impunity: He
took

took one of the most forward of his Assailants, and with amazing Strength tore him to bits before our Eyes.

When we found our Sabres were useless, and that we could not wound him, we threw our selves upon him to endeavour to sling him into the Sea: But we cou'd not stir him. Besides his huge Limbs and prodigious Nerves, he struck his crooked Nails in the Timber of the Deck, and stood as immoveable as a Rock in the midst of the Waves. He was so far from being afraid of us, that he said with a sullen Smile, You have taken the wrong Course, Friends; you will fare much better by obeying them. I have tam'd more indocile Creatures than you. I declare, if you continue to oppose my Will, I will serve you all as your two Companions have been served.

*The Hundred and seventy eighth
Day.*

THESE Words made our Blood freeze in our very Veins. We a third time set a large quantity of Provisions before him. He fell aboard it, and one would

have thought by his eating, that his Stomach rather encreased than diminished. When he saw we were determined to submit, he grew good-humoured. He said he was sorry we had forced him to do what he did, and kindly assured us, he loved us on account of the Service we had done him in taking him out of the Sea, where he should have been starved, if he had staid there a few Hours longer without Succour; that he wished for our sakes he could meet with some other Vessel laden with good Provisions, because he would throw himself aboard it, and leave us in quiet. He talked thus while he was eating; he laughed and bantered like other Men; and we should have thought him diverting enough, had we been in a Disposition to relish his Pleasantry. At the fourth Service he gave over, and was two Hours without eating any thing at all. During this Excess of Sobriety, he was very familiar in his Discourse; he asked us one after another what Country we were of; what were our Customs, and what had been our Adventures. We were in hopes that the Fumes of the Victuals he had eaten would have got up into his Head, and made him drowsie; we impatiently expected

expected that Sleep would seize on him, and were resolved to take him napping, and fling him into the Sea before he had time to look about him. This Hope of ours was our only Resource; for though we had great Store of Provisions aboard, yet after his rate of eating he would have devoured them all in a very little while. But alas, in vain did we flatter our selves with these false Hopes. The cruel Wretch guessing our Design, told us he never slept; that the great quantity of Victuals he eat repaired the wearisomness of Nature, and supplied the want of Sleep.

To our Grief we found what he said was true; we told him long and tedious Stories on purpose to lull him asleep, but the Monster never shut his Eyes. We then deplored our Misfortune, and our Master despaired of ever seeing *Golconda* again: When on a sudden a Cloud gathered over our Heads. We thought at first it was a Storm which was gathering, and we rejoiced at it; for there was more hope of our Safety in a Tempest, than in the State we were in. Our Ship might be driven ashore on some Island, we might save our selves by swimming, and by this means be delivered from this Monster, who

doubtless intended to devour us when he had eat up all our Provisions. We wished therefore that a violent Storm would overtake us, and what perhaps never happened before, we prayed to Heaven to be drowned. However, we were deceived; what we took for a Cloud was the greatest *Rokb* that was ever seen in those Seas. The monstrous Bird darted himself on our Enemy, who was in the middle of the Ship's Company, and mistrusting nothing, had no time to guard himself against such an Attack: The *Rokb* seized him with his Claws, and flew up into the Air with his Prey, before we were aware of it.

We then were Witnesses of a very extraordinary Combat. The Man recollecting himself, and finding he was hoisted up in the Air between the Tallons of a winged Monster, whose Strength he made Trial of, resolved to defend himself. He struck his crooked Nails into the Body of the *Rokb*, and setting his Teeth to his Stomach, began to devour him, Flesh, Feathers and all: The Bird made the Air resound with his Cries, so piercing was his Pain; and to be revenged tore out his Enemy's two Eyes with his Claws. The Man, blind as he was, did not give over.

He

He eat the Heart of the *Rokb*; who recollecting all his Force, at the last Gasp struck his Beak so forcibly into his Enemy's Head, they both fell dead into the Sea, not many Paces from our Ship's Side.

The Hundred and seventy ninth Day.

THUS was it written on the Table of Predestination, that we should be delivered from this dangerous Man. General was the Joy of all the Ship's Company, when they saw themselves rid of such a Monster; we could not enough admire our good Fortune, and were sorry for the Death of the *Rokb*, to whom we were indebted for it.

We talked of little else but this Adventure all the rest of the Voyage. We could not imagine how it was possible that there should be such a Species of Men in the World. The Wind continued still favourable, and after several Days sailing we happily spied Land. At the first Notice from the Man, who was on the Top-mast, we took the Heights and made our Observations, by which we found we were at the

western Point of the Isle of *Java*; which together with the eastern Point of the Isle of *Serendib*, forms the Entrance of the Streight of the Sound pretty near the City of *Bantam*. Overjoyed at this Discovery, we hoisted all our Sails, and, to compleat our Happiness, the Wind which was Easterly veered to the South, and consequently was fair for us to enter the Streight; which we did, and took the Advantage of it so well, that in a little time we arrived at *Bantam*. We furnished our selves there with a Supply of Provisions, and our Master having Affairs at the famous City of *Batavia*, which is but fifteen or twenty Leagues off, set Sail again for that Port. I was very glad of it; it being a City of singular Beauty and Magnificency. Whatever there is curious in the Empire of *China*, is seen there with Profusion. As soon as *Dehaousch* had finished his Affairs, he proceeded on his Voyage to *Golconda*, where we arrived a Month after we left the Isles of the Sound.

Our Master was received in the Capital of *Golconda* as a Man whom every one loved. It is not possible to express the Joy of his Family at his Return. His Wife and Daughter could not give over embracing

embracing him; and he was so transported at the Sight of such dear Objects, that he wept as he returned their Embraces.

After a thousand and a thousand Carresses, he presented me to these Ladies as a Slave for whom he had a particular Value, and prayed them favourably to accept of my Services. In a little while I got their good Graces: Nothing was well done but what I did. The other Slaves were so far from being jealous of me, that they seemed to be wonderfully pleased with the good Usage I met with. Indeed I did them all the good Offices I could, and often procured Rewards for them which they did not deserve. In fine, *Dabaonsch's* Kindness for me encreased so much, that he one Day said to me, *Aboulfaouaris*, (for I had not concealed from him either my Name or my Country) you cannot but have observed that I have made a Distinction between you and my other Slaves. From the first Moment I saw you, I took a liking to you; and have spared for nothing to make your Slavery easie to you. My Intention is not to stop here: I am disposed to give you still greater Marks of my Affection. You have seen my Daughter. Perhaps there is not a handsomer Woman

E 4.

man in *Golconda*. I resolve that you shall marry her. I have sifted her already on the Matter, and find she has no Dislike to you.

I was stun'd with this Proposal; and it was easie for him who made it, to see I did not approve of it. How is this, says he, is the Advantage of being my Heir, and enjoying *Facrinnisa*, so inconsiderable that it cannot tempt a Slave? My Lord, replied I, the Honour of being your Son-in-Law, would be a Temptation indeed, if you believed in *Mahomet*; but you are a Gentile. Oh, oh, is that all the Obstacle, says he? we shall soon be agreed; for I am resolved to turn *Mahometan*, and my Daughter is in the same Resolution, notwithstanding the Prejudices with which the Gentile Priests have filled my Mind: I am weary of worshipping Oxen and Calves. I have too much Sense not to know it is a deplorable Piece of Superstition, and am perswaded there is a Supream Being who is above all other Gods. So my Son, accept of my Proposal without Scruple or Delay.

The

*The Hundred and eightieth
Day.*

THOUGH *Facrinnisa* was very amiable, and the Match for my Advantage, tho' I had nothing to say against the Daughter of *Dehaonsch* on account of Religion, yet I had no mind to marry her, which could arise from nothing but the Remembrance of *Canzade*. However, I had Resolution enough not to let my Patron take Notice of my Aversion; who thought I consented, because I did not refuse; and carried the News to his Wife and Daughter.

I had soon after a Conference with *Facrinnisa*; she appeared so gay, and so contented, that I could not help thinking she had no Dislike to my Person. You will see presently whether I took her right or no. *Aboulfaouaris*, says she, I am glad my Father has made choice of you for my Husband; for I doubt not you are so generous as to promote my Happiness even at the Expence of your own. You are not mistaken, fair Lady, said I, there's nothing which I will not do for the charming *Fac-*

crinnisa. Hear me then, says she, and I'll tell you the Service I expect of you. I'm in Love with a Merchant's Son of *Golkonda*, and passionately beloved by him. He has several times demanded me of my Father in Marriage; who has always denied him on account of an ancient Enmity between our two Familics. Do you only marry me, and the next Day repudiate me as if you did it in Anger; then make as if you would take me again, and make Choice of my Lover for your *Hulla*. I understand you, replied I; you would have me marry only to deliver you to the Man you love. Well, Madam, I consent; you shall be satisfied. As difficult as it is to yield up the Possession of so lovely an Object, I find I am capable of so great a Service. But what do you think my Lord *Debaon'ch* will say? You are not ignorant of the Obligations I have to him. He will not fail to reproach me with Ingratitude, and what Answer can I make to his Reproaches? Don't trouble your self about that, says she, do you only do what I tell you, and I'll promise my Father shall be satisfied.

Depending upon this Promise of hers, I assured her I was ready to serve her in
her

her Amour, as she desired me. And she failed not to press her Father to hasten our Marriage, in hopes of being happy in her Lover. We were married a few Days after, she having first abjured her Religion, and embraced *Mahometism*. All I got by my Union with *Facrinnisa* was the obliging that Lady to renounce Idolatry sooner than otherwise she would have done. As amiable as she was, I sacrificed the Rights of a Husband to the Honour of keeping my Word with her; which was to look upon her only as a Deposite, which I was to restore, and to surrender pure and entire. I had her not long in Charge, but by her Order assigned her over to her Lover after the following Manner. I had not been married many Days, before I repudiated her. *Debaousch*, as I foresaw, amazed at my Proceeding, came to my House: (for we did not live together from the first Day of our Marriage) he demanded why I repudiated *Facrinnisa*? I told him I perceived she had given her Heart to another Man, and that I repudiated her to prevent my possessing a Woman against her Will. He made a Jest of my Delicacy, and said his Daughter would love me by degrees. In fine,
he

he exhorted me to take her again, and I made as if I consented. I'll go into the Town, said I, and seek for a *Hulla*. I carried him with me that Night to the *Cady's Nayb*. To Morrow when this *Hulla* shall have repudiated *Facrinnisa*, I'll come and tell you, and we will renew our Nuptials in a happier Hour.

*The Hundred and eighty first
Day.*

D*Ebaousch* went home a little better satisfied with me than he was when he understood I had repudiated his Daughter. He left the Care of providing a *Hulla*, and all the rest of the Ceremony, to me. So I went my self and found out *Facrinnisa's* Lover, who was Married to her in Presence of the *Cady's* Lieutenant. They passed the Night together, and the next Day the *Hulla* refusing to repudiate his Wife, I went to *Debaousch* and told him of it, pretending to be very sorry that the *Hulla* would not part with her, tho' he had promised me to do whatever I desired of him the Day before.

Let's see who this *Hulla* is, replied *Debaousch*.

baousch. If he is a poor Fellow, I have Credit and Money enough to get my Daughter from him. While he was talking thus, the *Nayb* came in, and said, Signior *Debaousch*, I am come to tell you the *Hulla* your Son-in-law chose, is the Son of the Merchant *Amer*. So your Daughter is entirely lost to her first Husband; for the second absolutely refuses to surrender her. I know very well *Amer* is not a Friend of yours; but I advise you to be reconciled to him on the score of his Marriage, and to stifle the Hatred you have so long born him.

The *Nayb* was not satisfied with exhorting my Patron to make up the Breach with his Son-in-Law's Family; he offered himself to speak to Signior *Amer*, and to do what he could to make Matters up friendly. *Debaousch* being a Man of Sense, thought it was the best Method he could take, and agreed to it; and the Lieutenant finding *Amer* in the same Disposition, a good Understanding was settled between the two Families. The pleasantest thing of all was, that my Patron thinking I was sacrificed to this Reconciliation, pitied me; and, to make me amends, gave me a great Sum of Money, with Liberty to return to *Basra*.

By

By this Means did *Facrinnisa* get rid of a Husband she did not love, and married the Man she wanted. As soon as I saw all things settled, I left *Golconda* in Company with some Merchants bound for *Surat*. We embarked on a Ship which set Sail the same Day, and we had a very good Voyage. Had I found a Ship at *Surat* bound for *Basra*, I should have departed the very next Day; but there being none, I was obliged to stay at *Surat*.

The Hundred and eighty second Day.

THE City of *Surat* is too pleasant and too full of Curiosities for a Man to be soon tired there. I went often to the publick Baths, which are very fine; and one is better served there than any where else. I very often walked out into the Country, and the Suburbs, where are most delicious Gardens: Some of which are very well kept, and open to all Strangers that desire to see them.

One Day as I was diverting my self with walking in one of these Gardens, a Man pretty well in Years came up to me at the
End

End of an Alley, and saluted me very civilly. I as civilly returned his Salutation, and we entered into Discourse together. As he appeared to me to be a frank, sincere Person, I was encouraged to shew him the same Frankness. He said he was a Gentile, that he had a Ship of his own in the Road of *Surat*, and used every Year to make a little Voyage with it. That I might not seem to have less Confidence in him than he had in me, I told him I was a *Mahometan*, and what Adventures I had met with.

He seemed so sensible of my Misfortunes that it surpris'd me. He observed it. I see, Son, says he, I have touch'd you, by appearing to be so much concerned for your Sufferings. But besides that I am naturally tender-hearted, I must tell you, I have taken a Fancy to you, tho' you are of a different Religion. I am sorry that you have undergone so much Trouble, and when you tell the Dangers you have pass'd thro' to your own Father, I am sure it will not grieve him to hear them more than it grieves me.

'Tis natural for us to love those that love us. And he had Reason to be satisfied with the obliging things I said to him,
in

in answer to those he said to me. He expressed himself to be wonderfully pleased with me. I am glad, cries he, young Man, that I came to these Gardens, since I have met you here. You cannot imagine how I am taken with your Conversation. Every Moment my Affection for you encreases. Let's go to Town together, and come lodge with me. I am old, rich, and have no Children. I shall perhaps pitch upon you for my Heir. At these Words he held out his Arm, and embraced me as tenderly as if I had been his Son.

'Twas my Duty to thank him for the good News he told me. And as many Assurances of Friendship as he gave me on his Part, so many Protestations of Gratitude he had on mine. In fine, the Result of our Conversation was, that we went out of the Garden, and returned to the City together. He conducted me to his House, which was not one of the worst in *Surat*.

After his Porter had let us in, instead of a Court-Yard, we came to two Parterres of all sorts of Flowers, separated by a Parved Walk, made of a kind of Mortar harder and finer than Marble. This Walk led us to a fair Building, where there was not indeed much Gold to be seen; but the Fur-

niture

niture was very neat and handsome. Tho' the Tapistry and Sopha's were of plain Stuff, it made the Apartments look fine enough. 'Tis true the Stuff was extraordinary good, and the best that is made at *Masulipatan* and other Places on the Coast of *Coromandel*.

The old Man made me bathe with him in a great Stone Basin full of clean Water, wherein he commonly bathed himself, as well for Refreshment as Devotion. When we came out of the Bath, his Slaves brought us fine Linnen to dry us. We then went into a Hall, where we sat down at a Table covered with all Sorts of Provisions, served in China and varnished Japan Dishes. The Muscade of *Malaca* and the Cinna-
mon of *Serendib* were predominant in all the Ragouts. After we had eaten as much as we would, we drank a delicious Sort of Palm Wine call'd *Tary*, which making us a little merry, my old Host said to me, I am going to trust you with a Secret, which will be a Proof of my Tenderness for you. In about fifteen Days I shall sail from the Port of *Saouala*, for an Island whither I go once a Year; you shall go with me. There is in that Island (which is uninhabited, on Account of its being full of Tygers)

gers) above Two hundred Pits, wherein are found Pearls of extraordinary Bigness. No Body knows this but my self. An old Captain of a Ship, whose Favourite Slave I was formerly, discovered these Treasures to me, and told me how I should come at the Pits, notwithstanding the wild Beasts that one would think were placed there on Purpose to defend them. Indeed, said I, interrupting the old Man, the Captain of the Ship did very well to inform you of the Secret of approaching those Pits with Safety; for methinks the Tygers should fall upon all Strangers that come to that Island. It is easy, replied he, to make the fiercest of those Tygers to fly from you; all we have to do is to land in the Island by Torch-light, those wild Beasts are frightened at the Light of the Torches, and will run away from it as fast as they can.

We will go then, added he, and get a good Quantity of those Pearls, which we will sell here at our Return; and the Money I shall make of them, will, together with what I have already by me, make a good Estate, which after my Death shall all be yours.

The

*The Hundred and eighty third
Day.*

TO shew me that he said nothing but what was true, he carried me into his Closet, and shewed me a Heap of Gold and Silver Roupies : They must amount to a prodigious Sum. Well, says he, is this worth your looking after? And do you find in yourself any Aversion to the Voyage? No, replied I, but I beg of you to let me write to my Father, to give him an Account of my Arrival at *Surat*, and what detained me here. My Host consented to it, and took my Letter of me when I had written it, undertaking to have it conveyed to my Father.

I depended on *Hyzoum's* Care, (so my Host was called) and the Day of our Departure being come, we set Sail from the Port of *Saouali*. Three Weeks were we upon our Voyage, at the End of which we made a little desolate Island, which my old Man told me was that we were bound for; we dropped Anchor, and staid till Night before we landed. *Hyzoum* ordered all the Seamen to remain on Ship-board,
and

and went himself up into the Isle, accompanied only with me. We had each of us in our Hands a lighted Torch, and others under our Arms to light when we wanted, we also carried Bags with us for the Pearls. Thus did we proceed in Search of the Pits by the Light of our Torches. We had not searched long before we came to one of the deepest. Go down into that Pit, Son, says he to me, I doubt not but there are fine Pearls there. I descended it by a Rope which he had in his Hand. When I was at the Bottom, I felt the Shells under my Feet. The Pearl was in those Shells. I fill'd a Bag full, and tied it to the Rope. The old Man drew it up, untied the Bag, opened the Shells, and finding only Seed Pearl, he tied the Bag to the Rope again, and said, the Pearls in this Pit are not fit to be carried away; cover them with Earth, which makes them grow big, and next Year we will come and fetch them. I did as *Hyzoom* bad me. He then drew me out of the Pit with the Rope. We went to another Pit deeper still than the first; it was at the Foot of a high Mountain in the Middle of the Isle. The Shells here were full of Pearls of singular Beauty. I filled several of the old Man's
Bags

Bags with them; and when he had as many as he could carry away, He said to me smiling, Adieu, young Man, I thank thee for the Service thou hast done me. Ah! Good Father, replied I, take me out of the Pit. Thou art very well where thou art, said the Traytor, lye down and rest thy self on the Pearls. I every Year bring hither such a young Mussulman as thou art: All thou hast to do, is to address thy self to thy Prophet; if he can work Miracles, as thou imaginest he can, he will not abandon a Man so devoted to his Sect. Saying this, he left me there crying out, weeping and lamenting.

Ah! miserable *Aboulfaouaris*, cried I, to what Evils has Heaven condemned thee? What hast thou done to merit this cruel Destiny thou undergoest? But why should I complain of a Misfortune I was my self the Occasion of? Should not I have mistrusted that perfidious Idolater that has deceived me? Should not I have been suspicious of his excessive Kindness? and had I thought of it ever so little, I should not have trusted to it. Oh, vain Repentance! what Good will it do me to reproach my self with a Fault which I am about to pay for so severely? and it was not in my Power
to

to avoid committing it? I was predestinated to fall into this Abyss, and the same Power that threw me into it, may draw me out of it.

This Reflection prevented my giving my self up to Despair: I spent the Night in examining the Bottom of the Pit, which seemed to be of vast Extent. I felt that I stepped over dead Mens Bones, and guessed by that, that others had miserably perished in that Prison before me. This Thought did not however discourage me, and supported by our great Prophet, who without Doubt inspired me, I advanced pretty boldly to an Opening, where I heard a frightful Noise. I stopped to hearken to it, and having some time lent an attentive Ear to it, I thought I had discovered the Cause of it, nor was I mistaken in my Conjecture. It was the Fall of several Waters from the Sea, which Waters breaking into the Mountain by several Clifts, met in this Place: And concluding by that, there must be some large Issue for them to fall into the Sea again, and that by such Issue I might pass with them, I threw my self into the Opening. The Waters almost suffocated me, they took from me the Use of my Senses, and carrying

rying me along with them, I was left on the Shore near a Crevice of the Mountain.

The Hundred and eighty fourth Day.

WHEN I had recovered my Senses, and saw through what Place the Waters had brought me to Light, I fell upon my Knees on the Coast, to thank Heaven for my Deliverance, and made these Ejaculations to *Mahomet* : O Prophet of the Faithful, Favourite of the most High, I have more Need than ever of thy Help. What Good will it do me that I am taken out of the Abyfs in which I was left, if I become the Prey of wild Beasts, or if I die of Hunger.

After these Ejaculations I felt my self full of Confidence. I rose and went round the Isle, without stirring from the Sea Coast. I could not see *Hyzoom's* Ship. The Traytor presently set Sail to return Home. I was in continual Fear of the Tygers tearing me in Pieces. However I did not see one of them; and, to compleat my Happiness, I spied a great Ship passing
near

near the Isle. I unfolded the Stuff of my Turban to make a Signal for them to come to me. Some Persons that were upon Deck observed it. The Boat was ordered to fetch me; and accordingly the Men in it took me along with them, and carried me aboard.

Judge you what Joy I was in, when I found the Captain to be an intimate Friend of my Father's, and that the Ship's Company were Men of *Basra*. I told them by what Accident I came to that Island; to which they listened with great Attention. Every one cursed the old Man who had played me such a cruel Trick. I let them go on with their Curses, and demanded of the Captain News of my Father: He was very well, replied he, when I came from *Basra*, for I saw him the Day before I departed.

I asked several other Questions of the Captain concerning my Family. We then resumed the Discourse about the Traytor *Hyzoum*, and all the Crew were of Opinion that we should land in the Isle, and search the Pits. We were too many of us to be afraid of the Tygers, and had therefore no need of Torehes. The Reason why the old Rogue, who left me there,

did

did not come with Company, was that no Body might have a Share of the Pearls. We anchored near the Island, and landed without staying till it was Night. We took our Bows and Arrows with us, and drew our Sabres to repel the wild Beasts, if they dared to approach us. We then went down into the Pits by Turns, and found abundance of Pearls. One cannot tell the Quantity of Shells that we drew out. We were three whole Days opening them, and dividing the Pearls; which we did so equally, that every Body was satisfied.

We then continued our Voyage to *Serendib*, to sell our Calicoes of *Surat* and buy Cinamon. The Wind and Weather favoured us for some time; at last there rose a furious Tempest which drove us out of our Course for six Days together. The seventh the Weather grew fair, and the Wind ceased. But neither the Pilot nor the Captain could tell exactly where we were. Our Ship seemed to be driven backwards by Currents. We could not tell what to think of it, nor how to manage our selves. For do what we would the Ship was still driven backwards. Till at last on the eighth Day, we discovered

a Mountain of great Extent and a prodigious Height. It was very steep, and what surprized us most, one would have thought it of polished Steel, it was so smooth and shining. Upon which an old Seaman cried out, with a deep Sigh, We are lost! I remember I have formerly heard of this Place. They say 'tis fatal to all Ships that come near it. As soon as they arrive at the Foot of the Mountain, they are held as it were by a Charm, and cannot keep off the Shore.

The Ship's Crew were immediately grieved at the Report of the old Mariner. Ah, said one of them, of what Use are our Pearls to us now, that we are to lose both them and Life together? Could none of us, says another, find out our Danger sooner? This Man, believing he should never more see his Wife and Children, filled the Air with his piteous Lamentations; and that, falling on his Knees upon Deck, implored the Propber's Succour. I was more touched with the Affliction I saw every one was in on account of the Danger that threatned us, than with the Danger it self; and said to the Captain, Signior, what Service will it do us to give our selves up basely to Laments? Let us rather

Persian TALES. III

rather seek out some means to get out of the Distress we are in. For my own Part, I confess to you, whether it is that I have naturally a little Courage, or that it is an Inspiration of *Mahomet*, I am not at all frightened at the Condition we are in. Be ruled by me; as soon as we are got to the Foot of the Mountain, let us endeavour to gain the Top of it. Let you and I ascend it, and perhaps we may there find a Remedy for our Misfortunes.

The Captain, who was not the least frightened of the Ship's Company, answered, that he would out of Complaisance do what I desired; but he had no hopes of our saving our selves. In the mean time our Ship arrived at the Foot of the Mountain. The Captain and I took the Skiff, went ashoar, and began to climb the Mountain; but it was with much Difficulty that we reached the Summit of it.

The Hundred and eighty fifth Day.

WE there, to our Surprise, saw a very large and very high Dome: We approached it, and at the Top of it saw a Pil-

jar of Steel six Cubits high : Near the Foot of which was fastened with Chains of Gold a little Drum made of Aloes-wood, with a Stick of Santal wood ; and above the Drum was an Ebony Table, on which were these Words written in Letters of Gold : *If any Ship is so unfortunate as to come near this Mountain, it will never gain the main Sea again, but on the following Conditions. One of the Ship's Company must thrice strike the Drum with the Stick. At the first Stroke the Ship will get off about the length of a Bow-shot : At the second, it will lose sight of the Mountain : And at the third, it will be in whatever Course it would take. But the Man that strikes the Drum must voluntarily stay here, and let the others depart.*

When we read this Inscription, which we supposed to be a *Talisman*, we returned a Shipboard to inform the Crew of our Discovery. Every Body rejoiced that there was a way for our Deliverance ; but no Body would be the Victim. The least Seaman refused to sacrifice himself for the rest. Well then, says I, since none of you will stay here, I will. I consent to offer my self up for you all, provided you promise me that you will go directly from
hence

hence to *Basra*, inform my Father what is become of me, and faithfully put into his Hands the Pearls that belong to me:

They all cried out at this, they wished they might sink, if they did not do exactly what I required of them. The Captain as well as the rest assured me, that I need be under no manner of Concern on that Account: That they would return to *Basra*, without touching at *Serendib*. They also shewed some Regret to lose me; But I could however perceive they were very glad to get out of the Peril they were in. I then embarked all the Ship's Company, and bid them an eternal Adieu. They put me ashore; I ascended the Mountain alone, I advanced towards the Dome, took the Stick, and struck the Drum; our Ship got off from the Mountain: At the second Stroke I lost Sight of her: I struck the third time, and remained under the Dome prepared to finish my Sacrifice, and to submit to the Fate that was reserved for me.

I did not omit to address my self to the Prophet, and as if I was sure of his Assistance, advanced into the Mountain which was about a League over. After I had walked upon it about an Hour, I spied a decrepid old Man, his Head was bald,

he had a long white Beard, and blood-shot Eyes; he seemed to be near his End, and was sitting on a great Stone at the Door of a Hut built of Earth and Wood, with a Stick in his Hand. I accosted him with great Respect, and prayed him to tell me why a Ship that came within such a distance from the Mountain was attracted to it; and who was the Author of the *Talisman*, the Virtue of which drove it back to Sea again.

The old Man rose up at these Words, and leaning on his Stick, his Head shaking with Weakness, he saluted me, and said, the Ships were attracted towards the Mountain by Currents; that as to the *Talisman* which consisted in the Drum, he could not tell who made it; but if I had a Mind to know, I need only go forward, where I should meet with his Brother who was a great deal older than he, and might give me some Insight into the Matter. I took my Leave of him, and came to a second old Man, much more vigorous than the first. His Hair was only upon the Turn, and he looked rather like the other's Son than his Brother. I asked of him also, whether he knew who made the *Talisman*: No, replied he; if any one can tell,

tell, it must be my eldest Brother, whom you will meet with two Paces off.

I went on, and soon came to a Man a digging; he had not a grey Hair in his Head, and appeared so robust, that I could not imagine he was older than the other two old Men, whom I had parted with. Father, says I, I have met with two old Men that would have imposed upon me. I desired them to tell me who was the Author of the *Talisman* of the Mountain. They answered they knew not, but they had an elder Brother who might inform me. The old Man smiled at these Words, and replied, They told you the Truth, my Son, they are both of them my Brothers.

The Hundred and eighty sixth Day.

AS much as what the third old Man had said surprized me, what he added did much more. We are called, said he, the three Brothers of the Mountain. The first you met with is the youngest; he is not above fifty Years old; and his being thus broken and decrepid, came from his having an ill Wife and Children that plagued him.

him. The second is threescore and fifteen; he is little fresher, because he had a good Wife and no Children. And I am more vigorous than my Brothers, though above a hundred Years old, because I never had neither Wife nor Children.

As for the *Talisman*, continued he, the Author of which you desire to know, I remember to have heard when I was a Boy, that it was compos'd by a great *Indian* Cabalist, which is all I know of the Matter. I then asked him how far I was off from any Country that was inhabited; he answered, that if I followed the Path I was in, I should soon arrive at a vast Plain, at the End of which was another Mountain, and at the Foot of that two Paths, one on the Right, and another on the Left. Follow the first, that will lead you to a great City where there is a very fine Port; have a Care that you do not take the left Path, it will bring you to a Wood, where live very wicked Men: Their Business is to make Soap: and they do not scruple to fling into their Soap-Fats all Strangers who have the Misfortune to fall into their Hands. They pretend their Soap is the best in the World, and it is certain that it is so esteemed.

I thanked the old Man for the Advice he gave me, and resolved not to neglect it. When I had crossed the Plain, I took the Right-hand Path, and it led me, as he said, to a pretty great and populous City: The Streets and Houses were fine, and the Port full of Ships. I guessed there was a considerable River to this Port, and I was not deceived. I saw several Ships loaden with *Canara* and *Visapour* Pepper; others with *Cananer* Cardamum, and others with Cinnamon; I also met with Merchants of all Nations. While I was surveying the Port, I was accosted by a Man, whom, after I had well examined his Features, I knew to be *Habib*, my Father's Factor at *Serendib*. He knowing me too, we fell into each others Arms. Who would have thought, cried he, that I should here have met with *Aboulfaouaris*? What Accident drove you from *Serendib*, without letting me know your Departure? And what unexpected good Fortune has restored you to me?

I told him my Adventure with *Canzade*, and what had since happened to me. He informed me on his Part, that he had a Ship in that Port, which had been loaden with Cinnamon; that he had sold all his
F 5 Cargo,

Cargo, and hoped to be a good way off from that Place in four and twenty Hours. I rejoiced at the good News, which I let him understand the Prospect of returning to *Serendib* was to me; he took me aboard with him, and we set Sail the same Day for *Serendib*. I was overjoyed to think of seeing *Canzade* again. We had a pretty rough Voyage of it, but at last we arrived there in Safety.

I was extreamly impatient to hear Tidings of *Canzade*, whom I could not help loving, though I had no Reason to be very well contented with the Treatment I had met with from her. I went out one Morning from my Friend *Habib's*, resolving some way or other to inform my self in what Condition *Canzade* was, and get an Opportunity of seeing her. I had not gone far before a Slave stopped me in the Street, saying, Signior, do you know me? No, replied I; and yet methinks I should have seen you somewhere; I have a confused Idea of you, but cannot call you to Mind. I know you very well, answered he; you are a *Mussulman*, and your Name is *Aboulfaouaris*. I had the Honour to attend you while you were at the Princess *Canzade's*, whose Slave I then was and still am.

am. It was I who, by her Order, went for the Patron *Debaousch*, to whom you were delivered; I was not very well pleased with my Commission, and hope you will think so.

The Hundred and eighty seventh Day.

I Was in an Ecstasie to hear the Slave talk so. My dear Friend, said I, giving him a Ring, tell me how it fares with that Princess, who is ever dear to me in spite of her Cruelty. Is she as she was when I left her? No, my Lord, replied the Slave, her Affairs have changed very much within these two Months. The King of *Serendib* obliged her to marry an old Lord of his Court who was in Love with her. She could not help obeying his Majesty, and is now that Lord's Wife.

I was so troubled at what he told me, that the Slave was concerned for me. I am sorry, says he, that you are so grieved at my Mistress's Marriage. It was your own Fault. Why did you not renounce your Prophet? You had now been in Possession of the fairest Lady in the World;
and

and with her had been Master of her immense Treasures. Had I been in your Place, I should not have spent so much time in consulting about it. From the first Day, the first Hour, the first Minute, I should have determined to do whatever *Canzade* desired of me. How much Trouble had you saved both your self and her? She fell sick after your Departure; and it had very near cost her her Life.

I don't know, continued he, whether I ought to tell her you are in *Serendib*. I am afraid of renewing her Grief, which the old Lord her Husband is not very well able to dissipate. And yet your Trouble is such, that I cannot resolve to deprive you of all Consolation. I will therefore give you my Word, that my Mistress shall know to Day that I have seen you. I will get one of her Women to tell her you are sorry for your past Carriage; and if it was to do again, you would not a Minute dispute the renouncing the Doctrine of *Mahomet* for her. No, no, cried I interrupting him, have a Care of saying a thing that is not true. I could not resolve to do that, tho' I was sure of obtaining her by doing it. Tell her only that the Thought of losing her is Death to me, and that I heartily

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ly lament her being compelled to marry a Man whom she cannot love.

The Slave swore he would do what I desired of him; adding, for my Consolation, he doubted not but *Canzade* would have Compassion for me; that her Compassion would not confine it self to pitying me in secret, but that having Women about her of great Dexterity in Intrigue, she would not abandon me to my Affliction. The Slave then left me, in a State of equal Joy and Sorrow. If I was grieved at *Canzade's* altering her Condition, I rejoiced to think she would permit me to see her in private. Full of such pleasing Hopes, I waited from Day to Day for the coming of the Slave to *Habib's* House, where I told him I lodged. But I waited to no Purpose; a whole Month passed without having any News of *Canzade*.

I thought then that the Slave did not know his Mistress's Mind so well as he pretended; that she loved the Lord she had married; or that her Virtue triumphed over her Love for me, if she had not quite worn it off. This Reflection, which I could not but think was just, made me conclude I should not hear from her. So I retired to a fine Country Seat my Father's

ther's Correspondent had, about three or four Leagues from *Serendib*.

I here spent my time in walking, or rather in contemplating as I walked, the dear Object with which I was enamoured. I one Day insensibly rambled from *Habib's* House, and coming to a River's Side, approached a Magnificent Pagod built on its Banks. After I had admired its Structure, I gave my Attention to a thing I took to be very well worthy of it. I saw several Gentiles building a sort of a Cabin with Rushes and other combustible Materials. I went up to them, and asked them what they were doing. One of them answered, You must surely be a new Comer to *Serendib*, since you do not know what we are about. Are you ignorant of the Custom of the Gentiles, and that this is the Place set apart for their Funerals? Here their Remains of Mortality are burnt, and their Wives sacrificing themselves to the *Manes* of their Husbands, acquire immortal Glory. One of the principal Lords of the Court of *Serendib* is dead. His Body is to be burnt on this River's Bank, five or six Hours hence; and his faithful Wife is to be consumed in the same Flames that reduce her Husband's Corpse to Ashes.

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Having never seen that Ceremony, tho' I knew it was observed in many Places of *India*, I resolved to be Witness of it. I could not help deploring the Blindness of those Idolaters, whose sacrilegious Piety consecrated their Fury; or rather, I condemned their Priests whom I had heard talk of at *Surat*, where this terrible Custom is also followed by the Gentiles. Those detestable Ministers of their Pagods execute this barbarous Law for their own Profit.

As the appointed Hour for this horrid Execution drew near, the People gathered about the Pagod from all Quarters. The greatest Part of the Inhabitants of the City came thither to assist at it; some on Foot, and others on Horse-back. I saw several Persons carried on Palaquins, with Slaves going before them; some of them bearing Banners, and others sounding Trumpets. The Governor of *Serendib* came also mounted on an Elephant, having in his Company ten or twelve Persons sitting with him in a Tent erected on the Back of the Elephant. In less than two or three Hours there were above thirty thousand Men, Women and Children assembled about the Pagod and Cabin. Having a Mind to see every the least Circumstance of

of the Ceremony, I justled through the Crowd, and got as near as I could to the Funeral Pile. I told about twenty Priests assisting there with each a Book in his Hand. They fell to their Prayers before the Victim approached.

The Hundred and eighty eighth Day.

IT was almost Night when she came. She rode on a white Horse richly caparisoned. On her Head she had a Garland of Flowers. Before her was carried by six Men a stately Palaquin with her Husband's Corpse upon it. She was accompanied by twelve Women on Horse back, adorned with Gold and Silver Rings and Bracelets. Their Hair hung down their Shoulders. They had Pearl Necklaces about their Necks, Diamond Pendants in their Ears, and on their Heads Crowns of Gold with Silver Plates, enriched with Rubies, which came down half way their Faces. They had no Vests on, but only little neat Waistcoats, the Sleeves of which reached down to the Elbow. Several Players upon Instruments
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followed these Women, who were all Slaves to the Lady that was to be sacrificed. Her Relations and Friends came after, dancing and singing joyfully, that their Kinswoman and Friend had so much Generosity. Two Priests helpt her to alight off the Horse, and led her by the Hand to the River's Side, whither her Husband's Corpse was brought. She washed it from Head to Foot; then put it into the Hands of the Priests, who carried it into the Cabin, where it was laid on a Heap of Straw intermixed with Sulphur. She then washed her self, without undressing, and approached the Pile without changing her Cloaths. She took several Turns about it, surveying the Preparations for her Sacrifice with great Intrepidity. After which she embraced her Relations and Friends, who immediately withdrew. She was also herself embraced by her Slaves, who were all drowned in Tears. She gave them their Liberty, and distributed among them the Jewls and other Ornaments she had about her. When she lifted up the Silver Plate which hid half her Face, and hindered my knowing her, tho' I was pretty near the Pile, imagine you how I was surpris'd when I saw it was *Canzade*. I could

could not certainly have been more so, had all Nature been turned topsie-turvy.

Great God, cried I to my self, may I believe my Eyes? may I trust to their Report? is it indeed *Canzade* that is about to perish so miserably? I endeavoured for some time to deceive my self; but I could not contradict my Senses. I saw the Lady, and could not but know her. I was so troubled to think of her sacrificing her self, that I could not bear the sight of it. I left her in the Hands of the Priests, who after having exhorted her so to behave her self as to deserve the Happiness which she might expect, made her enter the Cabin, and presented her, as the Custom is, with a lighted Torch to set it on Fire her self. I retired to *Habib's* Country-House in such a Disposition of Soul, that it is impossible to paint it in lively Colours. I was so grieved, so distracted, that I knew not what I did. I looked back every now and then on the fatal Place, and saw the Flames of the Funeral Pile rise in the Air, the sight of which rent my Heart.

I came at last to *Habib's* House; as soon as he saw me, he demanded the Cause of my Grief and Emotion. I told him, and that generous Friend accompanied my
Tears

Tears with his at the Relation of it. I am astonished, says he, that *Canzade* would perish for an old Lord, whom to all Appearance she did not love. How, interrupted I, might she have survived him, if she would? Are not all Wives obliged to burn themselves with the Corpse of their Husbands? No, replied *Habib*, none of them are compelled to sacrifice themselves. On the contrary, the Governor of the City, by the King's Order, causes the Widows who demand to be burned, to appear before him, to examine them concerning so fatal a Design. He endeavours to dissuade them from it; and in the End does not grant them Permission to do it, but on their obstinate persisting in demanding it.

So that *Canzade*, pursued he, must have lost her Life out of an Opinion which all Women have, who sacrifice themselves, that by a glorious and voluntary Death they procure eternal Happiness. Besides she might suffer her self to be dazzled by the Honours paid to those unhappy Victims after their Death. In short, their Memory is highly honoured here; Statues are erected for them in the Pagods; they are looked on as Divinities, and doubtless
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this inspires those Women who demand to die, with that Fury which makes them meet Death without trembling.

The Hundred and eighty ninth Day.

HAbib's Reflections occasioned others in me. I imagined, if *Canzade* loved me as much as I loved her, she would not have been so ready to burn her self; that she would first have proposed to me to marry her on the Conditions she had already refused; and that had she made me such a Proposition, which upon my accepting it would have prevented her sacrificing her self, it would doubtless have very much embarrassed me.

Though considering how little this Proceeding shewed that she loved me, I ought to have forgot her; yet I could not do it, nor remember her without renewing my Trouble. Signior, says I to *Habib*, whatever Efforts I make to drive *Canzade* out of my Mind, I find it is impossible; and after what has past, I can stay no longer at *Serendib*. Suffer me I beseech you to depart, and return to *Basra*.

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My Host, who was not willing to put any Constraint upon me, consented. We went next Day to *Serendib*, and the first thing I did when I came there, was to enquire after some Ship bound for the Coast of *India*. I was informed there was newly come into Port a *Surat* Ship, loaden with Calicoes, which would sail as soon as her Cargo was disposed of, and that it would not be long before she would depart. I resolved to take hold of that Opportunity, and led a very melancholy Life at *Habib's* while I was waiting for the Ship's departure.

As great Pains as my Host took to comfort me, he could not lessen my Trouble; he did all he could to divert it; he let no Day slip without proposing some new Pleasure to me, and we had singing and dancing at every Meal.

He got the prettiest Dancers in the Place, picked out of those under the Governor's Protection, whom private People may employ at their Houses upon paying them. He hoped one of those Girls, who are not the chastest in the World, would help to drive *Canzade* out of my Remembrance.

While he was doing his utmost to give me some Comfort, a Slave came to his House,

House, and asked for me. He said he had private Business with me; and when I came out to him, I knew him to be the same I met upon my Arrival at *Serendib*, and who had so ill performed the fair Promises he had made me. Signior, says he, it is not my Fault that you have not seen me sooner. My Mistress forbade me to speak to you, and I durst not disobey her. She valued her self upon her Heroick Virtue; she would have no more Commerce with you; and not contented to be faithful to a Husband she did not love, she burned her self with him to acquire the Veneration of the Gentiles. But let us talk no more of that; let us leave her to enjoy a Happiness which she but too dearly paid for, and come to the Subject that brings me hither. I am now a Slave to another Lady as beautiful as *Canzade* was; she loves you more; and I having learned that you were to depart for *Surat*, come to tell you of it, advising you to make your Advantage of the good Fortune that presents its self to you.

The

The Hundred and ninety first Day.

I Was more surprized than pleased, with what the Slave said to me. I am sorry I am forced to be ungrateful to your new Mistress, for her favourable Sentiments of me. *Canzade's* Image is never out of my Thoughts, and takes away my Relish of any other Adventures. The Lady you serve, ought not to take it ill that I refuse her Favours; having never seen her, my Indifference can be no Offence to her. It must be owned, replied the Slave, I have no Luck in my Negotiations. However I am satisfied, if you did but talk one Moment to the Lady in Question, you would be charmed with her as much as you doat on *Canzade*. You are mistaken, said I, you are an ill Judge of the Heart. You thought your former Mistress loved me, and would be very glad to see me when she knew of my Arrival at *Serendib*. I agree with you, interrupted he, you have some Grounds for your Reproaches. But upon this Occasion I am much surer of what I say; consent only that I come for you

you this Night, and conduct you to my Mistress. No, replied I, I cannot resolve upon it, I know Women too well to put this Lady to the Trial. How will she resent it, if she does not make a Conquest of my Heart? It was to no Purpose for him to assure me, she was a Woman of so much Sense that she would not take my Constancy to Canzade for a Crime; I still refused to see her.

I supposed after this I should hear no more of the Slave, or his Lady: But at Night he returned with a Billet which he delivered me, containing these Words: *Your Discourse with my Slave gave me more Pleasure than Pain; it augments the Impatience I had before to see you; and if you are really so much taken up with Canzade, as you appear to be, we shall both of us be soon satisfied with one another.*

I could not tell what to make of these mysterious Words; I took them to be written out of a Frolick: Yet I could not forbear going immediately to find out what was the meaning of all this. I followed the Slave, who led me to a little House, and left me in a very plain Apartment, bidding me stay there, and he would and go tell his Lady. I did not stay long; she came:

came; and figure to your self what a Condition I was in, when looking her in the Face, I knew her to be the Princess *Canzade* her self, whom I thought reduced to Ashes.

The Hundred and ninety second Day.

THE King of *Damascus*, his Visier and Favourite, were very much surprized when *Aboulfaouaris* told them he found *Canzade* alive, after her Funeral. He observed it, and smiled; after which he continued his Story as follows. I thought at first it was an Apparition, and the sight of the dearest Person in the World frightened me as much as a Spectre would have done. She took notice of the Disorder I was in, and could not help laughing.

Aboulfaouaris, said she, I did not desire to see you, to fright you; it is not my Shade that you behold, it is *Canzade* her self; your Surprize indeed is not without Foundation, it is impossible to see a Person one thought to be dead, without some Emotion; but I will dissipate your Fear, by informing you, that in reality I have been still as much alive as ever I was.

She then told me how she had gained one of the Priests of her Law, and how that *Bramen* for a Sum of Money saved her from the Flames. He privately caused a Place to be made under Ground, by other Priests whom he trusted with the Secret. The Funeral Pile was erected over that Place: Into which, continued she, I descended, after having lighted the Fire that consumed my Husband's Corps. When Night came, and all the Spectators were withdrawn, the chief of the *Bramens* conducted me to this House, which I had before caused a faithful Slave to hire for me. But, my Princess, said I, what obliged you to impose a false Funeral upon the People? Why did you make a Feint of following your old Husband? There was no Force put upon you to accompany him in Death. You needed not have disssembled so far. Yes, replied the Lady, I was under a Necessity to do as I did; which you will be convinced of, when I tell you my Design was to put you in the Place of a deceased Husband, to abjure Idolatry, to go with you to *Basra*, and make Profession of the Religion of *Mahomet*.

It must certainly be your Prophet himself that inspired me with this Resolution, which

which that I might effect with Safety, I was obliged to do as I have done. Now my Relations think me dead, I can boldly leave *Serendib*, and accompany you to *Besra*. This was my only Motive for an Action which might very well surprize you, as without doubt it has surprized all the World; for it was well known that I never loved an old Lord, whom I married only in obedience to the King. It was thought I did it out of Vanity to pass for a Heroine; and to have a Statue in the Pagods: But my Reason, or perhaps my Love for you, was what induced me to pretend to make my dead Spouse so superstitious a Sacrifice.

Ah, my dear Queen, cried I, did you do this for the sake of *Aboulfaouaris*? Was it to live with me, that you resolved to quit *Serendib*? and to make my Joy compleat, are you disposed to embrace the Doctrine of our great Prophet? Ah lovely *Canzade*, you have this Moment made me the happiest of Mankind. Saying this, I threw my self at her Feet, in a transport of Love and Joy. Rise *Aboulfaouaris*, replied she, I cannot tell whether you have Reason to boast so much of your Happiness; *Canzade* is no more such a valuable

Conquest. No more alas is she in Possession of those Riches which she offered you with her Heart: I gave the best Part of them to the Priests that served me, and the Governor of *Serendib* made me pay dearly for Permission to burn my self with my Husband.

At these Words, which gave me so fair an Occasion to set forth my Passion, I looked on the Lady with a languishing Air, and said, How unjust are you, charming *Canzade*, if you imagine that my Sentiments are not as disinterested as yours. When you exposed all your Wealth and Magnificence to my View in the stately Palace where you detained me, I call Heaven to Witness, that my whole Soul was taken up with you.

The Hundred and ninety third Day.

I Did not stop there, but said so many Things to satisfy her I loved only her Person, that at last she was persuaded of it, and said, my Sentiments were such as she would have them; and that however, as Poor as she was, she had Treasure enough

nough left to bring a Dower with her, which I should have no Reason to complain of. She then talked to me of what I had suffered by her Means; and added, that she had sufficiently expiated it by her own Grief. We after that agreed to depart for *Basra* as soon as possible. In a few Days an Opportunity offered for our Departure. The *Surat* Ship soon disposed of her Cargo, purchased another, and was in a readiness to sail. I took Leave of my Host, and in the Night conducted *Canzade* to the Port, where we both embarked aboard that Ship, with some faithful Slaves who carried her Jewels.

We arrived safely at *Surat*, and found a Vessel there bound for *Basra*. We embarked in her, and continued our Voyage to *Basra*; where we also arrived in safety, having met with a quick and pleasant Passage. My Father's Joy to see me again is not to be expressed. When the first Transports of it were over, I presented *Canzade* to him; I had no need to boast of her Condition; her noble Air and Beauty spoke sufficiently for her. My Father received her very favourably, and loved her afterwards as tenderly as if she had been his own Child. When I acquainted

him
G 3

him with her Story, which I did like a true Lover, I gave him also an Account of my Voyage, and he informed me that he had received my Jewels of the Captain who had taken them in Charge to bring them to him.

My Father and I waited on the *Cady*, with the Lady; who before him and several other Witnesses abjured the Idolatry she was bred up in. The *Cady* then demanded of her, if she consented to be my Wife? She replied, it was all her Desire: And upon that we were accordingly married. My Father celebrated our Marriage with a Feast, to which all our Relations and Friends were invited. The Rejoicings in our Family on this Occasion lasted fifteen Days.

This was my first Voyage. You have heard some uncommon Things in it: But I have others still more extraordinary to tell you. To Morrow I will give you a particular Relation of my second Voyage; and you will own that never Man perhaps met with such singular Adventures as I have done.

Here the great Voyager *Aboulfaouaris* ended his Discourse, as well to take Breath himself, as for fear of tiring his

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Auditors. In the mean time the Caravan went forward, its Stage was that Day longer than usual; it stopped at the Foot of a Mountain in a commodious Place for encamping; Tents were put up; the Company refreshed and rested themselves. The next Day they proceed on their Journey.

As impatient as the King of Damascus, *Atalmulo* and *Seyfel Mulouk* were to hear the End of *Aboulfaouaris's* Adventures, he was himself as earnest to go on with the Story of them; which he resumed and continued in the following manner.

The singular Adventures of Aboulfaouaris, Sirnamed the Great Voyager.

The Second Voyage.

I Being, as you have heard, in Possession of *Canzade*, we both enjoyed all the Delights of a perfect Union; all that we begged of Heaven was the Continuance and Duration of our Happiness. But how vain are Mortals, to imagine that their Felicity can be lasting? Our Lives are so

mingled with Happiness and Misery, that the Moment in which we enjoy the greatest Pleasure, often precedes that in which we are to feel the greatest Pain.

Some Months after my Marriage my Father died, and his Estate was divided between my Brother, and me. My Brother's Name was *Hour*, and he had a mind to encrease his Fortune by Commerce. He bought a Ship, and loaded it with Merchandize for *Malabar*; he laid out all his Stock in this Cargo. His Ship sailed, and meeting with a Storm was cast away near *Ormus*; he saved himself only, and returned Home almost naked. I pitied the deplorable Condition he was in, took him into my House, and set him up again with enough to purchase a new Cargo. He returned as poor as before. The Ship he went in was also cast away, and he came back again in the same sad Condition to *Basra*.

The Hundred and ninety fourth Day.

I Was extremely concerned for him, and did my utmost to comfort him. Brother, said I, you are not ignorant that our
Adversity

Adversity as well as Prosperity is writ on the Table of Predestination. What good will it do you to afflict your self? You ought rather to give Thanks to Heaven for saving your Life. Leave off Trade, and live quietly with me, you shall want for nothing.

He accepted of my Proposal, remained in my House, and by degrees grew in Love with Idleness, spending his Time in walking abroad, and diverting himself with his Friends. For my Part, mine was all taken up in studying how to please *Candide*, and to find out Amusements for her. I always loved Expence, and my Income, though it was pretty considerable, was not enough to support us after the rate we lived. I perceived in a few Years that my Patrimony was very much wasted. The Fear of falling into Want made me think of preventing it. I resolved therefore to enter into Partnership with a rich Merchant, and go Trade to the Kingdom of *Golconda*.

I had a great deal of Trouble to bring my Wife to consent to so long a Voyage. At last she gave way to my Representations of the Necessity of it for our future Well-being, and agreed to it in Hopes of

my Return to *Basra* laden with Riches, and that we should afterwards live free from Care, and in Plenty all the rest of our Days. The Merchant I chose for Partner, was an honest Man; we bought Goods proper for *Surat*, where we intended to purchase others to trade with at *Golconda*. The Day of my Departure being come, I broke from the Arms of *Ganzade*, and embracing my Brother, *Hour*, said I, Adieu; dear Brother, I leave to you the Charge of my House, and the Management of my Fortune; be a good Husband of what is left, and see that I do not suffer in my Honour. Above all things I recommend my Wife to your particular Care to watch over her; I do not mean over her Conduct, I know her Virtue too well to distrust it; but least some of the Enemies of my Peace should form any ill Designs against her. In a Word, to act, that at my Return I may find this precious Treasure which I now deposite with you, the same as I this Moment leave her.

Hour upon this bragged much of his delicacy in Point of Honour, and promised to give me a good Account of the Commission I entrusted him with; adding, that the Blood which united us both, would
make

make him look upon the Employment I had given him as his own Affair. On the Security of this Promise I departed, very well satisfied in my Mind with my Partner. We set Sail with a fair Wind, which favoured us till we arrived at *Surat*. We there sold our Merchandize, and bought a Cargo proper for the Market at *Golconda*. After which we put to Sea again.

I shall pass over the Calms and Storms that hindered our Arrival at *Golconda* so soon as we proposed. At last we got there, and sold our Goods to great Advantage. My Partner understanding Jewels perfectly well, and that Country abounding in fine Diamonds more than any other, we laid out most of our Effects in that Commodity, which we were sure to sell for four times as much as it cost at *Bagdad*. We did not stay long at *Golconda*, but very well pleased with the Bargains we had made, and hoped still to make, we embarked to return to *Basra*.

*The Hundred and ninety fifth
Day.*

OUR Ship made the best of her Way, and like all Voyagers we flattered our selves that we should happily reach our wished-for Port; but one Night there rose so furious a Tempest, that notwithstanding we had a skilful Pilot and able Mariners, all their Skill and Labour could not hinder us from being driven out of our Course, by the violence of the Storm. We were several Days tost to and fro at the Mercy of the Waves and Winds, and at last struck upon a Rock at the Point of a desert Island.

All the Ship's Company and Passengers perished except my Partner and my self. We immediately leaped into the Boat, and by that means saved our selves. But alas, it was for a Peril as terrible as the Tempest.

As we were about to set Foot on the Shoar, a huge Crocodile bolted out upon us, and rising on his Fore-paws, struck his Tail so furiously on the Boat, that it broke in a thousand Pieces; we fell presently
into

into the Water. At the same time the Monster stretched out his Jaws to take hold of us, and seized my Partner; But while he was busied in devouring him, I got ashore, and fled as fast as I could up into the Island. I came to a Fountain, the Water of which was as white as Milk. I drank, and found the Taste of it exquisite; the most excellent Sorbet was not, in my Mind, to be preferred to it. I then gathered some Herbs that grew near the Fountain; I eat of them, and thought them the most delicious Food that I ever met with. I admired the Fertility and Variety of Nature, who takes Pleasure in bringing forth so many different Things; and, ruined as I was, thanked Heaven for throwing me upon an Island where I could not die of Hunger or Thirst. I was not however at Ease on account of the wild Beasts; and my Fear of becoming their Prey hindered my taking a little Rest, tho' I stood in great need of it.

From this Fountain I went towards a Wood, the Trees of which were of Aloes or Santal; I entered it, and having gone about three hundred Paces, came to a Meadow beautified with Flowers of a thousand different Kinds, perfuming the
Air

Air with most agreeable Odours. In the middle of this Meadow stood a Tree at least a hundred Cubits high; the Branches were very large and spreading, which with the thick Leaves formed a great Shade. Under this Tree was a Tent of Brocade; in which was placed a Couch, and on the Couch lay a Man, who seemed to be asleep. He leaned his Right hand on a Gold Casket, and near him lay a Dragon who held in his Mouth a little Box of Balsam, which he every now and then put to his Nose. I was terribly frightened at the Sight. Ah, said I to my self, what will it profit me to have escaped the Crocodile? this Dragon will fall upon me and devour me. I was so far from daring to approach the Tent, that I ran and hid my self in the Bushes; whence I observed in inexpressible Terror what became of the Man and the Monster. I had not looked long before the Dragon on a sudden took his flight into the Air, and vanished out of my sight in a Moment.

I took Courage when that dreadful Animal was gone; and having a great Curiosity to know what the Man was that lay on the Couch, I advanced into the Meadow, full of Apprehension, and entered the

the Tent. The Person I had a Mind to see was an old Man, who looked to be about sixscore Years old, and to be living, tho' he had for several Ages enjoyed in that Place the feint Repose of Death. I for some time stood surveying him, and then took the Gold Casket on which he leaned his Hand, and having opened it, drew out some old Tables, on which these Words were written: Asef, Son of Barkia, and Grand Vicer of Solomon, is the old Man that rests under this Tent. That Minister finding his End approaching, chose this desert Isle to leave his Remains in. He raised this Tent in the middle of this Meadow, and laid himself on this Couch, where he died, after having writ these Words which he enclosed in this Casket. Let all those that come to this Island, know they shall never see their Family and Country, but shall soon perish here, if they do not find their Courage Proof against the most frightful Perils. If nothing can terrify them, let them go to the West Side of the Isle, where when they arrive at the Foot of a Mountain, they will meet an Opening, into which let them enter boldly, and go forward without stopping, till they come to a Meadow, the Beauty of which will astonish them. It is by that alone

alone they can ever arrive to the Enjoyment
of their Wishes.

*The Hundred and ninety sixth
Day.*

HAVING read these Words, I with great
Reverence kissed *Asef's* Tables, fell
on my Knees, and lifting my Eyes to
Heaven, cried out, Pity me, oh Lord, and
let me not perish in this dismal Place, since
thou hast opened me a Way to go out of
it. Great Prophet of the *Mussulmen*, who
without doubt hast assisted me with thy
Protection on this Occasion, and befriended
me with the most High, continue to
protect me. 'Twas by thy Assistance that
I was taken out of the Pit, in which the
perfidious *Hyzoun* left me; do not abandon
me in the Danger into which I am
now about to throw my self.

I then proceeded towards the West, and
soon arrived at the Foot of the Mountain;
where I soon perceived a large Opening,
the dreadful Darknefs of which was no
Invitation to enter it; But I confided too
much in *Asef's* Tables, to be afraid of
any thing. I went without Hesitation, and
groped

grope^d my Way with Assurance, tho' there was not a glimpse of Light to direct me; I found the Ground was a Descent; and marching still forward for fifteen or twenty Hours, I doubted not but I was descending to the Genies of the Earth. At last the Darkness was dissipated, and I beheld the Light of the Day, which I began to think I had lost for ever. The Light led me into a flowery Meadow, the most beautiful I ever saw. The Trees in it were loaden with the fairest Fruit. I approached one of them, gathered of the Fruit, eat it, and lay down on the Grass to rest myself. Being much tired, I fell into a profound Sleep. When I awoke, I saw to my Surprise twelve or fifteen black and lean Genies about me. Their Eyes sparkled; their Visage was like that of Man, but some of them had a long Horn growing out of their Foreheads, and others from the Waste downwards were shaped like Lizards.

Child of *Adam*, says one of them, what Chance brought thee among the Genies of the Earth? I told them my Adventure; and then another of them said, Stay with us, and be assured that we will do thee no Harm. When thou hast served us some
Years,

Years, we will out of Gratitude transport thee to whatever Part of the World thou wilt have us. I had no sooner told them that I consented, but they said, thou didst well to do it with a good Will; for we should have carried thee away with us whether thou wouldst or not. At these Words they took and bore me up with them into the Air. They conveyed me over several Seas and Mountains, before we arrived at their Habitations, which were an infinite Number of Caverns. Every Genie had one to himself. Some of them lodged in Fountains and others in Precipices.

I stayed a whole Year with these Genies, feeding upon nothing but Herbs. As for them, their common Nourishment was Bones after Men had eat the Flesh off them. These Bones made their rarest Entertainment, and while they were grinding them in their Teeth, they would cry out, what excellent Food they were. They accused Men for want of Taste in preferring the Meat to the Bones. That they might not want Provisions, there were Genies whose sole Business it was to fetch Bones, and they brought abundance from all Parts of the World; especially the Bones of Horses from *Tartary*, which they were very fond of.

My

My coarse way of living among these cursed Genies, and the Necessity I was in of being their Slave, was not my greatest Trouble. What pierced me to the very Soul, was the Contempt with which they treated the *Alcoran* and *Mahomet*. They forbid me to pray, as also Ablution and the *Techir*. As dangerous as it was for me to disobey them, I watched my Opportunities, and did often unknown to them what I was forbidden to do. One Day as I was alone in the Cavern where I served, I made Ablution, and while I recited some Sentences of the great Prophet, I heard a Cry of Joy and Songs in Praise of the most High. Amazed at this Novelty, I presently went out of the Cavern to know what was the Cause of this Change. I perceived Genies cloathed in White with Gowns on, such as the religious *Sophis* wear. They seemed to be tall, fat, and as fair as the other were frightful. These two Sorts of Genies had been at War, and the fair Genies having got the Victory, celebrated it by their Songs and Thanksgivings to Heaven. Part of their Enemies they had in Chains, and the rest were put to Flight. I could not contain my self at this Sight, but mingling my Voice with that of the Conquerors, I

cried

cried out with all my Might, There is no other God but one, and *Mahomet* is his Prophet.

A Troop of the victorious Genies hearing me talk thus, surrounded me. Who art thou, says one of them to me, and of whom hast thou learned those Words? We did not know that there was a *Mussulman* in this Place. Of what Country art thou? and how couldst thou come hither? I satisfied their Curiosity. After which they carried me to the Genie whom they looked upon as their King. He asked me the same Questions, and I made him the same Answers. He demanded what Religion I was of, and I had no sooner said I was a *Mussulman*, but he cried out, Happy he who is of the People of *Mahomet*. Hethen asked me my Name; and when I told him, *Aboulsauaris*, replied he, I rejoice at your being delivered out of the Hands of the unbelieving Genies. These Wretches would one time or other have murdered you. You may now give your self up to Joy, since you are with Genies who profess *Mahometism* as well as your self.

The

The Hundred and ninety seventh Day.

THE King insensibly conceived an Affection for me, and looking upon me as a Person of consummate Knowledge of Things, as well forbidden as permitted, in the *Mussulman* Religion, he made me his *Imam*. Thus I cried *Ezan* at Prayer time, I said the *Salaounat*, I pronounced the *Tecbir*. When I fasted, the Genies fasted also: I read and explained to them the *Alcoran* and its Commentators every Day. I acquired their Esteem, and at last became so considerable among them, that they did nothing without consulting me, and highly respected my *Fatouas*.

I happened to dream one Night, that I was in the *Raouza* at *Medina*, that I saw *Canzade* enter that sacred Garden, that she had a dying Look, and approaching the Tomb of *Mahomet*, addressed her self thus to the great Prophet: Oh *Mahomet*, to whom I have sacrificed the Idols I adored, pity a Woman that performs exactly all the Duties of thy Sect. Restore to her her dear Husband, whose Absence she can no longer

longer bear; bring him back to *Bafra* to defend a Heart I have given him, which a Rival would now take from him.

I awaked at these Words. An inconceivable Trouble seized my Spirits, and I doubted not but that this Dream was an ill Omen. I represented my Wife to my Imagination, exposed to some Attempt for and against my Honour; and this cruel Image which I could never get out of my Mind, threw me into a deep Melancholy. The King of the Genies, who quickly perceived it, said, What's the Matter with you, oh *Imam*? A deadly Sorrow has for some Days been painted in your Eyes. You are without Doubt weary of being here. Great King, replied I, after all the Favours you have heaped upon me, after so many marks of Esteem and Affection which I have received from the *Mussulman* Genies, I could not without Ingratitude desire to leave you; but I must not conceal from you a Business which takes away the Content of my Life. I then told him my Dream, and confessed it was the sole Cause of my Affliction.

I am not angry with you, replied the King, since you have a Wife whom you love, and long to be with her. How far,
added

added he, do you think it is from hence to *Basra*? 'Tis a Journey of fourscore and ten Years; But the most High has to us shortened the Distance of the farthest Countries; and notwithstanding *Basra* is so distant, I will cause a Genie to transport you to the Place of your Nativity, and you shall see that *Canzade* in Person of whom you dreamt; saying this, he took me by the Hand, and led me to the Shoar of a red Sea, where pointing to an Island, Do you see, says he, that Isle, with a Rock whose Summit reaches the Clouds? Yes, Sir, replied I. That Rock, answered he, which looks so like a Fortrefs, is hollow, and serves for a Prison to those unbelieving Genies who fall into my Hands, and to others that rebel against my Authority. At these Words he took me up from the Ground, and transported me with him into that Island. We approached the Rock, and a great Iron Gate which was shut. He commanded it to be opened, and was presently obeyed. We entered the Rock, where I saw an infinite Number of Genies in Chains, among which were those that I had been a Slave to.

There was an *Afrite* of a huge Size, and horribly ugly. He was not chained as the rest

rest were, but fastened by Iron Rings to the Rock so streightly, that he could not stir. Wretch, says the King to him, dost thou know what Obligations thou hast to me? I am not ignorant, oh great King, replied the *Afrite*, how much I am obliged to you. I have a thousand times deserved the most cruel Torments, and you have had the Goodness to pardon me. Well, says the King, I am at present disposed to set thee at Liberty. The *Afrite* answered, Such an Act of Royal Grace is no new thing to you, Sir; You have often given me my Freedom. I give it now, replied the King, but it is on these Conditions, that you embrace the Religion of *Mahomet*, and carry this *Mussulman* to *Basra* in as little time as is possible. I will carry him thither, says the Genie, in three Hours, and will punctually perform all your Majesty's Orders. The King turned then to me, and said, Know, young Man, that this *Afrite* is a Rogue, a Cheat, a Traytor. I dare not trust to his Promise. I am afraid he will do you some Mischief, and must therefore bid you stand upon your Guard against it. In order to which I will teach you a Prayer, and if you repeat it when you are upon the *Afrite's* Back, he will

will not be able to do you the least Harm. The Prayer was this; *Be thou praised, O most High, as the Heavens praise thee. Be thou praised, O most High, as the Seas and the Land praise thee. Be thou praised, O most High, as the Angels and Prophets praise thee.*

When I had got this Prayer by Heart, the King caused the *Afrite* to be unbound, and himself put me on his Back, having first blinded me, that, as he said, I might not see those Things on the way which would fright me. He then told me he required one thing of me for the Favour he did me, which was, that after I had embraced my Family at *Basra*, I would on his Account visit *Omar* Commander of the Faithful, and *Alyben Aby Taleb*, *Mahomet's* Son-in-Law, to inform them, that there was under Ground a Nation of *Mussulmen* Genies, who never eat without saying the *Bismillah*, who make Ablution and say all the *Mahometan* Prayers, who Day and Night fight against another Nation of Genies that rebel against the Law of *Mahomet*.

I swore to do exactly what he gave me in Charge. I then went out of the Rock with the Genie, who carried me on his

Back. Take care, young Man, cried the King, do not forget to say the Prayer I have taught you. The *Afrite* will not submit to you any longer than he hears you repeating it; if you neglect the Advice I give you, you will be in danger of perishing.

The Hundred and ninety eighth Day.

THE King of the *Mussulmen* Genies had Reason to recommend to me to say that Prayer incessantly. I soon knew the Consequence of it. If I gave over repeating it a Moment, the *Afrite* made a hideous howling, and ceased when I said the Prayer again. I found that the Genie sometimes flew up with me, and sometimes down. At other times he would raise terrible Tempests, thinking by that means to frighten me, and make me fall; but 'twas all to no Purpose. I held fast on his Back, and was very careful to repeat the Powerful Words on which my Safety depended. Yet I could not help hearkening to a confused Noise of Voices which I heard in the Air. Nay more, I
was

Persian TALES. 159

was willing to see as well as to hear, being so imprudent as to take the Fillet off my Eyes to satisfy my Curiosity. I perceived several Genies which had each a particular Form, and were fighting in the Air. The Cries they made in their Battel, and their manner of Combating, took me up some time. I forgot my Prayer, and the *Afriz* taking hold of my Distraction, threw me into a Sea over which we were flying, and himself went and joined the Combatants. I fell not far from the Shoar, and being a very good Swimmer I got to Land in a little while. I kissed the Ground a thousand times for Joy, and thanked Heaven for my Deliverance. But tho' on one Hand I had the Consolation to be delivered from the Waves, on the other I found my self in a Desert Island, and what added to my Misery, I was deprived of the agreeable Hope to see my Wife and my Country again.

While I was afflicting my self with the Contemplation of the miserable Condition I was in, and accused the Visier of *Solomon*, whose Advice I looked upon as the Cause of my Misfortunes, I beheld a little Bird on the Surface of the Sea, coming towards me. I had never seen one like it.

H 2

He

He had a blue Head, red Eyes, yellow Wings and a green Body. This fair Bird came up to me, spread his Wings, put his Beak into my Mouth, and filled it with a fresh and delicious Liquor. He then talked to me, saying, Young *Mussulman*, be not afraid, thou art chosen to serve for an Example to Men of thy Sect. The Time will come when thou shalt tell them thy Adventures, that they may profit by it. Oh charming Bird, cried I, as much surprized at his talking, as at the Things he talked of, oh thou Bird of good Omen, by what Miracle hast thou the Use of Speech? I am, replied he, the Bird of the Prophet *Isaac*. I am entrusted with the Charge of watching over this Sea, to succour the wretched Mortals that come to this Place, and especially *Mussulmen*. Instead of grieving, comfort your self, and be assured that the most High will reward the Good for the Evils they suffer in this transitory Life. After he had spoken thus, he shewed me what way I was to take, assuring me I might follow it without apprehending any ill Accident to befall me.

I took the Path he directed me, and what's most surprizing, I travelled forty Days without having the least Appetite to eat

eat or drink. The Liquor he made me swallow, kept me from Hunger or Thirst. At last I arrived at the Foot of the Mountain, in the middle of a Desert. I ascended to the Top of it, on which I saw a pretty handsome Palace built of Free-stone. There were no Windows to it, only a brazen Gate which was shut. I sate down in the Shade two Paces off, and as I was resting my self, heard a big Voice saying, Child of *Adam*, thou art arrived here in a happy Time for me and thy self. I looked about to see who it was that spoke to me, and saw an *Afrite* lying on the Ground. He was bigger and more hideous than he that had treated me so barbarously, and thrown me into the Sea. He had a Trunk like that of an Elephant. His right Eye was as red as Blood, his left blue. Come to me, said he, and fear nothing. I had hardly Courage enough to get nearer to him. But as ugly as he was, fearing I might come off worse if I fled, I ventured up to him, and lay down by his Side. He seemed to rejoice that I was come to him. Young Man, says he, what Prophet's Sect art of? Of *Mahomet*, replied I. So much the better, says he. It is just such a Man that I want. I am upon a great Enterprize,

which I cannot execute alone. But I flatter my self that with thy Assistance I may effect it. Depend upon it, if I gain my Ends, I will heap Riches and Honour upon thee. I shall be Master of all the Kingdoms of the World, inhabited by Men, and will give thee one as an Acknowledgment for the Service thou dost me. I consent, said I, to help you, and do not ask a Crown for it. All I require of you is, to carry me to *Basra*. Do you promise me to do it? Yes, replied he, and I swear it by the Head of the Prophet. Well then, said I, you need only to let me know what I am to do for you, and shall do it to the utmost of my Power.

The Hundred and ninety ninth Day.

THE *Afrite* was overjoyed to find that I was ready to assist him in accomplishing his Designs. But I having Reason to suspect him, resolved to be armed against his Malice and Treason, and to that Purpose repeated my Prayer to my self. While I was doing it, he took out of his Pocket a Bag of little leaden Bullets, which he gave

gave me, saying, Take these Bullets, and be sure to throw One of them at me as often as you see me fall dead to the Ground. I'll do as you order me, says I, and you may depend upon it.

In Confidence of my Sincerity, he rose up, as I did also, and we both went towards the Palace. The *Afrite* had a Bag of Bullets in his Hand, as well as I. He threw one of them against the Gate, which opened in an Instant. We entered a Court paved with Marble, where we saw two Lions, which roared at the Sight of us: But my Companion struck each of them with a Bullet, and they remained immovable. We came to a second Brazen-Gate; which was fastened with a Silver Padlock. As soon as the Bullet touched it, it opened also of it self. We then saw in a Cavern of a vast Extent, a rapid River, the Water of which was blackish; and on its Banks stood two huge Dragons. These Monsters at sight of us stretched out their Wings and hift after a terrible manner, belching out at the same time Flames of Fire. The *Afrite* threw his Bullets at them, and instead of hissing, they lay down quietly on the Ground, and suffered us to pass by them.

We thence came to another Court, the Walls of which I took to be built of Golden Bricks. The Pavement was of Silver Plates. In the middle of it was a Dome of red Santal Wood, supported by six Columns of *China* Steel. Under which was a large Sopha of massie Gold; on the Sopha was a Coffin covered all over with Diamonds, whose Brightness dazzled my Eyes. As soon as we approached it, two Griffins which guarded the Dome, advanced to tear us to Pieces; but the *Afrite's* Bullets quickly obliged them to retire. So that we saw without any Obstacle what was within the Coffin. There lay a Man of a venerable Aspect. He appeared to be still living. Death, which makes a frightful Impression on the fairest Objects of Nature, seemed to have a Respect for the Person whom we beheld.

He had several Rings on his Finger, and among others a great Ring, on which was Engraved the great Name of God. The *Afrite* laid his Hand on that Ring, and would have taken it off his Finger: When in a Moment a long Serpent with Wings descending from the Top of the Dome struck him in the Face, and down he fell dead to the Earth. I then remembered what
the

the *Afrite* had desired of me, threw a Bullet at him, and he immediately was restored to Life. You have done well, says he: This is all I require of you. Continue to serve me in the same manner, if I have Occasion for it. Having spoken these Words, he endeavoured a second time to take off the Ring from the Finger of the Corpse in the Coffin; the Serpent struck him as he had done before, and the Blow had the same Effect. The *Afrite* fell to the Ground as dead as he had done before, and as before I restored him to Life again by means of a Bullet.

On my *Mussulman* Friend, cried the *Afrite*, how am I obliged to you? Know that the dead Man in this Coffin is the Prophet *Solomon*. I would get his Ring, of which if I were once possessed I should be Master of all the World; and thou mayest imagine I would not forget thy good Services. Why, said I, do you not make use of your self of your Bullets against this Serpent, as you did against the other Monsters? He replied, They will have no Effect upon him, and I have no way of getting what I come for, but by resisting his Blow. At these Words he made another Effort, and drew the Ring half way off the holy

Prophet's Finger : But the Serpent fell upon him again, and by a third Blow struck him to the Earth a third time dead to all Appearance, as in the two former Attempts.

I prepared to do my Office, and had lifted up my Arms to sling a Billet at the Genie, when the Serpent addressed himself thus to me : Cease, oh *Mussulman*, to lend your Assistance to this accurs'd Genie. He is one of the seven *Afrites* that rebelled against *Solomon*, for which that Prophet confin'd him and his Brethren to the Center of the Earth, as a Punishment for their Audaciousness. All he wants is the Possession of this Ring, the Power of which he is not ignorant of; and he has a long time been waiting at the Foot of the Mountain, where you found him, in hopes of meeting with some *Mussulman* to assist him to make this Conquest. But he in vain flatters himself with the Hopes of obtaining the wonderful Ring which I have the Guard of. I am one of the Genies that were always faithful to *Solomon*, and consequently am singly stronger than this *Afrite* and his six Comrades together. Leave him therefore, continued he, in the State I have put him. Let him remain so to the End of Ages. Fly this Tomb, and trouble
not

not the Repose of this sacred Place; otherwise I shall be obliged to exterminate you, which I had done already, had you not been of the Nation of the Prophet Mahomet.

The Two hundredth Day.

ALL the Answer I made the faithful Genie was, to obey him. I returned the same way that I came to the Foot of the Mountain, without having any Occasion to make use of my Bullets against the Dragons, and the Lions that were in my Passage back. Those wild Beasts were still in the same Condition the *Afrite* left them. I followed a Path which conducted me to a Plain; which before I entered, I must necessarily pass by a Cavern, whence I saw Fire and Smoke issue, and heard a terrible Noise of the rattling of Chains, of Groans, Cries and Howlings. At the Entrance into this horrible Place was a Monster whose Form was so hideous, it is impossible to give an Image of it. I imagined he was also an *Afrite*, for he was like those that I had already seen; he was bound to a Rock with great Iron Chains; he called me with a Voice which

bel-

bellowed like Thunder: Young Man, says he, stay, and answer me, of what Country art thou, and of what Prophet's Sect? I replied I was of *Basra*, and made Profession of the *Mussulman's* Doctrine. Is *Mahomet*, answered he, still living? He has changed this earthly Abode, said I, for that of Paradise. Having perform'd his perfect Mission, he left this perishing World for the Pleasures of Heaven. He then asked me other Questions; as, whether the *Mahometans* said their Prayers regularly, and whether their Morals were pure and innocent. They say their Prayers, replied I; but alas they fall very short of observing inviolably the Precepts of *Mahomet*. Good, replied he; I like them the better. And does the Fountain of *Zemzem* still flow? Yes, says I. He interrupted me; But it grows filthy, and the Corruption must become General. All manner of Crimes shall be committed with an unbridled Licentiousness. Adultery shall reign every where. Every Day shall false Oaths be made. Swines Flesh shall be eaten, Wine shall be drunk in publick, and Women be seen a Horseback. As for that time, cried I, it is not at a very great distance: Such Sights as those have been seen already.

I observed my last Words gave him a great deal of Joy. Oh Child of *Adam*, he replied with Transport, is it possible that Mankind are already so wicked? What good News do you bring me? The Time is then come that I must quit my Slavery, and show my self to the Race of Men. Know young Man, says he, that I am the *Dedgeal*. I will go into the World, and scatter about my Fury. At these Words he shook his Chains with such Violence, and made such terrible Efforts to get loose, that he effected it: But he had not time to make an ill use of his Liberty. For two Genies cloathed in Green appeared in an Instant; stopped him, and, while one of them bound him to the Rock, struck him with an Iron Club, saying, Stay Wretch, stay here; it is too soon yet to break thy Irons. Stay till thou art permitted to shew thy self to the World; the Hour is not yet come. I was not very easie all this while; I got as far off from *Dedgeal* as I could. I entered the Plain in great Disorder, and advanced towards an Avenue of the finest Santal Trees I ever saw. They led to the Ditch of a Castle, which was seen in Perspective. This Castle, the Walls of which were of Gold, and the Pinacles
of

of Diamonds, increased my Admiration in proportion to my approaching it. The Entrance into it was by a Silver Gate, fastened by a Padlock of Emeralds. After having surveyed this beautiful Building, with much Astonishment, I felt in my self a great Curiosity to see the Inside of it. I went up to the Gate, on which these Words were written in Letters of Gold: *Whoever comes hither, and would open this Gate, let him know that there are no other Keys to it, but these Words: There is no other God but God, Mahomet is his Prophet. There is no other God but God, Adam is the Elect of God. There is no other God but God, Ismael is the Victim of God.*

I had no sooner read these Words, but the Gate opened of it self; and I saw things of which it is not in the Power of Imagination and Words to form a just Idea. Represent to your Mind whatever Fancy is capable of conceiving, that is most rich, most magnificent, most beautiful, and be assured that you imagine nothing which approaches what there offered it self to my View. I saw a Palace built of a blue Metal, which I had never seen before; but as precious as the Materials seemed, the Workmanship still surpass'd it. The Structure.

ture of the Building was not at all like ours, and one would guess presently it was not the Work of Men. The Apartments were full of Brocade Sophas, and I took Notice of several Pictures so fine, I could not take my Eyes off them. They represented the Wars of our great Prophet for the Establishment of his Religion, and all of them were painted with so much Art, that the famous *Many* would himself have owned those Paintings were above his Pencil. I passed through several Apartments, and was surprized that I met with no Body. I at last came to a spacious Garden, the Beauty of which is as difficult to be described, as that of the Palace. The Alleys were of vast Length, and on the Borders were tall Trees loaden with the most lovely Fruit. The Parterres were enamelled with Flowers of a thousand Kinds, all unknown to us. The Basons were of Massy Gold, and full of the most transparent Water. In this delicious Garden, where were an infinite number of Birds of divers Colours, I met with a Cavalier without a Beard, his Cloaths covered with Diamonds; on his Head he wore a green Turbant set with Rubies; he rode a red Rose Colour Horse, under whose Feet

Feet the Earth immediately produced Flowers; he was fairer than the Moon, and Rays of Light issued out of his Eyes.

The Two hundred and first Day.

I Gueſſed by his Air, and the Magnificence of his Apparel, that he muſt be the Maſter of the Palace, and began to think he would be offended at my entring his Garden; when coming near me, he ſtopped and ſaid; Young Man, art thou not a Native of *Baſra*? Yes, replied I. Thou art Welcome, replied he, I knew thou wert to come hither. But tell me, haſt thou conſidered well all the Wonders of this Dwelling, and haſt thou eat of the Meat that is eaten here? I answered him, I have beheld things which are very ſurprizing; but as for your Food, I know not what it is. Go on then, replied he, thou wilt meet with ſomebody that will be thy Guide here, and will at laſt make thee arrive at the height of thy Wiſhes.

I went on farther in the Garden, caſting my Eyes every where about me, equally pleaſed and aſtoniſhed. At laſt I came to a Place where I found a *Mikrah*, on the

top of which were written these Words : *There is no other God but God, Mahomet is his Prophet.* There was within it a Man upon his Knees. I staid till he had done his Prayer, and then I saluted him. He returned my Salutation, and said, Oh young *Mussulman*, thou must certainly be well beloved by *Mahomet*, since thou hast been able to come hither. Dost thou know where thou art? That this Garden is the Abode destined for the Friends and Relations of that Prophet? That there is here an eternal Felicity in Store for them? A great Number is already arrived here, and you shall have a sight of them. After which he conducted me to a River of Milk, that flowed gently cross the Garden, and on its Banks sat a Crowd of People about Tables covered with Dishes of several Sorts of Meats. I saw there the *Scherifs* of the Race of *Mahomet*, and the *Sahabas* of that Prophet.

As soon as they perceived me, they very graciously accosted me thus : Come hither, young Man, since *Mahomet* has granted thee the Favour of seeing the Place reserved for his Disciples and his Posterity; come hither, drink of our Wine, and eat of our Meat. I sat down by my Guide,
 302 who

who gave me some Bread, the most excellent I ever tasted, and Fish the best that ever Mortal was fed by, saying, Give me your Opinion of it; which I did, that I had never eat any thing so exquisite: They then gave me to drink of the Water of the River, which seemed to me to have the relish of the most excellent Wine. After this Repast, my Guide conducted me to a Meadow, where were above a thousand young Damsels assembled; some diverted themselves with Singing, some with Dancing, some with playing on the Lute: They were all richly dressed, but shone more by the Lustre of their Charms, than by that of the Jewels with which they were covered; there was not one of them but what was extremely beautiful, and hardly one of them handsomer than another: They looked as if they had lived lovingly together, and I could not observe the least Sign of Jealousy in any of their Countenances.

These, says my Conductor, are *Houris*, Celestial Substances, in the Enjoyment of whom consists the Happiness of the *Sche-riffs* and *Sababas*. It is allowed you to survey them at a distance, but you must not approach them. The pleasure of con-

versing

versing with them is forbidden you, since you have not been carried out of the World by the Angel of Death.

I looked on them with inexpressible Delight for some time, and then my Guide led me to a Grotto at the farther End of the Garden. This, says he, is commonly my Place. The Man without a Beard, whom you meet on Horseback, is the Prophet *Elias*; he lives at the other End of the Garden. I my self am the Prophet *Kheder*; and if you will, you shall live along with me; we will pray together, and taste of the Delights of this fair Dwelling, to which there is nothing upon Earth comparable; we know not here what the Change of Seasons is: the Air we breath is always Serene; a perpetual Spring reigns in this Paradise; Night never here spreads her Darknes over our Sky, and the Day that enlightens us is always unclouded.

I accepted the Prophet *Kheder's* Offer. I kept him Company several Years, but notwithstanding all the Delights of the Place, I grew in the end weary of it. The Remembrance of *Canzade* made me long to return to the World again; the Desire of seeing her disturbed my Peace, and I could not think that the Possession even of the

Houris

177 *Persian* TALES.

Houris would ever drive her out of my Mind.

Kheder observed my Uneasiness. I see plainly, says he, you had rather be at *Basra*: Since the Charms of this Garden are not powerful enough to detain you, I shall presently gratifie your Wishes. Speaking thus he looked up into the Air, and seeing a little Cloud pass over our Heads, he stopped it, and asked it whither it went? The Cloud, or rather a Genie in the Cloud, answered, I am going, oh great Prophet, to *China*; have you any Commands for me! Is it for a Benefit, or for a Punishment, replied *Kheder*? For a Benefit, answered the Genie. Go thy way then, says the Prophet, I have no Occasion for thee.

The Two hundred and second Day.

A Moment after, a second Cloud passed over us. *Kheder* put the same Questions to it as he had done to the former; and the Cloud having answered it was going to *Bagdad* on a good Errand; If so, says the Prophet, thou must do me a piece of Service. Carry this *Mussulman* to *Bas-*

ra, and set him down at his own Door. The Genie that was in the Cloud consented to it; but before I departed with him, I thanked *Kheder* for all his Favours, and recommended my self to his Prayers. On his Part he taught me a short Prayer, which he bad me repeat on the Way, and assured me it would preserve me the rest of my Life from the Malice of my Enemies, from the Wrath of Kings, and all other ill Accidents.

I repeated that Prayer on the Way above a hundred Times, only that I might get it by Heart; for I was in no Fear of the Genie that carried me. He was a courteous one, and I should have done him an Injury to have suspected him. In less than three or four Hours he transported me to the City of *Basra*, and set me down at my Door. I knocked; it was Night. A Slave came and opened it, and seeing by the Light of a Flambeaux what a Figure I made, he shut it upon me, and would not let me in, demanding who I was, and what I would have? I told him I was the Master of that House, and ordered him immediately to open the Door again.

Upon this, he went and told my Wife what I said, and she came to the Door herself;

self; but instead of receiving me, as she ought to have done, with Transports of Joy, she gave a horrible Shriek at sight of me, and ran in with the utmost Precipitation. What is the Matter, said I to my self? Does the seeing me frighten *Canzade*? Can I be so much altered as that comes to? Call *Hour* to me, cried I, I would speak with my Brother. Upon this he came out with a young Man whom I did not know. He approached me, and surveyed me very attentively; after which he said he had no Knowledge of me, that I had not the least Resemblance of *Aboul-fauaris*. He was a handsome Man, added he, and you are very ugly; he was fat, and you are as lean as a Rake. Do not think to impose your self on us for him, we will not be deceived by you; though we have not seen him this seven Years, we have not forgot his Features, and do not doubt but he perished in his Voyage to *Golconda*.

I was sufficiently surprized to hear him talk so. I thought I might be changed, but could not think it to be so much as that my Brother should not know me. And do not you *Canzade*, says I to my Wife, who encouraged by the Presence of *Hour*
and

and the Slaves that were with him, was come to the Door again, do not you discover some of the Features of that *Aboulfaouaris* whom you loved, and who still tenderly loves you, notwithstanding all the Misfortunes that have happened to him? Ah how miserable is my Condition! I little thought you would have given me such a Welcome at my Return. Why did I not remain still under Ground? Is this the Reward of my Impatience to see you again? You have the Voice of *Aboulfaouaris*, says *Canzade* to me in great Emotion, and tho' otherwise your Features do not resemble his, I must own I do not hear what you say without Concern. But, added she, if you are really my Husband, tell me why you appear so different from what you were when you left *Basra*? Where have you been, and what has happened to you that could cause such an Alteration.

I then gave her an Account of my Voyage, without omitting the least Circumstance: And when I had done speaking, the young Man who was with my Wife and my Brother, made Answer that I was an Impostor, and had invented that ridiculous Fable only to throw an Obstacle in the

the Way of his Happiness. But you are mistaken, continued he in a Heat, if you think to gain your Ends here. For I have this Day married *Canzade*, and will possess her.

At these Words I looked upon *Hour* and my Wife, trembling with Apprehension. They both appeared in great Disorder and Confusion. What do I hear, cry'd I, is *Canzade*, whose Constancy I thought to be equal to my own, is she the Wife of another Man? I was going on, but I was taken with a fainting Fit, and could say no more at present.

The Two hundred and third Day.

WHEN I recovered my self, the young Man and I spent the rest of the Night in contesting to whom *Canzade* belonged; the more I maintained that I was *Aboul-faouaris*, the more he seemed to be persuaded of the contrary. As to *Canzade* and *Hour*, they said nothing, but look'd on one another like Persons conscious of Guilt, and ashamed of what they had done. As soon as it was Day, we all four went to the *Cady*. My Lord, says the young Man, you married me Yesterday to *Canzade*, but

but the Marriage is not consummated. The Stranger that you see here came last Night and disturbed our Nuptials, pretending to be *Aboulfaouaris* the Husband of this Lady.

The *Cady* shook his Head at this Discourse, saying he knew *Aboulfaouaris*, that I was not at all like him; and then addressing himself to *Canzade*; And you fair Lady, said he, what do you think of this Man? Do you believe him to be *Aboulfaouaris*? My Lord, replied she, if I am to be judged by my Eye, it is not he; he has only his Voice. Ah Judge of the *Mussulmen*, said I to the *Cady*, I most humbly beseech you to hear me: Have a Care of deciding this Matter too hastily. You may pronounce an unjust Sentence. If I am altered, 'tis occasioned by my last Adventures, by my dwelling so long under Ground. What strange Things do you tell us, says the *Cady*; can a living Man dwell under Ground? Without doubt, replied I; and if you please, I will tell you what has befallen me. Here the young Man interrupted me, and applying himself to the Judge, said, My Lord, he has a Fable at his Fingers End. He'll tell you wonderful Things, but you are not

so credulous — The *Cady* interrupting him also in his Turn, cried, Hold your Tongue, I will hear him; Speak, continued he turning himself to me, I will hear you; and be assured you shall have Justice done you.

Upon this I told him the whole Story of my late Voyage, from the time of my Departure from *Basra* to my Return. When I had done, the *Cady* looked upon *Canzade*, *Hour*, and the young Man: This Affair, said he to them, is of great Importance, and I cannot my self decide it. What this Man has told, is not very probable. We may suspect him guilty of inventing it, but perhaps also he says nothing but Truth, which is what we must be satisfied in. Go all you four to *Medina*, wait upon *Alyben-Aby Taleb* Son-in-Law of *Mahomet*, and the great *Omar* Commander of the Believers. The Matter deserves their having Cognizance of it, and giving their decisive Judgment concerning it.

This was the *Cady's* Decision. We four, *Hour*, *Canzade*, the young Man, and I, departed presently for *Medina*. When we came there we went directly to *Omar's* Palace, who said, as soon as he heard my Adventures, What thou hast been saying is

too extraordinary for me to give Credit to it. You must all four go to the Garden of the Prophet; I will accompany you; *Mahomet's* Son-in-Law will tell us what we ought to think of so surprizing a Story.

We accordingly went with *Omar* to the *Rauze*, where we found *Aly* at Prayer on the Prophet's Tomb. Oh *Abalhusayn*, says the Commander of the Believers, I bring you a Man who has told me Things so incredible, that I cannot believe them. *Aly* asked me my Name, and as soon as I had told him that I was *Aboulfaouaris* of *Basra*, he lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and cried out in a Transport, Oh Prophet of God, *Mahomet* my Father-in-Law, you said true; My Lord, added he, addressing himself to *Omar*, let me, if you please, hear also his Adventures. This Man is no Impostor: For *Mahomet* a long time since gave me Notice that a Man called *Aboulfaouaris* would one Day come to the *Rauze*, and inform me of Things as true as wonderful. That Day is come, and *Aboulfaouaris* is about to satisfy my Curiosity.

Having said this, he desired the Commander of the Believers to permit me to tell him my Story. Let him tell it, says *Omar*; I shall gladly hear it a Second Time.

I then once more gave an Account of all my Subterranean Adventures. I enlarged particularly on the *Mussulman* Genies, and what the King had given me in Charge to say on his Part to the Commander of the Believers, and the Son-in-Law of the Prophet. *Omar* and *Aly* were mightily pleased with what I told them. They both embraced me, saying, they looked upon me as the happiest of Mortals, since I had before Death seen the Dwelling destined to the Relations and Friends of the Prophet after this Life.

The Two hundred and fourth Day.

THE Result of my Voyage to *Medina* was, that *Omar*, convinced I was really *Aboulfaouaris*, dismissed the young Man, and restored *Canzade* to me. He afterwards took out of his Treasure two hundred thousand Sequins of Gold, which he gave me, with a hundred Slaves and a hundred Camels. I returned to *Basra*, where I bought a stately Palace. I was as fond of *Canzade* as ever. I did not reproach her for the Haste she made to marry again.

Indeed

Indeed she her self was very sorry for it, tho' I must own too her Fault was excusable: *Hour* had managed Matters very ill in my Absence. He had lavished away what I left, and had so reduced himself and my Family, that *Canzade* was under a kind of Necessity to marry a rich young Man, a Friend of his, for their Support. I shewed no more Resentment to my Brother, than I did to my Wife. I forgot what had past, and we began to live as before, very lovingly. Besides *Omar's* Presents, which of themselves were enough to make me live easily, I had the good Fortune to find a Treasure in the House I bought. By all which I acquired such a considerable Revenue, that let me be as profuse as I will, I can hardly spend it.

The End of the History of Bedreddin Lolo, his Visier and Favourite.

THE Voyager *Aboulfaouaris* here finishing the Story of his Adventures, *Bedreddin* and his Companions told him, they had never heard of such singular ones. But *Lord Aboulfaouaris*, said the King of *Darmasens*,

186 *Persian* TALES.

mascur, after so many Fatigues and Troubles are you at last entirely content? Do you enjoy a perfect Felicity? I have a long time been in quest of a happy Man, and if I have found one in you, after I despaired of ever meeting one, it will extremely rejoice me. My two Companions, pursued he, are of Opinion there is no Man in the World so far in want of nothing, that he can say with Reason, he is contented. For my Part, I have always maintained the contrary, and, Heaven be praised, they will now I hope be of my Mind; for after what you have said, one cannot doubt but you are very happy.

Pardon me, replied the Voyager, you may very justly doubt it; and are very much mistaken if you think me a contented Man. A Circumstance which I sunk in my Relation, will but too plainly convince you of the contrary. *Canzade* loves the young Man with whom I found her married at my Return. It is true, she is so faithful to her Duty, that she seeks for no Opportunity to speak to her Lover; but however, whether she will or no, she cannot help thinking of him. I have observed it several Times, and that Discovery pierces my very Soul. As I am myself more amorous
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than ever, and as delicate as ever in my Love, judge you of the Trouble it must give me to be no longer beloved, and how far I am from being so happy as you imagined.

The King of *Damascus* had nothing to say to this, and he himself began to think his Visier and Favourite were not much out in their Judgment, that there is no Man perfectly contented.

After several Days Journey, the Caravan arrived at *Bagdad*. *Aboulfasuaris* having some Business in that great City, *Bedred-din Lolo*, *Atalmulc*, and *Seyfel Mulouk* left him there, and proceeded on their way to *Damascus*, where they arrived in Safety. The Visier who had been entrusted with the Administration of the Government had behaved himself so well, that there was no manner of Complaint against him. The King rewarded his Care and Fidelity, and then bad Prince *Seyfel Mulouk* and the Visier *Atalmulc* resume the Rank they held in his Court before he left it. I am now of your Sentiments, says he; I am convinced there is not a Man in the World but has something or other to trouble him. Those are the happy Persons whose Troubles are most supportable. Let us for the

future remain here in quiet. If we three are not entirely contented, let us consider that there are others more unhappy.

Yes, Sir, says *Seyfel Mulouk*, there are without doubt others more unfortunate. We have no need of a great deal of Courage to bear our Misfortunes. For my Part, I will comfort my self as well as I can, for not possessing *Bedy-al-Jemal*; and you, continued he smiling, ought both of you to be comforted for the Loss of your Mistresses. If they are still living, their Looks cannot be still so dangerous for the *Cadys* and Pages.

Thus did *Suzlumeme* finish the Story of the King of *Damascus* and his Visier. *Far-ruk-naz's* Women, as they were wont, highly applauded it. They extolled very much the Constancy of the Lovers, whose Adventures she had been relating; and the Princess according to her Custom had something or other to say against their Fidelity. This did not discourage the Nurse: She asked Permission to tell some other Stories; and having obtained it, she the next Day resumed the Discourse as follows.

The Nine hundred and sixtieth Day.

WHEN the *Calif Haroun Arraschid* was one Day with the fair *Sultannum* his Favourite in a Closet facing the *Tygris*, where without being seen himself he could see every one that walked on the Banks of that River, he perceived two Men, one of whom appeared to be young, and the other very old. He looked upon them pretty attentively, The Men bursting out into a very loud Laughter, and he being naturally curious, he called one of his Officers, and bad him go tell those two Men he would speak with them.

The Officer obeyed his Commands, and brought the old and the young Man before the *Calif*, who asked them why they laughed so immoderately? The old Man took upon him to return an Answer, saying; Commander of the Believers, as I was walking with this young Man, he told me a very pleasant Story, and I told him another, at which he could not forbear laughing; and I must own to you, that seeing him laugh so heartily, I could not help doing so too.

I shall be very glad, replied *Haronin*, to hear it, as will also this young Lady. Pray give us a Relation of it, added he, addressing himself to the old Man; and this young Man shall tell us his Story too afterwards. The old Man, in Obedience to the *Calif's* Commands, began his Discourse in these Terms.

The History of the two Brother Genies, Adis and Dahy.

IN the Neighbourhood of *Masulipatan*, a City of the Kingdom of *Golconda*, on the Coast of *Caromandel*, lived a Country Woman who was encumbered with two pretty Daughters. The eldest, whose Name was *Fatima*, was seventeen Years of Age, and *Cadige* the youngest not above twelve. They lived in a Hut by themselves, at a distance from any Village, and maintained themselves by the Labour of their Hands. A River that run by their Cottage gave them the means of doing it; their Business being to whiten Linnen for some People of *Masulipatan*, which that River Water was very good for. After this Woman and her Daughters had whitened and dried their

their Linnen, it was their Custom to cover it with Flowers to give it a sweet and grateful Scent. As the Mother was one Day gathering Flowers in a Meadow for this Purpose, she unawares pinched the Tail of an Aspic that was hid under the Leaf of a Hyacinth. That venomous Creature revenged it self immediately, and so stung the old Woman that she cried out. Her Daughters ran to see what was the matter, and found their Mother's Finger mightily swoln. In less than a quarter of an Hour the Poison got into the principal Veins of her Body, by the Communication of the Blood, and so reached the noble Parts. The unfortunate Woman finding her self near her End, set her self to discharge the last Office of a good Mother, by giving her Daughters her dying Counsel. My Children, said she, I am sorry I must leave you at a Time when you will most stand in need of my Assistance. My Hour is come. The Angel of Death approaches, and I must depart with him. My Comfort is, I have nothing to reproach my self with, concerning your Education, and Thanks to Heaven, I leave you with good and virtuous Inclinations. Persevere always in the Virtue I have taught you, and follow exactly

exactly the Precepts of our great Prophet *Mahomet*. Above all things take care that you never forsake his Sect, to embrace the Superstitions of the Gentiles. Live by your Labour, as we have hitherto done. I hope the most High will provide for you. I further recommend to you to live together like Sisters, to love one another, and never to part, if possible; for your Happiness depends on your Union. *Cadige*, added she, turning to the youngest, thou art yet but a Child. Obey your Sister *Fatima*; She will not advise you any thing to your hurt. After this Exhortation, the Country Woman finding her Spirits fail, embraced her Daughters, and dyed in their Arms. It is impossible to express the Sorrow of her two Children, when they found she was dead. They broke out into Tears, and made the whole Country resound with their Cries. But as Nature cannot find Tears for ever, they fell into a Fit of Heaviness, out of which they recovered themselves only to pay their Mother her Funeral Rites. They each took a Spade, which they made use of to cultivate a little Garden of Poulse that joined to their Cottage. Near which, at fifty Paces distance, they dug a Grave, wherein with much

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ado they deposited their Mother's Corpse, covering it with Earth and Flowers. After this they returned to their Hur, where for some Moments they buried their Grief in the Sleep which the Fatigue of the Day had procured them.

The next Day *Fatima*, as the most considerate of them, represented to her Sister, that it behoved them to return to their Labour. She bad her take two Baskets, and fill them with the Linnen which had been whitened the Day before this sad Accident befel them. This being done, they put each a Basket on her Head, and were carrying them to *Masulipatan*. They had not gone a hundred Paces before they met with a little old Man, a Cripple, but pretty richly dressed, he looked very earnestly upon them; he seemed to be about a hundred Years old; and by the help of his Staff he walked along steadily enough for a Man of his Age.

The Nine hundred and sixty first Day.

THE old Man took a liking to the two Sisters. Whither you are going fair Damsels, says he very smirkingly? To
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Masulipatan, replied the eldest. May I without Offence, says he, ask you what Profession you are of, and if one cannot be serviceable to you? Alas, my Lord, replied *Fatima*, we are plain Country Girls, and unhappy Orphans; we lost our Mother Yesterday by a fatal Mischance. She then told him how her Mother died, not without shedding fresh Tears at the Remembrance of it. Ah, says the old Man, how sorry I am I did not see your Mother before she died! I could have told her a Secret which would have cured the Wound made by the Poison, and restored her to her Health in two Days time. My Children, continued he, I am concerned for your Misfortune, and will be a Father to you both, if you can have so much Confidence in me as to trust your selves to my Conduct, and the Care I will take of you. I must confess, pursued he, looking on young *Cadige*, I feel a strong Inclination for that lovely Damsel. The first sight of her caused in me an Emotion I never felt in my Life before; if you will both follow me, I promise to make your Fortunes much above your Conditions; and you shall have Reason, as long as you live, to bless the Day that you met me. The
old

old Man having done speaking, waited with Impatience to hear what Answer they would make. He had good Cause indeed to be in some Concern about it; his Age and Figure were not likely to speak much in his Favour, with two such young Creatures, or dispose them to accept of his Proposal. However, as much as it went against them, *Fatima*, who best knew their Interest in the present Situation of their Affairs, thought they could not do better. The old Man observing she was in suspense, Fair Maid, says he, if you had already considered as you ought to do the Perils you are exposed to in a lonely Habitation, you would not hesitate in accepting my Offer. Being destitute, as you are, of Means of supporting your selves, do you think you will be able to avoid all the Snares that Vice and Fraud will prepare to betray your Innocence? If your Virtue is sufficient to refuse consenting to criminal Designs, will you have sufficient Strength to repel Insult and Violence? You have nothing to fear from such a one as I am: My Age is your Security against any Attempt of mine, and by Experience shall defend you against those of other Men; leave your hard Labour which can scarce
find

find you Bread. You shall at my House not only have Necessaries, but whatever can render your Lives easy and pleasant. I will also tell you something which will prove to you, that our common Happiness depends upon the Proposal I have made you. Come, it is the best thing you can do. If your Mother was alive, my Reasons would weigh with her, and she would believe you to be safer with me than in your own Cottage.

In fine, what the old Man said had its Effect on *Fatima*. My Lord, says she, there is no doubt but you are in the right in some Things, and I am disposed to take hold of the Opportunity which by your Favour is offered us, to live with more Ease and Comfort. But as your Proposal concerns my Sister in a more particular manner, you having declared your Inclination towards her, I must consult her Sentiments before I can give you a positive Answer. Speak then, *Cadige*, added she, addressing her self to her Sister, are you disposed to put your self under the Care of this Lord, and take him for your Husband? I will not wrong his Honour so much as to suspect he means any thing else, or would go about to betray two
young

young Orphans who should have such a Confidence in him. No Sister, replied *Cadige* blushing, he is too old and too ugly.

Fatima, who was not at all displeased with the old Man's Offer, was vexed at her Sister's indiscreet Frankness. I see, says she to her, you are not of an Age capable of Reflection, since such is your Answer to the honourable Proposal this Lord has made you. Instead of saying such shocking things, you ought to be sensible of your Happiness in having been found amiable in his Eyes. Yes, indeed, replied *Cadige* weeping, it is a fine thing to be sensible of. I do not know if it is an Honour for me, but I know it is no great Pleasure to be found amiable in the Eyes of such a Man as he. You must not talk after that rate, says her Sister. I cannot talk otherwise, replied the youngest, and if it is a Happiness to please him, why does he not address himself to you who have more Beauty and Wit than I have? Let him love you, and then let us see if you would love him.

Care of this Lord, and take him for your Husband? I will not wrong his Honour so much as to suspect he means any thing. *The*

*The Nine hundred and sixty
second Day.*

C*Adige's* Coldness was a great Trouble to the old Man. How strange, says he, is my Fortune? I have seen the most famous Beauties of the *East*, and lived to this Age without being moved by them. This Moment I am conceiving the most violent Passion for a young Person prejudiced with an invincible Aversion against me; I am sensible of the horrid Fate I am preparing for my self, and yet my Stars compel me to yield to an Inclination which renders me no longer my own Master. The old Man saying this, was ready to burst out into Tears, and seemed so afflicted, that *Fatima*, who was naturally very good-natured, pitied him. My Lord, says she, do not afflict your self so; your Disease is not perhaps without Cure; be not alarmed at the first Discourse of a Child, who does not know what is good for her; Time will ripen her Judgment. True indeed, you have not the Charms of Youth, but I take you to be a Man of Honour. Your Love and your Care will at last triumph

triumph over her Folly and Ignorance; we will go with you, and I promise you all my good Offices. Well, Sister, interrupted the little Girl in some Anger; but if he teazes me, and will oblige me to love him, I will not answer for it, that I shall not flye from you. No, fair *Cadige*, cries he, you shall not be teazed; I swear by whatever is most sacred in this World, I will force you to nothing; you shall be absolute Mistress of all I possess. If you desire a rich Robe, or any thing else, you shall immediately have it; for I shall make it my Duty to prevent your Wishes. Nay more, pursued he, when I find that my Presence is troublesome to you, I will spare you that Trouble, whatever Pain it gives me.

Fatima at this addressing her self to him, said, Since my Sister seems determined to follow you on the Terms you have promised her, suffer us, Sir, to carry this Linnen to the Persons that own it, and we will return to you as soon as possible. Ah, says the old Man, do not take your charming Sister with you, I beseech you; whether it is my Reason or my Passion that inspires me, I am afraid, if you both leave me, I shall never see you more, and die of Sorrow.

row. You say you will not be long absent; then let your Sister stay with me till you come back. What are you apprehensive of? Can you mistrust----No, no, interrupted *Cadige* with a great deal of Eagerness, I will go with my Sister, I will not stay with you by my self. Why so, replied *Fatima*, who was very willing to let the old Man see she was in his Interests; why will you not stay? I will be back in a Moment. You owe this Lord that Mark of your Confidence, to make him amends for the disobliging Things you have said to him.

Cadige had no Mind at all to be left alone with him, but she durst not oppose the Will of her Sister, whom she looked upon as her second Mother. So *Fatima* took her youngest Sister's Basket and departed, having recommended it to the old Man to manage the rebellious Spirit of the Person she left with him. But instead of returning as she promised, she did not come back all that Day. Never was young Creature in such Concern as was *Cadige*; she grew impatient when Night came. She overwhelmed the old Man with Reproaches. You, says she, are the Cause of my Misfortune; if we had not met you, I had been

been with my Sister. Whatever Mischief has happened to her, I had rather be Partaker of it, than be here with you.

This Discourse of hers grieved the old Man; he could not tell what Answer to make, so afraid was he of irritating a young Person, who he knew had Reason to be prejudiced against him. However, he did his utmost to bring her into Temper; but all to no purpose: He only encreased her Uneasiness and Aversion. She bad him hold his Tongue, for notwithstanding it was dark and rained, she would go to *Masulipatan*. She resolved on this, as much to avoid passing the Night with the old Man, as to know what was become of her Sister. Nevertheless he dissuaded her from it, representing to her that in all probability the Rain had obliged *Fatima* to put up in some Place or other, and that she would come to them as soon as it was Light. He added, that the best way she could take was to return Home, and if *Fatima* did not come back in the Morning, they would both go in search of her. As much as she hated him, the strength of the old Man's Reason prevailed upon her; she suffered her self to be persuaded by him, and they both returned to the Cottage,

Cottage, where after a light Repast of Dates and fair Water, they spent the Time in talking of *Fatima's* not coming to them. The young Girl did nothing but cry and torment her self; and her old Lover was not himself more easie. As soon as it was Day they went out of the Cottage, and took the Road to *Masulipatan*. They inquired after *Fatima* in all Parts of the Town where she had Linnen to carry, and were told she had not been there. This did not satisfy them; they sought after her Street by Street, and asked Tidings of her from House to House; but their Search was in vain.

*The Nine hundred and sixty
third Day.*

THE Uncertainty they were in concerning the Fate of *Fatima*, threw them into Despair. They doubted not but some Misfortune had befallen her. *Cadige* could not forgive her self for not accompanying her; and whenever the old Man attempted to comfort her, she upbraided him with his being the Occasion of the Loss of her. He on his Part was grieved to the very Soul,

Soul, that he could not overcome the Obstinacy of so indocile a Creature. They spent the following Seven or Eight Days in running about the Country in the Neighbourhood of the City to get News of her. They asked after her at every Castle and every House, for four Leagues about, and all to no Purpose. At last, not knowing where else to go to seek for her, they returned to the Cottage in the utmost Consternation. The old Man perceiving that *Cadige's* Affliction was without Moderation, was himself equally afflicted. My dear *Cadige*, says he with the Tears in his Eyes, do not grieve your self so immoderately. I must tell you, you have other Cares to trouble your self about. Consider that your Mother being dead, and your Sister gone, you are not safe in this Place. I am afraid your Beauty will expose you to the Heat of Insolent Youth. Can I, old and feeble as I am, defend you from such Assaults? Besides, what have you to maintain you? Can you in so tender an Age provide for your self? Add to this that the little Mony I had about me, is almost spent. Here we want every thing. Consider this, lovely *Cadige*, and permit me to conduct you to the City where I make my ordina-

ry Abode. You will in my House have Plenty of all Things, and shall be Mistress of my Estate and Fortune.

When the old Man had done speaking, he was very uneasy to know what Answer the young Girl would make him: And he had Cause to doubt how it would work upon a Mind so prepossess'd against him.

Cadige making him no Answer at all, and seeming to be wholly taken up with the Loss of her Sister, he was obliged to represent to her again the Condition she was in, yet despairing to bring her to accept of his Proposition. Nevertheless he succeeded, and she consented to follow him where-ever he pleased to lead her. So they both left the Cottage; the Old Man having writ with a Coal on the Door the Name of the Place to which he had conducted *Cadige*, that if *Fatima* returned, she might know where to find her Sister. They also locked the Door, and put the Key in the hollow of a Tree which they were won't to make use of on the like Occasions.

The City to which the Old Man intended to carry *Cadige* was not above three Days Journey distant; but a Man of an Hundred Years old, and a Girl of Twelve, were

were not like to make long Journies of it. They arrived there in seven Days; and were both ready to faint with Fatigue and Hunger. The first Thing *Daby* did, for that was the old Man's Name, was to send about the City to buy the most excellent Meats to refresh them. His Slaves were commanded to make the greatest Haste, and they returning with what they were sent for, the two Travellers satisfied their Hunger. Then *Daby* led his Mistress to a very neat Apartment, where he left her to take her Repose, and retired to his own Chamber to do the same himself.

The next Day he bought several rich Silks, of which he ordered Robes to be made for *Cadige*, and appointed an old Slave to wait on her, one that was recommended to him for being as dextrous in dressing Ladies as any body living. *Cadige* could not enough admire the Change of her Condition. She perceived the Kindness the old Man had for her, yet she could not comprehend how she had in so short time acquired so absolute an Empire over him. She sometimes thought her self indebted to him for all the great Advantages she enjoyed, and that she ought to set a Value upon them, and upon him on their Ac-

count. However, notwithstanding all her Reflections, the old Man's obliging Carriage could not diminish the Displeasure she took in it. Besides the fine Cloaths and Diamonds he gave her every Day, he kept his Word with her punctually. He shewed her a Respect with which she was charmed; but it did not beget in her the least Inclination to approve his Person or his Passion.

*The Nine hundred and sixty
fourth Day.*

IT was three Months before *Cadige* shewed the least Sign of Consolation. The Remembrance of her Sister mixt Bitterness with her Joy, and took off the Relish she might otherwise have had of the Alteration of her Circumstances. She incessantly called to Mind the Advice her dying Mother gave her, never to part from *Fatima*. Nevertheless, her Sorrows grew less extream by Degrees, either through the Change of her Fortune, or the common Effect of Time.

One Day, when she had tired her self with walking, she went to Bed sooner than

was her Custom. She fell into a profound Sleep, and about Morning, when the Ideas are most clear and lively, she dreamed a Dream which made a very strong Impression upon her. She fancied she saw a young Man magnificently dressed, whose tender Air and fair Locks gave her a sensible Pleasure. While she was looking on him very attentively, he said to her, *Ab Cadige, what do you think of? Have you so soon forgot Fatima? Are the fine Cloaths which Dahy has cloathed you with, enough to exempt you from the Obligation you lie under to seek after her? No, doubtless; and I must tell you, you shall never be happy till you go to her in the Isle of Sumatra. Look on me, and you will see the Person whom Heaven has destined for your Husband.* At these Words the young Man vanished, and Cadige awoke. She still had this Image present in her Mind, and did not look on it to be so much a Dream as an Apparition.

What the lovely Phantom said to her, seemed so just and so agreeable to her present Condition, that it could not but put her into an Astonishment; and tho' she did not think there was really such a Man in the World as her Dream represented to her, yet she could not put that Representation

out of her Mind. Nay, she resolved, that she might have nothing to charge her self with, to engage *Daby* to make a Voyage to *Sumatra*. She proposed it to him that very Day after she had had this Dream, having first given him an Account of it. The old Man heard it with Surprize, and looking upon it as something too extraordinary to be neglected, more than an Image formed by the Vapours of Sleep, he told *Cadige*, he would readily sacrifice his Life to please her; that he consented to go with her to the Isle of *Sumatra*, tho' there was little likelihood they should hear there what was become of her Sister. I am as much surprized at your Dream, continued he, as you can be, and am as desirous to see you have your Wish as you are your self.

The young Girl wanted nothing more to determine her to make a Voyage to *Sumatra*. She would scarce give the old Man Time to prepare every Thing in order to it, so impatient was she to see, or at least to hear of *Fatima*. They agreed to go first to the Cottage, to see whether they could meet with any Sign of *Fatima's* having been there since their Departure, and thence they resolved to proceed to *Masulipatan*, where they would embark aboard
the

the first Ship bound for *Sumatra*. *Daby* bought three Horses for their Carriage, took all his Gold with him, and some Diamonds which he sewed up in a Leather Girdle he wore about his Waste. The rest of his Money he left with an old Man a Friend of his, charging him to tell *Fatima*, if she should come to his House to enquire after them during their Absence, that they desired her to stay there till they returned. They then took their Leave and mounted a Horse-back. *Daby* chose the best of the three for his own Riding, and took *Cadige* behind him. The Woman-Slave mounted the other, and the third was loaden with their Baggage, and led along by a black Slave.

Thus did they travel for two Days, at the End of which they arrived at the Cottage of the two Sisters. They found the Key where they had put it, in the Hollow of the Tree, and entring the Hut saw nothing out of the same Place where they left it: Nothing that could give 'em the least Reason to conclude *Fatima* had been there since their Departure. This confirmed them in their Resolution to go to *Sumatra*. They continued their Journey to *Masulipatan*, where *Daby* soon learned

that a Ship of *Achem* loaden with rich Merchandise was to set Sail in two Days. He went immediately to the Master, and bargained with him for their Passage. He then returned to *Cadige*, and laid in for her Store of every thing pleasant or proper to soften the Fatigue of so long a Voyage, selling off his Horses which were of no Use to him now he was to embark.

*The Nine hundred and sixty
fifth Day.*

TWO Days after, they set Sail with a fair Wind. *Daby's* young Mistress was a little frighted to see nothing but Sky and Water. However the Hopes she had of hearing News of her Sister, made her have a good Heart. The old Man did all he could to amuse her. Sometimes he told her pleasant Stories, and sometimes entertained her with serious and solid Things, to form her Mind and Manners. At last, thinking he could not have a better Opportunity, he resolved not to keep her any longer in the Dark, but inform her who and what he was. She believed there was something extraordinary in the Inclination
he

he had for her; but she looked upon it as an Effect of Caprice, and was strangely surprized when he began his Discourse in the following Terms.

As feeble and decrepid as I appear to you, know, fair *Cadige*, that I am immortal. He stopped a little at these Words, to observe what passed in the Soul of the young Girl, upon hearing a Declaration which she so little expected. He presently perceived it threw her into a strange Confusion. She could not at first think him in earnest; but the Character of an Old Man not agreeing with Raillery on any Occasion whatsoever, made her conclude he spoke the Truth. My Lord, says she, I am so much indebted to you for all your Favours, that I ought to rejoice in all your Advantages; but when I consider that that which you now inform me of cannot be of any great Use to you, I don't know whether I should not disoblige you, if I shewed any Signs of Joy upon hearing it. In Effect, pursued she, you seem to be so deprest by Infirmities, that you cannot sure take any great Pleasure in Life.

It would be a heavy Burthen to me, replied the old Man, and I should reproach Heaven for having endowed me with an

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Advantage which it refuses to Men, if I were really what I appear to be; But you will be still more surprized, charming *Cadige*, when you know you never yet saw me in my true Form. My Looks naturally as such as are more likely to please than frighten the fair Sex, and are the more proper to inspire warm Desires, for that they are animated by a perpetual Youth. *Jasmires* and *Roses* shine on my Complexion. In a Word, whatever is to be met with in the Graces, adorns my Countenance, and is spread over my whole Person. Why then, says *Cadige* impatiently interrupting him, do not you immediately resume so charming a Form? You cannot but get by the Change. Ah, replied *Daby* sighing, that is not in my Power, and herein lies all my Trouble. I am no otherwise sensible of so great a Misfortune, but only because I appear before your Eyes under so disagreeable a Figure. And will this Misfortune have no End, says the young Damsel? 'Tis in your Power alone to put an End to it, replied he, and you have nothing to do in order to it, but to love me. If so, says she very frankly, I am afraid you will never change your Shape. But my Lord, added she, how can

I give Credit to such surprizing Things as you tell me? Only hear what I have to say, my Queen, replied *Daby*, and you will no more doubt of the Truth of it.

What I am about to tell you, continued he, will easily convince you that I am not a Man. I am a Genie. There are two Twin-Brothers of us, equally handsome, equally knowing and powerful. My Name is *Daby*, and my Brother's *Adis*. The Empire that the State of Genie gives us over all natural Things, does not hinder our being our selves subjected to the Power of a *Brachman* of *Visapour*, who has by his Science established an absolute Dominion over our Species. He took a liking to my Brother and me; and to shew how he loved and confided in us, he entrusted us with the Guard of a Mistress of his, on whose Fidelity he did not very much depend.

*The Nine hundred and sixty
sixth Day.*

WE served him carefully in that Employment. The Lady was always attended by *Adis* or me. For a good while all things went as they should do. Happy

for us if her Caprice had not altered the Posture they were in. The Lady did not appear to us to have an Inclination for any one, nor even such a Desire to be thought beautiful as put her on any Act of Indecency; but insensibly she became melancholly; and a little after that, her melancholly turned to Pining. She sighed always amidst the Pleasures provided for her by *Canfon*, the Name of the *Brachman* her Lover; and sometimes would cast her Eyes on *Adis* and me, as if she implored our Compassion for some secret Uneasiness which troubled her. We were surprized at this Alteration, which turned the fresh Colour of her Complexion into a languid Paleness, and had as ill an Effect upon her Health. My Brother and I would often say to one another, What has she done to her self? What can make her differ so from what she was not long ago? Alas, we were very far from imagining that we were our selves the Occasion of the Change that so surprized us.

This unhappy Lady, having us always before her Eyes, had taken too much Notice of our Charms. She had gazed on us so long, that in the End she loved us; and what engaged her in that Passion more than
any

any thing else, was, as she afterwards owned to us, our fair long Locks that flowed in Ringlets on our Shoulders. Here young *Cadige* calling to mind her Dream, cast her Eyes on the old Man with Astonishment, and found that she began to have an Interest in the Story; she never had minded what he said so much before.

My Brother and I observing, continued *Daby*, that Time, very far from giving any Relief to the Lady's secret Pains, rather augmented their Violence, resolved to do our utmost to oblige her to unbosom her self to us. One Day therefore, when we were both with her, and the *Brachman* was gone to preside in an Assembly of Fairies that was held on the Borders of *Grand Tartary*; Fair Lady, said my Brother, we have a long while observed that some secret Trouble disquiets you. We are desirous to know the Cause of it, with a Design to offer you our Assistance to relieve you. Do not conceal it from us; and if our Help can contribute to restore your Peace of Mind, depend upon our Zeal and our Care.

Indeed we should have been mightily pleased, if we could have recovered her out of the languishing State she was fallen into:

into: For we had both conceived a Friendship for her. *Adis's* Discourse threw her into the utmost Confusion. However, as it afforded her an Opportunity to declare her self, which she had long wanted, she would not neglect it. You are too generous, amiable *Adis*, replied she with a languishing Air, to concern your self for an unhappy Woman, not worth your minding. Do not, I beg of you, deprive me of the poor Comfort of deploring in secret my Misery, for which there is no Remedy.

What do you say, fair Lady, cried I? Is not the Misery you endure to be remedied? What is the Nature of it? Such, replied she, is the Rigour of my Destiny, that if any Thing in the World could soften it, it would only be the Compassion you should have for me. Ah, said I, if Compassion would help you, you should have it entirely. But we do not confine our selves to pity you, we shall not be satisfied unless our good Offices can dissipate this deep Melancholly that makes you pine away so, and insensibly consumes you. If you are troubled with any unknown Distemper, you know our Knowledge extends to the Secrets of Nature, and we can correct the worst Disposition of Body. Or
if

if the *Brachman* has vexed you by Usage not suitable to your Merit and Affection for him, you are not ignorant that we have an Influence over him. Speak then, amiable Lady; confide in us, and give us the Means to shew you our Readiness to bring him into a better Temper, and restore you to your former State of Happiness.

*The Nine hundred and sixty
seventh Day.*

Farzana, so the Lady was called, returned me this Answer. My Health is not impaired, nor has *Cansou* given me any Cause of Complaint; yet I suffer the most cruel Pains; and if you knew them, as zealous as you say you are to assist me, I know not, charming *Daby*, whether I should find you so disposed. Ah Madam, cried my Brother, you wrong us. Put us to the Proof, and you will judge of us more favourably. What if I should tell you, replied she blushing, that it is you, both of you, that cause the Disease you would cure? Who, we? cried I in Confusion, tho' I did not yet comprehend what she meant; How could we do a thing so contrary to our Intention?

I have said too much, answered she, not to tell you the rest; and since you press me to it, know, ye too amiable Brothers, that I have not been able to defend my self against your Charms. In vain did I oppose the Progress they made every Day in my Heart, and my Opposition reduced me to the weak Condition in which you see me.

She then set out in the most lively Colours, how much she had resisted this Passion. And is it possible, said I, that the Consideration of your Honour, your Ease, and your Gratitude to the *Brachman*, could not defend you from the Sentiments you declare to us? Did you thoroughly represent to your self how fruitless they would be to you? Upon which my Brother and I did what we could to bring her to Reason. But it was too late. The Distemper had taken too deep Root.

Farzana heard us out without Interruption; she seemed to be a little more easie in her Mind than she was before; her being discharged of a heavy Load by the Declaration she had made, was some Comfort to her. Not that she could conceive the least hope from the manner of our receiving the Confession she made us; but it is

so natural to desire that the Object we love should know the Trouble it is the Cause of, that we always look on the Occasion of discovering it as an Advantage.

The Lady flattered her self we should at last be moved by so much Love and Perseverance. This Hope for a while gave her some Relief. But that Time insensibly passing away, and she not receiving the Consolation she wished for, her Passion returned upon her with greater Violence, and threw her again into her former languishing Condition. This mightily perplexed us. *Canfon's* Orders would not suffer us to leave her, which every Day exposed us to the Reproaches she incessantly cast upon us.

Cruel as you are! said she to us, will you let me die without Pity, when it depends on you alone to make me cherish a Life I detest? Has the generous Kindness of relieving the miserable, so powerful on noble Minds, no Influence upon yours, and can you take delight in my Sufferings? Fair *Farzana*, replied I, what can you expect of us? Should we flatter a Disease we cannot cure? Shall we betray the *Brackman* that puts such Trust in us? Will you betray him, after all that he has done for
you?

you? It was not by Compulsion that he took you from your Parents, who used you so barbarously; you consented that he should carry you off, and did not scruple to make him happy. Take Courage then, and deliver your self from that Dominion which a shameful Passion has usurpt over you.

The Lady had no Patience to hear me talk so. - Why, cries she, is it so great a Crime to have tender Sentiments for two Brothers whom one cannot look on without loving? Why then have I you every Day in my View? Is not the Passion you condemn pardonable among some People? Can you think I am in Love with an old Man, whose Love I have not endured, but out of Gratitude for what he did for me? And must I eternally be the Victim of my Gratitude?

But Madam, says *Adis*, grant that this Weakness, which you would excuse, merited Indulgence, and a Return on our Part; would you not still be to blame for extending it too far? Ought my Brother and I to be both the Object of it? I own, replied she blushing, there is something extraordinary in my Passion, but I am not Mistress of it. You both of you appear so equal in Merit, that I cannot determine to chuse
one

one without sighing for the other, and I shall not have Peace of Mind, if you do not both make suitable Returns to my Tenderness. How, cried I, do you really pretend to engage us both, and flatter your self that my Brother and I will agree to so odious a Partnership? Why not? replied she: you are such Friends that you cannot be jealous of one another. In a Word, I have said it: Fate disposes of my Inclinations. It is to no Purpose to resist them; and if you have not Compassion on a Wretch whose Sufferings you are the Cause of, you may expect to see very suddenly an End of the languishing Life which I have so long led.

*The Nine hundred and sixty
eighth Day.*

ALL her Discourse with us was on this Subject. I must own her Sentiments appeared new to me, and I could not enough deplore her Folly and Caprice.

As I was one Evening alone with her she was more melancholy than usual. I asked her what new Cause of Affliction she could have. She replied, Ah cruel!
should

should you ask me that Question? Do I stand in need of any other Cause of Grief, to bring me into my present Condition? Is not your Cruelty sufficient to depress me? Fair Lady, replied I, since my Brother is as guilty as I am, why do you address all your Reproaches to me only? Do not confound your Brother with your self, said she languishingly, he has done all I expected of him for my Repose. I must confess I thought I had mistaken her. Has *Adis*, cried I, done all you expected of him? Yes, says she coldly, what is there in it that you need be surprised at? Do you think every one's Heart is as hard as yours? He was moved by my Tears, and yielded to my Passion. He was charmed with his Fortune, and sorry for nothing but that he had lost so much Time in obtaining it. And are you not satisfied, said I in a sort of Rage, to have subjected him to the Power of your Beauty? Must you have another Conquest, and do you think to seduce me as you have done the too easie *Adis*? Yes, my dear *Daby*, replied she, casting the most passionate Look upon me; yes, I want the Conquest of your Heart to make me happy. Ah, have not all my Sufferings for you rendered

dered me worthy of one kind Token of Compassion?

Ah *Farzana*, replied I, after what you have told me, I cannot believe you love *Adis*, since you sigh after his unfortunate Brother. I love him tenderly, answered she; I would sacrifice a hundred Lives for him, and it is the extream Love I bear him which adds Fuel to the Flames that consume me for his Brother. I have told you already I think you so like one another in every thing, that both the one and the other of you make the same Impression on my Mind. *Adis's* kind Sentiments for me, as dear as they are to me, cannot make me happy, if I do not inspire you with the like. In fine, my charming *Daby*, I die unless you yield to my Love. Will you be more inexorable than your Brother? Are you ashamed of following his Example? Ah, do not resist me any longer, or before your Eyes you shall see me pierce this unfortunate Heart which you have not thought worth possessing.

Having said this, she shed a Flood of Tears, and threw her self at my Feet with all the most moving Signs of an ardent Affection: Infomuch that I really believed she would make away with her self, if I continued

tinued opposing her Will. What a moving Sight is a beautiful Woman in Tears? and how difficult is it to persist in a Resolution which she combats with in that Condition? I was as weak as my Brother, for he informed me afterwards that the cunning *Farzana* made use of the same Stratagem to seduce him; That is, she engaged us both to love her, tho' she loved neither of us, nor intended to crown the Wishes she might raise.

Having thus overcome both our Resistance, she in a little while recovered all her Charms. Her Eyes became brighter, and the Satisfaction of her Mind re-establishing her Health, a natural Gayety appeared in all her Actions. *Adis* and I were charmed to see her so beautiful. However her Beauty, as perfect as it was, did not create in us the least Jealousie. Perhaps indeed the Lady might have found our Union to be fraternal, had she rendered us more happy.

The

*The Nine hundred and sixty
ninth Day.*

THO' our Treason against the *Brachman* was not so heinous as it might have been, yet we sometimes felt a Remorse for being guilty of it. But our common Mistress, well vers'd in the Art of pleasing, knew how to ease us of any troublesome Scruple. She by degrees made us lose the Sense of our Crime, yet never would render us more criminal. We had not a true Passion for her. However we lead a pleasant Life enough, till our too great Confidence drew upon us the Misfortune which is the Occasion of your present Surprise.

The *Brachman* had an ugly black Slave called *Torgut*. His usual Employment was to curl the Mane of a *Tartarian* Horse, which *Farzana* rode when she took an airing any where. This deformed *Negro* had the Boldness to aspire to his Mistress's Favour, and to make her a Declaration of Love. As no Body mistrusted him, he easily found an Opportunity of doing it when she rode out, and we were not with her. For at that time we were otherwise employed

employed by *Canfon*. She was on Horseback, and he followed very near her. Nature, to make amends for the ugly Face and Shape she had given him, had bestowed on him a great deal of Wit. He told Stories very pleasantly, and *Farzana* delighted to hear him tell them. That Day he entertained her with his Amours with several Girls, whose good Graces he had been happy in. Hero *Targut*, says the Lady smiling, does a Man of thy Figure boast of Favours? Why not, replied the black Slave? Am not I made like another Man? Yes truly, or I am very much mistaken, since I aspire to have you your self among the rest of my Conquests.

This Discourse of the Negroe's made *Farzana* again burst out a laughing. She thought nothing but that he talked so to divert her. Hast then a Design upon me, says she? I am glad to hear it. I shall take care, I assure thee, to arm my self against a Man so dangerous as thou art. *Torgut* was in the same Tone still, and *Farzana* continued to humour it, till he pushed his Insolence so far as to propose to her to take hold of the Occasion, pointing to a Meadow that was by, and saying its Flowers invited them to the Joys of Love.

As

As she did not suspect he was in earnest, so she was no more angry at this Discourse than the rest; which so emboldened the Slave, that the Lady could not help seeing at last, he was far from jesting with her. She fell into a Passion, assumed the high Tone, and bad him with Words full of Contempt, go say as much to some Slave worthy of no Body but himself; threatening to complain to *Canfon* of his Insolence. The Reprimand she gave him, had not the Effect she expected. As hideous as *Torgut* was, he had so good an Opinion of himself, that notwithstanding she had treated him thus, he doubted not she rejected the Offers of his Services, not so much out of Aversion to his Person, as out of secret Affection for another. He was cunning and discerning; he knew the *Brachman* was old, and not very proper to preserve the Constancy of so brisk a Lady; he therefore resolved to watch her, and let no Stone unturned to surprise her with the Lover whom he thought happier than himself. His Labour was not in vain. It was not long before he discovered our Intreague, and was so enraged at it, that he formed the Design of ruining us. He told *Canfon* how we had betrayed him,

him, and added a great deal of his own Invention to what he had seen, to irritate him against us. *The Brachman* fell into a terrible Passion at his Report, which he resolved to be further enlightened in. He pretended to go a Journey, and during that feigned Absence, he found an Opportunity to surprise *Adis* and me with *Farzana*. She had given us leave to bathe with her; we were all three locked in the Bathing-room: But all our Precautions to prevent Discovery signified nothing. The Science of the *Brachman* rendered all our Measures useless; the Doors of themselves opened to him at his Approach; he looked, when we saw him coming, like a wrathful Judge. Our Nakedness not permitting us to throw our selves at his Feet to implore his Mercy, we dived into the Water to hide our Confusion. Happy for us, if that Element could also have concealed our Crime, as it covered our Bodies. *Farzana*, more bold than either of us, endeavoured to excuse us, and to diminish her Fault by Discourses, which only augmented *Canson's* Fury; he threw at us two or three Looks which were the Beginning of his Vengeance. You Rascals, says he to my Brother and me, the

the most cruel Torments are Pains too light for your Crime; but your Condition of Genies not suffering you to die, I shall reduce you to a State a hundred times worse than the Death from which you are exempt. And thou Wretch, added he turning to the Lady, since the Honour of my Bed and my Favours could not oblige thee to be faithful, thou also shalt be punished for thy Ingratitude. At the same time, without staying to hear our Excuses and Complaints, he set about his infernal Arts. How dreadful were they? The Sky in a Moment was darkened, and not a Glympe of Light to be seen in our Apartment. The Thunder we heard shocking us with its terrible Noise; the Winds whistled over our Heads, and the Earth trembled beneath our Feet.

The Nine hundred and seventieth Day.

TWO Hours did we remain in that dismal Obscurity, expecting the Punishment that was reserved for us. After which the Sky became as serene, and the Day as bright as before; but how were

we struck with Astonishment, when instead of being in a magnificent Palace and stately Baths, my Brother and I found ourselves in a barren Country, covered both of us with Tatters, and under the Form of two little old Men, such, fair *Cadige*, as I now appear before you. Ingrates, says the *Brachman* to us, take the Reward of your Crime. That Power and Knowledge of all natural Things which you enjoyed by your Condition of Genies, are no longer of any Use to you: Or rather they shall be taken from you, and you be reduced to the ordinary State of Men, which you seem to be. You shall know nothing, you shall be capable of doing nothing, but what they know and what they can do; you shall not indeed, like them, be subject to the Empire of Death, but all the Advantages you enjoyed over them shall be taken from you. *Canson* having pronounced this Sentence, was desirous to know the Circumstances of our Treason; we told him all very sincerely, we informed him how we were surprized by *Farzana's* Declaration; what we did to drive that Whimsie out of her Head; how we struggled against her Temptations; what Arts she made use of to seduce us, and what Remorse we felt

felt for having abused the Trust he put in us.

All which so moved his good Nature, that he began to be sorry he had gone so far with his Conjurations; as not to be able to recall them upon our Repentance; he thought there was more Weakness than Malice in our Proceeding; and having always had a Kindness for us, his Heart was touched in our Favour. Children, says he, the Conjurament I have made is too strong for me to restore you to your former Shape and Beauty; but I can a little soften the Rigour of your Destiny. You shall recover your natural Form, and all the Advantages which belong to it, when each of you meets with a young Girl under Twenty who loves you. Ah, my Lord, cried my Brother, what Hopes have you left us? What Girl will ever have a liking to such Figures as ours? Such a thing may happen, replied the *Brachman*; it is not impossible. Live in Expectation of it, and be assured you can never recover your former State on any other Condition. Go, my Friends, continued he, and submit to your Fate without grumbling; you must be parted, that each of you may seek after what's proper for him.

He then appointed each of us a Place of Abode; it was about sixty Leagues from one another; he gave us about fifty thousand Sequins apiece out of his Treasury, that we might have an honourable Subsistence during our Misfortune; he made us lay aside our Tatters, to put on Robes more suitable to our Condition. After which he embraced us, and wished us a speedy End to our Misery.

As to *Farzana* he was inflexible; he turned her into a Frog, and confined her to a Fen, with *Torgut* for her Companion; having found out by his Art that that Slave discovered his Mistress's Crime only out of Spite, for her despising him. Thus both the Accuser and Accused were metamorphosed into Frogs, and condemned to spend the rest of their Days in the same Fen; where the only Comfort they could have, was the Hope that it was in their Power to make an End of one another.

When my Brother and I left the *Brachman*, we prepared to go to the Places that had been appointed us. We wept bitterly when we parted, thinking we should never meet again till we had recovered our former State, which we thought would

not be very suddenly, considering what Condition it was to be upon.

The Nine hundred and seventy first Day.

WHEN I arrived at the City which was to be the Place of my Residence, I applied my self to the Improvement of my fifty thousand Sequins; judging rightly that I should have Occasion of Oeconomy to keep me from Want, before the time came to put an End to my Sufferings. To this Purpose I fell into Trade, and as well by my own Commerce as by that of my Factors, in less than three or four Years I had wherewithal to live very handsomely, without breaking in upon my main Stock.

To fulfil the *Brachman's* Predictions, I must, you see, find out some young Person that will take a Liking to me. In the Town where I lived, the Ladies by good Luck were not locked up in a Seraglio, as they are in other Eastern Countries: They enjoyed all manner of reasonable Liberty; I visited them every Day; I made one in all their Diversions. In fine, I did what I

could I arm my self against the Influence of the malignant Star that pursued me; and living after this manner, I soon became beloved by every body: Ah, good Man, said they, he seems to be made for Pleasure only; what must he have been in his Youth, since with one Foot in the Grave he loves Diversion so much? The Ladies above all lifted me up to the Skies, and set me as a Pattern to all their Husbands. There were only some of the latter, who out of Spite animadverted on my Conduct. This Man, said they speaking of me, is mad sure, to be so fond of Pleasure at an Age when he can have no Taste of it. As for me, I gained my Ends by it, and laughed at whatever they could say of me, never going out of my Way to please them; nevertheless, as much Pains as I took, as much Address as I used to engage some young Woman or other to fall in Love with me, I had no Success, nor was likely ever to have any.

I did not confine my self to the City where I dwelt, though there were abundance of young Girls there. I travelled the Country for above one hundred and fifty Miles about, and all that I got by it was to find that no body liked me. The

Thoughts

Thoughts of this threw me into Deſpair, and I had not Patience enough to carry me through my Misfortunes. Two hundred Years and more I have been employed in the uſeleſs Search of ſome kind young Creature, to put an End to them by her Affection for me. I was the Wonder of all the World; People could not imagine how I came to live ſo long. Thrice have I already ſeen the Inhabitants of the City renewed; I have buried all thoſe who ſaw me ſo broken at the beginning of my Settlement there, and their Childrens Children after them. It was the general Whiſper among them, What kind of Man is this? There is no Alteration in him. The moſt ancient Fathers pointed at me to their Grand-children; See there, ſaid they, the good Man *Daby*, we never knew him younger in our Lives; he was always as old and as infirm as he ſeems to be at preſent, and we heard our Grandfathers ſay, when we were young, that they never ſaw him otherwiſe. The common People called me nothing but the Eternal old Man. The Men of Letters, nothing but the *Indian Neſtor*, ſaying, I had ſeen more Generations than he of *Greece* had done.

I could not tell what to resolve upon, having in vain so long endeavoured to procure the Love of some young Woman under twenty; and was returning from *Masulipatan* to the City where I used to reside, when I met you and your Sister. You will find by what I have told you, lovely *Cadige*, why I was charmed at the Sight of you. But ah, I observed with Pain how far I was from being acceptable to you. Here *Daby* finished his Relation, and wept when he had done, not so much at the Remembrance of his Misfortune, as out of Grief for his young Mistress's Aversion to him. *Cadige* was her self troubled for him, and thought she could do no less than endeavour to comfort him. Generous *Daby*, says she, your Misfortunes touch me; they are so uncommon that I could not believe them, if you had not told me your self. Oh that I could deliver you from them? You should see how grateful *Cadige* would be for the Obligations you have laid upon her. You will say, perhaps, it is in my Power to put an End to them; that I have nothing to do but to love you, and you shall recover your former State: But is my Heart at my own Disposal? My charming *Cadige*,
inter-

interrupted the old Man, Is this all the Comfort you will give me? It rather adds to, than lessens my Misery. I can do no more for you, replied *Cadige*; if it is impossible for me to overcome the natural Aversion I conceived to the Form which you offered to my View, ought you to take it ill of me, when that Form does not belong to you? Ah, says *Dahy* with a profound Sigh, it is now become natural to me, since I despair of recovering my own. The *Brachman* however, answered she, foretold that it might come to pass, and you ought not to be without Hopes; your Courage should conquer the Weakness you have for me; you should cure your self of it by the Indifference of a Girl who does not deserve your Concern for her; you should love some other young Woman who may make you a return of Love, and restore you to that charming Figure which you have so much Reason to be sorry for the Loss of.

L 5 The

*The Nine hundred and seventy
second Day.*

YOUNG *Cadige* pitied the unfortunate old Man, being able to do no more for him. But her Compassion for his Misfortune was not what wholly took up her Thoughts. Her Heart was not entirely easie since her Dream. The lovely *Phantom*, whose Air and white Locks had charm'd her, ran still in her Mind. She sometimes could not help sighing when she thought of it. The Words she had heard him pronounce, *Look on me, and you will see the Person whom Heaven has destined for your Husband*, seem'd to her to have something mysterious in them; and whether she would or no, she could not help thinking her self interested in them.

In the mean time the Ship sail'd onwards with a fair Wind, and in fifteen Days had made above five hundred Leagues. The Wind then chang'd, and there rose a kind of Storm which did our Voyagers no more Harm than the driving them considerably out of their Way. They were tost up and down for some Days, and driven

ven sometimes to one Side, and sometimes to another. At last they came in sight of an Island which was unknown to them. Neither the Captain, Crew, nor any of the Passengers knew what Isle it was. As they drew near it, they saw a great City built like an Amphitheater on the Sea Coast. The Sea being rough still, they sent a Skiff ashore to demand Shelter, which was granted them.

They then entred the Port, and looked round them to consider the Structure of the City, which being in the Form of a Crescent, seemed to open its Arms to serve them for an *Asylum* against the Tempest. The Houses seemed to be more solidly than agreeably built, being high and large Towers of Free-stone covered with red Copper. The People swarmed in the Streets, and our Voyagers had soon enough of their Company. They had scarce dropped Anchor, when they found themselves surrounded on all Sides by a great Number of Boats, which boarded them, and the People out of them climbed up the Ship's Side in Swarms. Their Faces and their Bodies were made much like ours; but their Looks, their Gestures, and Miens appeared so extraordinary, or rather so extravagant, that there

there was Reason to question whether or
no they were Men. *Were the weakly*

Their Dress was as singular as their Man-
ners. They wore long Robes of Cotton,
on which were painted several Figures of
Demons in red, green and yellow, with
Flames and other odd Conceits about them.
On their Heads they wore a Steeple-crown-
ed Hat made of Past-board, and stained al-
so with different Colours. *and his beniamon*

The first Thing those Islanders did, as
soon as they were got aboard, was to draw
up our Voyagers in several Files. The
Latter did not like this Familiarity, were
resty, and refused to be so managed by them.
But the People of the City, who could not
brook any Opposition to their Customs, be-
spoke them in a menacing Tone, and the
Voyagers found they were not at Liberty
to do as they would. So they all submit-
ted to be ranged in what Order the Islan-
ders pleased. Which being done, the Lat-
ter surveyed every Rank, and examined
exactly all the Persons that came in the
Ship, turning them about as they thought
fit, as Slaves are examined when they are
sold in publick Markets. They minded most
the Teeth and Hair, and took great Care
to tell every Wrinkle in the Face. *and drive*

He

The

The Voyagers, knowing very well they were the weakest, were forced to bear all this, tho' not without uneasie Apprehensions of what would be the End of this particular Examination. However the Event was quite otherwise than they expected. The Examiners set aside the old Seamen, and seemed to treat them with Distinction. *Dabq*, *Cadige*, and the old Woman Slave remained all the while in the great Cabin, and none but those upon Deck were drawn up in Files. At last these three appeared also. The Commander of the Townsmen, who was one of the chief Lords of the Isle, and Captain of her Island Majesty's Guard, was transported at the Sight with Joy and Admiration. He cast his Eyes particularly on the old Slave, and thinking her worthy the Honour of his Bed, threw himself at her Feet, made her a Declaration of the Passion he had conceived for her, and told her he intended to give her a Place in his Seraglio, and make her his Favourite. She very readily complied with the Commander's Desires, and indeed it had been to no Purpose to oppose them. He gave her in Charge to the most trusty of his Confidants, telling him he should answer for her with his Life, and commanding him above all

all things to take Care that no Body should use the least Freedom with her.

*The Nine hundred and seventy
third Day.*

THE wise *Daby*, amazed at this Depreciation of Taste, said to himself, Sure there must be no Women in this Country, since an old one can make so strong an Impression. This Thought alarmed him on Account of *Cadige*, whose Charms he supposed would produce the most terrible Effects for him. But his Fears were soon over. His young Mistress had nothing that these Islanders were taken with; and if she ran any Danger among them, 'twas not that which he was afraid of. He was still trembling out of concern for her, when the same Captain who was so ravished at sight of the old Woman, by chance cast his Eyes on the young one. Surprized at the Richness of her Dress, he said rudely to her, Your Cloaths are very fine, young Woman, for such an ugly Creature as thou art. He then turned about to one of his Domesticks, called him by his Name, and

and bid him carry home that filthy Person, and set her about the dirtiest Offices in his House.

Cadige was ready to fall into a Swoon at this cruel Order. It was impossible for a Girl of her Age to bear such hard Usage. She cast a languishing Look on *Dahy*, to implore his Assistance in so terrible a Conjunction; and reading both his Inability and his Grief in his Eyes, she has Recourse to Tears in this her Distress. But, alas, what Effect could her Tears have had on such pitiless and inhumane Wretches! A Band of them immediately took hold of the unfortunate *Cadige*, and were dragging her away notwithstanding her Tears and Cries. The Genie could not contain his Sorrow at this Spectacle. He filled the Air with Complaints and Groans, deploring the Destiny of his Mistress. The Islanders looked attentively on him. The Charms they found in his Person, his Wrinkles, his Back bending with the Weight of Age, his splay Feet and Olive Complexion; in fine, every thing that gave *Cadige* a Disgust to him, was the Object of their Admiration. The People were so transported, that it struck them dumb. The Excess of their Astonishment at first hindered their expressing

sing in. But on a sudden they broke Silence, and gave themselves up to the Extravagance of their Joy. Nothing was to be heard but a confused Cry of Praise and Applause. Even their Captain forgot the Gravity of his Character, and broke out like the rest into loud Acclamations. Nay more, he approached *Daby*, threw himself at his Feet, and laying his Pastboard Hat upon the Ground, to shew his Respect, Charming old Man, says he, we are unworthy of Pardon in that we did not sooner pay our Duty to you. For my part, I must own I was wholly taken up with the Beauty of that lovely Lady who was with you, and whom I have sent to my Seraglio; However, as full as my Soul is of her, I cannot but confess that your Beauty surpasses even hers. Suffer us to carry you to our Queen's Palace: I doubt not but the great Princess will be charmed at the Sight of you, and pay you the Honours that are your due. There is not an old Man in all her Seraglio, who can compare with you. The Captain was about to continue boasting of the Happiness which was in Store for *Daby*; when the latter interrupting him, briskly said, Instead of making this impertinent Harangue to me, restore me
the

the young Person you have taken from me.
Who, replies the Commander? That un-
happy Girl then? Ah, amiable old Man,
do not debase your self by thinking of her,
but bend all your Thoughts to gain the Fa-
vour of our great Queen *Scheherbano*, to
whom we are going to introduce you.
Saying this, his Lieutenant and he took
Daby under their Arms, and carryed him,
whether he would or no, to the Palace.

*The Nine hundred and seventy
fourth Day.*

THE Genie looked on this Treatment
as an Insult to ridicule his old Age and
personal Defects, and made very melanco-
ly Reflections upon it. What will become
of me, says he to himself, as they were
haling him along? Would one think a
Genie could be reduced to such a State of
Misery and Imperfection as mine is? It is
not one of the least of my Misfortunes to
see my self made the Sport of the Children
of *Adam*.

When he came before Queen *Scheherba-*
no, she could not look on him without
admiring him, and conceiving a Passion for
him.

him. Oh marvellous old Man, says she, what Country do you come from? What propitious Deity has conducted you hither to be the Ornament of this Isle? We do not know that our People were ever so happy before: Let us therefore give a thousand publick Marks of our Joy. Then turning to the chief Lords of her Court; Second, says she, the tender Emotions of my Soul, and be as sensible as your Queen of the Glory of your Country.

As soon as she had said these Words, her Courtiers like faithful Subjects fell in with her Majesty's Sentiments, and holding their Hats in their Hands prostrated themselves before *Daby*. They remained a long time in that Posture, without speaking, or shewing any Signs of Life. At last they all broke out into Acclamations of Joy, Long live the incomparable old Man, who appears in our Eyes like the Sun when he leaves the Tropick of *Capricorn* to return to that of *Canter*. Long may he Live, and be for ever the happy Favourite of our great Queen *Scheherbanou*. May the Sovereign Protector of this Isle, the old Monkey we adore, cast a favourable Eye upon him.

After

After this Reception, with which the old Man was not so well pleased as the Queen imagined, that Princess commanded the chief of her Eunuchs to conduct him to the best Apartment in her Seraglio. It was hung with Matts. Nothing was thought more gallant and stately in this Country, than that sort of Furniture. It was the Height of their Luxury. However *Daby*, either out of ill Humour, or otherwise, was not dazzled with it. He scarce deigned to take Notice of the Magnificence. Every thing he saw seemed to him to heighten his Chagrin.

While he was deploring his Misfortune, the Queen entered his Apartment without her Train, and coming up to the old Man said, You will pardon me for having left you alone some Moments. Yes, yes, replied *Daby* a little sullenly, and would to God you would leave me so all your Lifetime. Ingrate, answered the Princess, is this the Return you make me for my Passion? Pray, says he, do not mock me; do you think me so void of Understanding as to imagine my Figure charms you? No, no, I know too well that it is more likely to create Horror than inspire Love. I am amazed, replied the
Queen,

Queen, that you should not know better the Effect that the Sight of you has upon the Heart. Can one enough admire that extream old Age that is visible in all your Person? She then made a long Detail of all the wonderful Qualities she discovered in him, and that with so passionate an Air, that the Genie could not question her being in earnest.

Scheherbanon's Transports stirred up *Daby's* Choler. He reproached her with her ill Taste, and told her that since he was not her Subject, she ought not to keep him a Slave. Restore me my dear *Cadige*, continued he, and consent that we both leave this Place. Ah Barbarian, replied the Queen, can you resolve to forsake me? Have not the general Acclamations that attended your Arrival, nor the Honours which have been paid you, been able to inspire you with the least Complacency for my fatal Passion? At these Words the old Man, instead of complying with her, could not longer keep within the Bounds of Decency, but had the Impudence to tell her she was certainly out of her Wits.

The

The Nine hundred and seventy fifth Day.

AS much as *Scheherbanon* was in love with *Daby*, she could not bear his upbraiding her thus with Madness. However she bridled her Choler as well as she could; and endeavoured still to make him sensible of her Favour; but finding it had no Effect upon him, she ceased to put any further Constraint on her self. She called the Captain of her Guards, saying, *Bed-bacle*, take this old Man out of this fine Apartment which I had given him, and carry him to the black Tower. Let him keep Company with that other old Man who also scorned the Tenderness of my Sister *Mulkara*. They shall both repent at Leisure for having pretended to be so cruel. She then withdrew, and her Orders were immediately executed.

Daby, better pleased with her Severity than her Complaisance, followed his Conductor to the black Tower. It was some Comfort to him that he should have for his Companion in Prison, another unfortunate old Man, and that they should together be-

moan

moan their Misfortunes. But imagine what was his Astonishment, when entering the Room where he was to be confined, he found his Brother there. As soon as they saw one another, they ran into each others Arms, and continued a long time in mutual Embraces, their Eyes bathed with Tears, and neither of them being able to express the Joy he was seized with. At last *Daby* broke Silence, and after the first Transport was over, cryed, Oh my Brother, is it possible that I have met with you again? But where, alas, is our meeting? Have we Cause to thank Heaven for bringing us once more together, since he seems to have done it to render each of us the Witness of the others Slavery? Ah my Brother, replied *Adis*, tho' our Misery is rather encreased than diminished by Time, I hope however that it will not be lasting. As for my Part, answered *Daby*, I can have no such Hope. The Princesses who have here loaden us with Irons, are not of an Age to restore us by their Love to our former Shape and Beauty.

After this Discourse, the two Brothers demanded each of the other an Account of what had happened to them since their Separation. *Daby* told *Adis* how he had

met

met with *Cadige*, and all that had befallen him to their Meeting: He omitted no Circumstance. As soon as he had done speaking, says *Adis*, What you have been relating confirms me in my Opinion, or rather I am not permitted to doubt of approaching Happiness. Yes Brother, we draw near the happy Moment that is to restore us to our natural Features, and the Possession of the Privileges of our Species, which we have been so long deprived of. You will be satisfied of it as well as I, when you hear what I am going to tell you.

I lived, continued he, in the City appointed for my Dwelling by the *Brachman*. I was incessantly employed in finding out some young Beauty that might become enamoured with my frightful Figure: When one Night I saw a young Country Girl in a Dream. She appeared to be seventeen or eighteen Years of Age, and said to me, *You hope in vain to meet with a young Person that may love you in this City. If you will have such a Miracle wrought, embark for the Isle of Sumatra. Look on me, for one Day you will be subjected to the Power of my Charms.* The Girl seemed to be wonderfully beautiful. I was struck at the Sight of her, and would fain have spoken

to her to have made a Declaration of the Love with which she had inspired me. But she did not give me Time: She vanished, and I awoke.

I thought there was a great deal of Mystery in this Dream: I did not look on it as a Chimera: On the contrary, I prepared to go to the Isle of *Sumatra*. Being got to the next Sea-Port Town, I took hold of the first Occasion that offered to make my intended Voyage. A Storm, which I did not take to be natural, drove us out of our Way, as you were driven, and obliged us to put into this Port. Queen *Scheherbanou* was then absent, and the Princess *Mulkara* her Sister governed in her Room. When the People saw me, they extolled my Deformity as much as other Nations would have applauded the most celestial Beauty. The Officers of the Palace carried me to *Mulkara* in Triumph. The Princess was not Proof against my extream old Age. She did not hide her Love for me, but declared it much after the same manner as the Queen did it to you. I thought at first they mockt me, and that these Islanders behaved themselves so, to divert themselves at my Expence. This made me laugh at the Princess's first Panegyric

gyrick on my Beauty. But she went on so amorously, that I at last was convinced of my Error. I lost all Patience, and in the Fury of my Transport said Things to *Mul-kara* as disrespectful as what she said to me was extravagant. Our Conversation did not end so lovingly as it began. My Princess in a Rage ordered me to be carried to this Prison, where she resolved I should remain till I had more favourable Sentiments for her, and had asked Permission to expiate at her Feet the Outrage I had done her Charms.

I find no manner of Disposition to do what she expects of me, and am prepared to suffer whatever she shall condemn me to. But my Comfort in my Misfortune is, that I shall have a Brother for my Companion, whom I tenderly love, and whose Presence will render all my Pains the more supportable. *Adis* here ended his Discourse, and *Dahy* said to him, There is one Circumstance in your Relation which very much surprizes me; The Country Girl whom you saw in your Dream, and the Words she address'd to you. I cannot enough admire the Agreement there is between your Dream and that of *Cadige*. It seems no less strange to me than it does to

you, replied *Adis*, and what perhaps you will think still more strange than all the rest is, that the Country Girl whom I spoke of, is always present in my Mind; so well I preserve her Image there, that I think I see her every Moment.

While *Adis* and *Daby* were thus talking, the Captain of the Queen's Guard came to the Black Tower, and addressed himself to them: Indiscreet old Men, bless the Goodness of our amiable Sovereign and the Princess her Sister; instead of punishing you for your want of Respect to them, they pardon you; they will not only forget what is past, but are resolved to cause divine Honours to be paid you.

The Nine hundred and seventy sixth Day.

THE Captain thought the Genies would have taken this for a high Compliment: But they were so far from liking it, that they used him very roughly: They refused to follow him. But he having Orders to conduct them to the Pagod, he bad his Guards to seize them and bear them away by Force. The High Priest and the Ministers

Ministers of the Pagod received them at the Gate; they were all cloathed in long Robes made of Matts, having also long Trains; on their Heads they wear Straw-Hats painted of several Colours. In Honour of these two new Deities they sung Verses, the Sense of which was, that these two marvellous old Men had been over all the Isles of the Ocean, and conquered them by the sole Lustre of their Charms, and that to the Envy of all the Nations of the Earth, preferring that Island to all others, they came to settle their Residence there in Honour of Queen *Scheherbanon*. At the End of every Verse they bowed their Heads to the Genies. After these first Honours, they made them ascend, amidst the Acclamations of a numerous Assembly of People, up a great Scaffold six or seven Foot high, where were two little Thrones of Rushes prepared for them. The Scaffold was erected in the midst of the Pagod, and at the Foot of the Scaffold was an Altar, on which were to be sacrificed a Goat and a Pig. *Adis* and *Daby* thought it was in vain to make any Opposition, and therefore prudently submitted, without murmuring, to all the Extravagances of these Islanders. They sat on

their Thrones, and cast their Eyes around upon the Assembly, whose Looks they observed to be all fixed upon them. They took particular Notice of the Queen and *Mulkara*, who sat with all the Princesses of the Blood on a little Amphitheatre by themselves.

The Victims were slaughtered, and a prodigious quantity of Incense burned with them; as also Horse-hair, Dung, Parchment and Feathers, which made such a thick Smoak, that it would perhaps have choaked the two Deities to whom the Sacrifices were made, had they not been Immortal. After these Fumigations, which made every body cough and sneeze during the Ceremony, the Women and Maids gathered about the Altar, and began their Songs and Dances. But all on a sudden their Dances and Songs had a Stop put to them, by an Event which caused an extream Surprize in the Spectators. *Adis* and *Daby* lost their Form of old Men, and recovered that which was natural to them. They became the same as they were when *Farzana* tempted them to commit the Crime that was the Occasion of their Loss of it. What a hideous Change was this! The Ministers of the Pagod, frightened

ed at the Metamorphosis, which they took for an ill Omen, withdrew as fast as they could. The Women that sang and danced fled from the Altar in a Panick Fear. The Queen and the Princess her Sister felt their Tenderness turn to Horror, and returned to their Palace. The Pagod was deserted in a Moment. No body remained with the two Genies, who could not at first believe their own Eyes. However, as all their former Knowledge was restored to them with their Shape and Beauty, they knew that the Conjuraton was destroyed by two young Women, who had been charmed by their Figure as old Men, and taking a Disgust at their new Form, had fled away with the rest.

While they were rejoicing at a Change by which they recovered all the Advantages they had lost, they on a sudden saw the *Brachman Cansou* appear in the Pagod; he was accompanied by a young Girl, whom *Daby* knew to be *Fatima*, and *Adis* thought her so like the Person he had seen in his Dream, that he cried out as soon as he perceived her, Ah that is the lovely young Country-woman whose Memory is so dear to me. Yes, *Adis*, says the *Brachman*, it is she her self, and I have

brought her to you to compleat your Happiness. In fine, my Children, pursued he looking on the two Genies, you are at last delivered from the cruel State to which my Wrath reduced you. I was sorry to see you continue in it so long, but I could not free you from it sooner. It was I who by Dreams made you form the Design of going to *Sumatra*, and it is I who by Tempests which I raised drove you on this Isle, knowing what would happen to you here. *Daby*, go and bring *Cadige* to her Sister, that they may have the Pleasure of seeing one another again.

Daby flew like Lightning to the Captain of the Guard's Kitchen, whence he carried her to the Pagod; the Advantage of Genie giving him now a Power above all Human Resistance. The two Sisters ran to each others Arms, and embraced with Transports of Joy. The eldest gave her self without any Reluctance to the fair *Adis*, and the youngest rejoiced to find those Features in *Daby*, which ever since her Dream she had still in her Mind. So she readily consented to make him happy. After which, says *Canson* to the Genies, Adieu my Children; you are no longer subject to my Power; I give you both your
Liberty.

Liberty. Carry these two young Creatures whithen you please, and live all four of you together in perfect Union. At these Words he vanished, and the two Brothers conveyed their Mistresses to an Island inhabited by Genies.

This, continued the old Man who spoke to the *Calif*, is the Story which I told this young Man, and which made us both laugh so heartily. *Haroun Arraschid* and the fair *Sultana* his Favourite, let the old Man know they were very well pleased with his Relation; and at the same time desired the young One to tell them also a Story in his Turn; which he did, in the following manner.

The History of Nasiraddole King of Mouffel, Abderrahmane a Merchant of Bagdad, and the Fair Zeineb.

THERE was a very rich young Merchant of *Bagdad*, called *Abderrahmane*; he lived like a Person of Quality. The principal Lords of the *Calif's* Court, your Majesty's Predecessor, were always dinin

with him. All the People of Fashion in the City were welcome at his Table, as well as all Strangers that came to visit him; he naturally loved to oblige all Mankind; whoever had Occasion for his Purse, had free Recourse to him without being afraid of a Refusal; and those whom he had laid Obligations on, did not tire out his Generosity by desiring new Ones. Nothing was talked of in the City but his Humanity and Bounty. His Body was not less beautiful than his Mind. In a Word, he passed with every one for an accomplished young Man.

One Day as he entered a Fiquaa Shop, he perceived a handsome genteel young Stranger sitting at a Table by himself. He sat down by him, and they began a Conversation together on several Subjects. If the Stranger was very agreeable Company to the *Bagdadin*, the *Bagdadin* was the same to him. They liked one another so well, that they agreed to meet again there the next Day; which they did accordingly. There was such a Sympathy of Souls between them, that from that time they commenced a strict Friendship. By Misfortune for *Abderrahmane*, the Stranger was obliged to depart the next Day, to re-

turn

turn to *Mouffel*, where he said he was born. Pray, my Lord, says the *Bagdadin*, do me at least the Favour to tell me before you go, who you are. I am suddenly to take a Journey to *Mouffel*, to whom must I apply to have News of you? You need only, replied the Stranger, come to the King's Palace. You will soon see me there, and you may assure your self I shall be heartily glad to see you. You will then know who I am, and we will there cement that Friendship, the Foundations of which we have laid here.

The Nine hundred and seventy seventh Day.

A*Bderrahmane* was troubled at the Departure of the Stranger, and all his Comfort was that he should see him again at *Mouffel*, whither his Affairs obliged him to go in a little time. He went accordingly, and one of the first things he did, was to go to the King's Palace; he looked attentively on every one he met with, to see if he could find the Features of the unknown Man whom he loved, which he at last perceived in the middle of a Crowd of

Courtiers pressing to receive his Commands. He doubted not but he was the Sovereign, as indeed he was, *Nasiraddole* himself King of *Moussel*. That Monarch singled him out from the rest immediately, and advanced to receive him. The *Bagdadin* prostrated himself before him, and lay with his Face to the Ground, till the King raised him, embraced him, took him by the Hand and led him into his Closet.

All the Courtiers were amazed at the Reception their Master gave the young Merchant. Who is this Stranger, said they among themselves? He must sure be some Prince, since the King treats him with such Distinction. The great Lords who were most in their Sovereign's Favour, began presently to grow jealous of him, and hated him; and the Courtiers who had any thing to sollicite, resolved to make their Court to him.

In the mean time *Nasiraddole* shut himself up with the *Bagdadin* in his Closet, and caress him in an extraordinary manner. Yes, my dear *Abderrahmane*, says he to him, I love you better than all the Men I have left for your Company. And is it not reasonable that you should be dearer

dearer to me than they? How do I know that it is not Interest or Ambition that makes them shew so much Love for me? Perhaps there is not one of them whose Affection is unfeigned. Such is the Misfortune of the Great, they never can be sure that the Friendship of those who pretend to love them is for their Persons and not their Stations. The Good which it is in their Power to do them, deprives them of the Pleasure there is in being assured they are truly beloved. And sure I am, your Sentiments are sincere, which makes me set the Value on them I ought. You gave me your Friendship without knowing me, and I can now boast that I have a Friend.

The young Merchant of Bagdad made Answer in Terms suitable to his Majesty's Favour, full of Tenderness and Gratitude. After which the King told him he should stay in his Palace, while he was at Mossul; that he should be served by his own Officers; and he would take care for their spending the Time as pleasantly as was possible. He was as good as his Word, omitting nothing that he thought would divert him. Sometimes he took him with him a Hunting: Sometimes he entertained him

him with Consorts of Musick exquisitely well performed, and every Day was a Festival to them.

The *Bagdadin* had lived a whole Year after this manner, when he received Advice from *Bagdad* that his Presence was absolutely necessary, where his Affairs were running to Ruin. He told the King what News he had received thence, and prayed his Permission to return to *Bagdad*. *Nasyraddole* consented to it, though unwillingly; and *Abderrahmane* quitted at last the Delights of the Court of *Moussel*. As soon as he came home, he applied himself to repair the Damage he had sustained in his Absence; and when he had so done, his next Business was to regale his Friends, to do Offices to every one, and live at a greater Expence than before. He bought new Slaves, and took a Pleasure in having them of all Nations.

A Merchant sold him a Female One among the rest, who was born in *Circassia*, and might be said to be one of the most perfect Creatures that ever was seen. She was but eighteen Years of Age; her Name was *Zeineb*; he gave six thousand Sequins in Gold for her; but if he had given ten thousand, he had not paid enough. Her
Beauty

Beauty was not all her Merit; her Wit, her ſoft and equal Humour, her Sincerity, Fidelity, and Tenderneſs were, as much admired as her Perſon; her Youth crowning all her other Charms. *Abderrahmane's* Heart was not Proof againſt them; he conceived a violent Paſſion for her, and had the Happineſs to find *Zeineb* diſpoſed to love him as much as he loved her.

While they were taſting the Sweets of their mutual Ardor, and wholly taken up with it, the King of *Mouſſel* arrived at *Bagdad* without a Train, and went directly to the young Merchant's Houſe. *Abderrahmane*, ſays he, I have a Mind to ſee this City and the *Califf's* Court *Incognito*, or rather am come thus to ſee you your ſelf. I will take up my Lodgings with you, and flatter my ſelf I ſhall be as welcome to you as you were to me at *Mouſſel*. The *Bagdadin* was transported at the Honour the King did him, and would have flung himſelf at his Feet to ſhew how ſenſible he was of it: But *Nafiraddole* prevented him, ſaying, Forbear the Reſpect you owe to the King of *Mouſſel*, and look upon me as a Friend that is come to be merry with you. Lay aſide all Constraint. Nothing is ſo ſweet as a Life of Liberty;
and

and I have left my Court to have a Taste of it: I love to travel without Attendance, to mingle with private People; and I must own the Time I have thus spent has been the most happy Part of my Life.

The Nine hundred and seventy eighth Day.

THE young Merchant of *Bagdad*, to obey and oblige the King of *Monssfel*, assumed a familiar Air, and they lived together as if their Condition had been the same. They daily diverted themselves with new Pleasures, and *Nasraddale* forgetting what he was, lived like a private Man.

As they were once at Supper together, and drinking the most excellent Wines, their Discourse happened to fall on the Beauty of Women. The King of *Monssfel* bragged of the Charms of some of the Slaves of his Seraglio, saying there were not the like to them in all the World. The *Bagdadin* could not agree to this. His Love for *Zaimob*, and the Wine, he had drank, made him oppose his Guest on that Article. My Lord, says he to the King, I doubt not you have very beautiful Women;

men; but I do not think they exceed mine in Beauty. I have ſeveral Slaves whom one cannot look on without Admiration, and among the reſt a *Circaſſian*, in forming whom Nature ſeems to have particularly delighted; That is to ſay, replied the Monarch, you are in Love with this *Circaſſian*, your praifing of her ſo much is a certain Sign of it, but does not prove that ſhe is therefore ſo charming as my Slaves. It is eaſie to ſatiſſie you in that, replied *Aliderabmane*. Saying this he roſe, ſent for an Eunuch, and whiſpering bad him order all his Women Slaves to dreſs themſelves in their richeſt Habits, and appear together in the moſt lightſome Apartment of his Palace.

The Eunuch did as he was commanded, and the *Bagdadin* returning to the Table, ſate down and ſaid to the King of *Mauſſet*, My Lord, you ſhall be Judge whether you are in the Right or no, to think there are no Women in *Aſia* to be compared to thoſe in your Seraglio for Beauty. I confeſs, replied the Prince, I am very deſirous to ſee whether Love has not blinded you. They continued their Mirth and drank plentifully, till the Eunuch who had been ſent for the young Mer-

Merchant's Women Slaves, returned, and told him, they were all got together, and had none of them forgot any thing that might give a Lustre to their Beauty. Then the *Bagdadin* led the King of *Moussel* to an Apartment magnificently furnished, where were thirty beautiful young Women Slaves, covered all over with Diamonds. They were sitting on Sophas of Rose-coloured Silk, with Silver Flowers; some playing on the Lute, others on the Dulcimer, others singing; all of them in Expectation of their Master's coming. They rose up when they saw him, and stood without saying a Word; till *Abderrahmane* bad them sit down again, and continue their playing on their Instruments and singing; which they did. As great a Prince as King *Nasiraddole* was, he owned he had not more amiable Women in his Seraglio. He then examined them one after another. He began with those that played on the Lute, who seemed to him to be very pretty. The same he thought of those who played on the Dulcimer. But when he came to the Singers, he was dazzled with the Beauty of one of them. Is that, says he to the *Bagdadin*, the fair *Circassian* you spoke of? Yes, my Lord, replied *Abderrahmane*,

mane, it is the same. Am I a flattering Painter? Did you ever see any thing more fair?

The Nine hundred and seventy ninth Day.

THE *Bagdadin* waited for the King of *Moussel's* Answer, not doubting but it would be glorious for *Zeineb*. But he was surprized when he found that instead of praising the Beauty of that Slave, the King looked serious, sorrowful, and said not a Word; which made him conclude that *Nafiraddole* thought *Zeineb* fairer than any of the Women of his Seraglio, and had a secret Indignation at it. My Lord, says he a Moment after, as he was conducting him back to his Apartment, I perceive I presumed too much on the Charms of *Zeineb*, and made too much Boast of them before you. The King of *Moussel* still made him no Answer: And when he came to the Chamber where he lay, he prayed his Host to leave him alone, because, as he said, he wanted Rest. *Abderrahmane* immediately withdrew, perswaded that nothing troubled him, but the Vexation to be outdone by him in the Beauty of his Mistress.

ses. The next Morning the young Merchant waited on the King of *Mausset*. He thought to find that Monarch in a better Disposition, but to his Surprize he found him more melancholy than before, and was mightily concerned to see his Mind so discomposed. What's the Matter, my Lord? says he: What Cloud is it which hangs over your Eyes? Why are you so pensive? *Abderrahmane*, replied the King, I will depart this Day for *Mausset*. I carry with me a Grief that Time perhaps will only augment. Let me go without asking me the Reason. No my Lord, replied the *Bagdadin*, you must tell me; I beseech you not to conceal it from me. Have I been so imprudent as to fail in any Thing of the Respect I owe you? Have I abused the Goodness which a Great Prince has had for me? I must without doubt have given you some Offence. Heaven forbid, replied *Nafiraddole*, that I should complain of you. All my Complaint is of my Destiny. Once more, continued he, do not inquire into the Cause of my Affliction.

The more the King of *Mausset* insisted on his concealing it, the more the young Merchant pressed him to discover it. However, that Prince prepared for his Departure,

ture, intending to carry his Secret with him; but at last his Host by many pressing Instances, got it out of him. Ah, *Abderrahmane*, says *Nasiraddole* at parting, you will have me tell you, and I'll satisfy you. I love, or rather I adore *Zeineb*. I cannot see her without sucking in from her bright Eyes the fatal Poison that disturbs my Peace. I would fain have gone without making this Confession. You have forced it from me. Let not your Friendship reproach me. Alas, I shall dearly pay for it by the Miseries I am about to suffer. Adieu. At these Words he went out of the *Bagdadin's* House, and took the Road to *Monssel*.

The Nine hundred and eightieth Day.

Abderrahmane was strangely surprized at *Nasiraddole's* Discourse, and it was a long while after his Departure before he came to himself again, out of the Disorder it had put him into. Ah Wretch that I am, cried he, ought I to have shewn *Zeineb* to the King of *Monssel*? Ought I not rather to have foreseen that this would be the Effect

fect of it? He will now lead a languishing Life in his Court. Let the Women of his Seraglio be as beautiful as they will, they will never be able to make him forget the fatal *Circassian*, of whom his Heart is full. I judge by my self that whoever is charmed by *Zeineb*, has no Eyes for any other Beauty. I shall therefore condemn my self as long as I live, for the Misfortunes of a King as great by his Virtues as by his Crown. It was I who out of a Lover's Transport interrupted the Course of his happy Days, in return for all the many Tokens of Friendship which I have received from him. Is it just that I should strike a Dagger into his Heart? No, my dear Prince, no; *Abderrahmane* will not leave you in the cruel State to which he has reduced you. I will yield up *Zeineb* to you. I am resolved upon it.

As soon as he had come to this Resolution, he called some of his Officers, and ordered them to get a Litter ready. He then sent for *Zeineb*, and told her she was no more his, but the King of *Moussel's*. It was that Prince, added he, whom you saw Yesterday in the Evening. He has a violent Love for you, he is himself lovely, and you ought to submit without Reluctance

Distance to the Present of your Person which I am about to make him. *Zeineb* at this Discourse burst out a weeping. Is it possible, says she, that *Abderrahmane* will abandon me, after having so often vowed to me an eternal Love? Ah, Inconstant, you no longer love me. Some new Beauty doubtless triumphs over the Power of my Eyes, and you only send me far off to avoid the secret Reproaches that my Presence might make you. No fair *Zeineb*, replied the *Bagdadin*; his very Soul melting to hear her talk so; you have no Rival, and I never loved you more; I swear by the Tomb of our great Prophet, that is to be seen at *Medina*. If so, says *Zeineb* interrupting him, why must we part? It breaks my Heart to think of it, replied he, but I cannot bear that a Prince for whom I have the most tender Friendship, and who has given me so many Tokens of his, should lead a languishing Life, as long as he lives. When his Repose is in Question, I cannot think of mine. When I consider the Distance Nature has put between this Rival and me, I cannot refuse him any Sacrifice that is in my Power; and besides, since it is to render you the Favourite of a Sovereign, I must own it takes off

off something of the Bitterness of our Separation. Go therefore, and enjoy the happy Fortune that attends you at *Moussel*. Hasten to meet *Nafiraddole*, that Joy may succeed to the mortal Affliction which has now seized on his Soul. Saying this, with Tears trickling down his Cheeks, he ordered the Officers, whom he had appointed to conduct *Zeineb* to *Moussel*, to convey her thither forthwith, and take her out of his Sight: For she wept so bitterly, and appeared to be so afflicted, that he could not bear to see her. The Officers put her into the Litter, with an old Female Slave who waited upon her, and followed the King of *Moussel* in the Road to that City.

The Nine Hundred and Eighty first Day.

THOUGH they made all the Haste they could, the Litter went too slowly to overtake *Nafiraddole*, who was mounted on a stout *Arabian Horse*, and arrived in his Capital several Days before *Zeineb*: Who no sooner came thither, but one of her Guards posted to the Palace to inform the King that their Master *Abderrahmane* had sent

sent him this Slave. One cannot express the Surprise and Joy of this Monarch when he heard the News. Oh my generous Friend, cried he, were not I already convinced that thou art the truest Friend in the World, I could not now doubt of it, since thou preferrest my Happiness to thy own.

He sent the chief of his Eunuchs to receive her, and gave her an Apartment to her self one of the most Commodious and Magnificent in the Palace: Whither it was not long ere he came himself to visit her. As he approached near her, he observed by her Looks that she was overwhelmed with Sorrow. Fair *Zeineb*, says he, it is not difficult to perceive that your Heart did not consent to the Sacrifice the generous *Abderrahmane* has made of you to me. I see plainly you are come to *Moussel* rather as a Victim led to the Slaughter, than as an ambitious Beauty in Expectation of seeing a Sovereign at her Feet. You are more sensible of the Loss of a Man you love, than of the Conquest of a King who adores you. My Lord, replied *Zeineb*, I am to conform my Sentiments to the Fate that has brought me hither, and ought to rejoice that I can contribute to
the

the Happiness of such a Prince as you are. I must go farther than this, and own that I would willingly forget the Ingrate who abandons me, and give you his Place in my Heart. Oh, that to be revenged of his Treason, I could this Moment have the same Passion for you, which his perfidious Love inspired me with for him! But ah, it is my Misfortune to doat still on the Traytor. As long as I live he will be always present in my Mind, and never cease to disturb the Quiet of my Life. At this she broke out into a Flood of Tears, and sighed so sorrowfully, that it went to the Heart of *Nasiraddole*. Ah charming *Zeineb*, cried he, I conjure you to let me at least flatter my self, that Time and my Services may in the End triumph; do not deny me that Hope, the only Support of my Life.

The King of *Moussel* was not contented to say this to the fair Slave: He fell at her Feet, and added a thousand other tender and passionate Things to what he had already said. He did his utmost to comfort her, but all to no Purpose. He saw plainly that the more he opposed her Grief, the more he augmented it, which made him retire, rather chusing to absent him-

himself from *Zeineb*, than to encrease her Trouble by his Presence.

*The Nine hundred and eighty
second Day.*

LET us now return to the young Merchant of *Bagdad*. After the Departure of his fair Slave, he fell into a languishing Condition, out of which nothing could recover him. It was in vain for him to attempt to drive away his Melancholy by Diversions. *Zeineb*, whom he had ever in his Thoughts, would not let him take any Satisfaction in them. Ah Wretch that I am, said he often to himself; I find I cannot live without *Zeineb*! Ought I to have yielded up the Possession of her to the King of *Moussel*? Is it not to go beyond the Bounds of Friendship, to deliver up to a Friend the Person one adores? Would *Nasiraddole* have done as much for me? No, without doubt; and I am satisfied he does not know the Value of the Sacrifice I have made him. He imagines I could have no great Love for my fair Slave, since I gave her to him without his asking her of me. Indeed what fond and happy Lover

ever parted with his Mistress out of Pity to a Friend? In the mean time I love *Zeineb*, as much as a Man is capable of loving. But alas, whither does my Grief transport me? What Service is it to me, to condemn my self? I should do what I have done, were it to do again, whatever it cost me. The Prince to whose Happiness I have sacrificed all that was dear to me, will acknowledge how much he is obliged to me for doing it, and is more worthy to possess *Zeineb* than I am.

In this sad Condition was *Abderrahmane*. He was in Despair for the Loss of his Slave, without repenting that he had yielded her up to the King of *Monssel*. He had led this sorrowful Life three Months, when on a sudden the Grand Visier sent his Officers to have him apprehended. It was told him he was accused of having spoken disrespectful Words of the Commander of the Believers in his Cups. It was to no Purpose for him to Protest, that the least offensive Word against the *Califf* had never escaped him. He was arrested and imprisoned. Two Court Lords, who were his secret Enemies, had invented that Calumny to ruin him; and on their false Testimony the Grand Visier caused him to be

be apprehended. At the same time his Estate and Goods were ordered to be confiscated, his House to be razed, and himself to be beheaded the next Day, on a Scaffold which was erected before the Gate of the *Califf's* Palace.

The Keeper of the Prison where he was confined, went in the Night and told him his Sentence. My Lord *Abderrahmane*, says he, I am very much concerned for your Misfortune, and the more for that I have several Obligations to you. You have done me Service on two Occasions, wherein I stood in need of your Assistance, and now an Opportunity offers for me to shew my Gratitude. To do which I am resolved to give you your Liberty. Be gone from this Prison, the Gates are open to you. Fly, and avoid the Death that is designed you.

The Nine hundred and eighty third Day.

AT this Discourse *Abderrahmane* embraced the Keeper in a Transport of Joy, and thanked him for his Generosity. But reflecting on the Danger this Man exposed

himself to by his Escape, he said to him, You do not consider, that in saving my Life you expose your own. I would not abuse such generous Sentiments. It is not just that you should perish for me. Do not trouble your self for what shall become of me, replied the Keeper, only tell me if you are guilty or innocent. Did you really ever speak disrespectfully of the *Califf*? Do not disguise the Truth: It imports me to know it, and I shall take my Measures accordingly. I call Heaven to witness, says the young Merchant, that I never spoke of the Commander of the Believers but with all the Respect that I owe him. If so, replied the Keeper, I know what I have to do. If you had been guilty, I would have fled with you: But since you are innocent, I will stay here, and spare no Pains to let the World know that you are so.

Abderrahmane again gave the Keeper Thanks, and went out of the Prison to a Friend's House of his, who concealed him in a Part of it, where he thought him in Safety. The next Day the Grand Visier, understanding he had made his Escape, sent for the Keeper. Wretch, says he as soon as he saw him, is it thus that thou hast discharged thy Duty? Thou hast suffered a Criminal

Criminal thou hadst in keeping, to escape out of Prison, or rather thou hast thy self set him at Liberty. If thou dost not bring him forth in four and twenty Hours, thou shalt have the same Punishment that was intended for him. My Lord, replied the Keeper, I do not refuse to die for him. I own it was I that saved him; I could not bear the Thoughts of his perishing. I opened the Prison Doors to him, and advised him to fly. I confess my Crime, and am ready to expiate it by the Death you prepared for the honestest Man in *Bagdad*, and I dare say the Innocentest. What Proof, says the Visier, hast thou of his Innocence? His own Confession, answered the Keeper.

Abderrahmane was incapable of saying a Thing that was false. Pray, my Lord, continued he, suffer me to represent to you that you were too easily prejudiced against him in this Affair. Do you know the Accusers of the young Merchant? Are you sure enough of their Integrity, to believe them on their Word? May they not be secret Enemies of the Accused? Do you know whether Envy and Hatred have not armed them against him? Have a care you are not imposed upon by Cheats, and dread the spilling of innocent Blood: For you

shall one Day render an Account of the Power you are invested with. You shall be rewarded if you make a good Use of it, and punished if you abuse it.

These Words, which the Keeper pronounced with great Fervency, startled the Grand Visier, and made him begin to recollect himself. He caused the Keeper to be imprisoned till further Order, and resolved to do all that lay in his Power, to find out whether the Witnesses against the young Merchant had accused him falsely or not. However, as he had ordered *Abderrahmane's* House to be razed, and his Estate and Goods to be confiscated, he was not willing to have his Prudence and Justice called in Question, and commanded the *Cady* to make diligent Search for *Abderrahmane* in the Neighbourhood of *Bagdad*.

The Nine Hundred and Eighty fourth Day.

WHILE the *Cady's* Lieutenant was searching the Country with his *Asas*, the young Merchant lay hid in his Friend's House; but judging by the Pains that were taking to discover him, that he was not very safe where he was, he resolved to

leave

leave the Place and go to *Moussel*. I shall there, says he, find a sure *Asylum*; if I can get to *Nafiraddole's* Court, that Prince will soon make me forget the Disgrace which has befallen me. As soon as he understood that the *Asas*, tired with their fruitless Search after him, were returned to *Bagdad*, he one Night mounted a Horseback, being well equipped by his Friend, and made the best of his way to *Moussel*: He was not long upon the Road; his Danger made him lose no Time to reach the End of his Journey. When he arrived at *Moussel* he put up at the first Caravanserail he came to, left his Horse there, and went to Court. All the King's Officers knew him again. The Stranger, cry they, is come again, whom our Monarch made so much of. Welcome to him. In a Moment the Noise of his Arrival spread through the Palace, and came to the Ears of *Nafiraddole*. That Prince immediately sent for his Treasurer, and whispered him, Go to *Abderrahmane*, and give him from me two hundred Sequins of Gold. Bid him make the most of them in Trade, leave my Palace, and not return within six Months.

The Treasurer presently did what he was ordered; at which the *Bagdadin* was

strangely surprized. Indeed it was a very odd sort of Reception, which he had no Reason to expect. How is this, cries he, is it thus that the King of *Mouffet* ought to receive a Man whom he has condescended to look upon as his Friend? Have I done any thing to displease him? I flattered my self, alas, that he would always have had the same kind Sentiments for me, and that only Hope was my Comfort in all my Misfortunes.

Do not afflict your self, says the Treasurer, the King loves you still, and if he does not receive you better, he has his Reasons for it. Do what he prescribes, you will perhaps have no Cause to repent it. The *Bagdadin* quitted the Palace, and returned to the Caravanserail. He could not tell what to think of *Nafiraddole*. What would he have me to do with two hundred Sequins, says he? I shall not be able to drive a very considerable Trade with so small a Sum; if he had given me a thousand Sequins, I might have entered into Partnership with some great Merchant, and have begun the World again.

Nevertheless he tried all Means to improve his little Stock; but Industry will not always do in Trade. The Merchant
must

must have Fortune his Friend, or all the Pains he takes will signifie nothing. As busie as *Abderrahmane* made himself, he could not keep his Stock whole; insomuch that at the six Months end, he wanted fifty of the two hundred Sequins. With these he went to Court, the Treasurer came to him from the King, and demanded if he had his two hundred Sequins still. No, replied the young Merchant, I want the fourth Part. Since it is so, replied the Treasurer, telling him out fifty Sequins, there is your Sum compleat again. Go try your Fortune once more, and return hither at the end of six Months.

*The Nine hundred and eighty
fifth Day.*

THE *Bagdadin* was no less surprized at this, than he was at the former Discourse of the Treasurer. What does *Nasiraddole* mean by it? Is it thus that he designs to acquit himself towards me? Does he think to pay me for the Sacrifice I made him of what was most dear to me, with two hundred Sequins? Ought he not to be ashamed to give me such a Trifle?

Is it a Present worthy him? However, continued he, I will still do as he orders me; I will return to the Palace at the time fixed, but will never go there again, if he does not receive me after another manner. He laid out his Money in fresh Goods, and traded with them. His Fortune was much better this time, for at the six Months end he found he had gained one hundred Sequins. He did not fail of going to the Palace, where the Treasurer came to him, and asked him if he had his two hundred Sequins: I have three hundred, replied the *Bagdadin*; Fortune has now been very favourable to me. Well then, replied the Treasurer, since it is so, I will conduct you to the King: He will make no more Difficulty of seeing you. Saying this, he took the young Merchant by the Hand, and led him to *Nasiraddole's* Closet. No sooner did that Prince see *Abderrahmane*, but he rose to receive him; and after he had several times embraced him, said, Ah my dear Friend, I doubt not the Reception you met with very much surprized you. You had Reason, I confess, to expect a more agreeable one from me: But I conjure you not to take it ill; you know that Misfortunes are contagious. I understood
your

your Disgrace by a Merchant of *Bagdad*, of whom I enquired after you. I durst not receive you into my Palace, or so much as see you, for fear your Misfortune should affect me, and put it out of my Power to assist you when you should cease to be unfortunate. Now, continued he, that your Star looks on you with a kinder Aspect, nothing shall hinder me from following the Dictates of Friendship. You shall for the future live in my Court, and I will do what I can to make you forget the Misery that you have endured.

Accordingly *Nasiraddole* gave the *Bagdadin* an Apartment in his Palace, and appointed Officers to attend him. They spent the first Day in making good Cheer; and when Night came, the King said to the young Merchant, I will acquit my self to you for the Sacrifice of the young Slave whom you loved. I pretend to give you as good a one: And of all my Women, I yield up her to you who is most dear to me. I shall send her to you this Night, on Condition that you marry her. My Lord, replied *Abderrahmane*, I thank your Majesty for all your Goodness to me; but suffer me to refuse the Favour you offer me. I can love no Lady after *Zoineb*, and I beseech

seech you not to put any Constraint upon me. As full as your Heart is of *Zeineb*, replies the King, I very much question whether you can look on the Person I design for you, without loving her. All I demand of you is, that you will see and converse with her; if her Wit and Beauty have no Effect upon you, I shall not press you to marry her. My Lord, answers the *Bagdadin*, I consent to talk with her, out of Complaisance to you, since you desire it. But assure your self, let her be never so charming, she will not be able to create a new Flame in my Heart.

The Nine hundred and eighty sixth Day.

A*Bderrahmane* was no sooner retired to his Apartment, than the chief of the Eunuchs came thither followed by a Lady veiled. My Lord, says the Eunuch, this is the Person the King my Master would give you; it is the most beautiful of his Women; he cannot make you a more valuable Present. Saying this, he made a Bow to the *Bagdadin*, left the Slave, and withdrew.

The

The young Merchant of *Bagdad* saluted the Lady very civilly, and prayed her to sit down on a large Sopha of blue Brocade embroidered with Gold. She did so. He sat down by her, and said: Fair Lady, who under that Veil represent the Sun wrapt up in a thick Cloud, hear me, I beseech you. I am satisfied you are alarmed at the King's Design; you are doubtless afraid that I am ready to take hold of his generous Offer, and by eternal Bands to join our Destinies. But be under no manner of Apprehension that I shall do you so much Violence. I love *Nasiraddole* too well to take from him an Object he adores; besides I must own to you I am very little sensible of the Sacrifice that Prince has made me; and this plain dealing of mine ought not to offend you, since I have not seen your Charms.

He then left off speaking, expecting the Slave should answer him; when on a sudden she burst out a laughing, lifted up her Veil, and the *Bagdadin* knew her to be his dear *Zeineb*. Ah my Princess, cries he, transported with Surprise and Joy, is it you that I see? Yes my dear *Abderrahmane*, replied she, it is your *Zeineb* that is restored to you. The King of *Mouffet* is
no

no less generous than your self. When he found how tenderly I loved you, and that all the Pains he took to make me love him were ineffectual, he gave over the Pursuit, and has for a long time detained me here only to put me into your Hands again.

The fair *Zeineb* and the young Merchant spent the Night in mutual Expressions of Joy and Endearment, equally delighted to see one another again, and pleased with the manner of their Meeting. The next Morning *Nasiraddole* came to their Apartment: They both fell at his Feet to thank him for his Favours. He raised them up, and said, Live in my Court, happy Lovers, and there taste the Sweets of perfect Love.

To engage your Hearts to each other by stricter Ties still, I have ordered Preparations to be made for your Marriage. If I cannot help loving *Zeineb*, my Love shall at least shew it self only by the good Offices I intend to do you.

Accordingly he was not contented with affigning them great Pensions, but gave them moreover twenty thousand Acres of Land, exempt from all Payments. And to crown his Happiness, *Abderrahmane* received

ceived the agreeable News from *Bagdad*, that one of his Accusers out of Remorse of Conscience had discovered all to the Grand Visier, who on his Deposition had put the other Accuser to Death, pardoned the Keeper, and declared the accused Person Innocent. Upon this he took a Journey to *Bagdad*, and waited on the Visier, who restored him Part of his Goods. But *Abderrahmane* gave all to the Keeper who had so generously saved him, and returned soon after to *Moussel*, where he spent the rest of his Days with great Tranquility and Pleasure.

The Nine hundred and eighty seventh Day.

THE young Man who spoke to the Califf *Haroun Arraschid* and his Favorite, finished here the Story of *Nasirad-dole*; and the Company were extremely well pleased with it. The Califf highly extolled the Generosity of the young Merchant, and that of the King of *Moussel*; and *Sultanum* could not say enough of the Constancy of the fair *Circassian*. Then the old Man, who had told the Story of
the

the two Brother Genies, resumed the Discourse, laying to the Favourite of the Commander of the Believers; Since you delight, excellent Princess, to hear the Characters of constant Women, if you please, I will tell you the Story of *Repsima*. I believe you will not be tired with hearing her Adventures. *Sultanum* expressed a great desire to hear them; and the *Califf*, to please her, bad the old Man go on with his Story. The latter, who was naturally very talkative, needed no more to make him enter upon it, which he did in this manner.

The History of Repsima.

A Merchant of *Basra* named *Dukin* left off his Trade, to give himself up entirely to Devotion. He was always very conscientious, and of course made very little of his Business. He lived in a little House at one end of the City, and had an only Daughter whom he bred up in the Fear of the most High, and the Practice of all the *Mussulman's* Virtues. They fasted both of them not only on all the Days of appointed Fasts, but often on others to mortifie themselves. In a Word, they spent their whole

whole time in Prayer and reading the Alcoran. They lived in great Content, and wanted nothing because they desired nothing.

As careful as *Repsima* was (so *Dukin's* Daughter was called) to keep her self from the Eyes of Man, and to live in a perfect Renunciation of the Things of this World, she was however found out in her Solitude. The Report of her Virtue brought several Men thither, who demanded her in Marriage of her Father; and she had had a great many more Lovers, had it been known that her Beauty was equal to her Virtue. *Dukin* considering the Meanness of his Fortune, would have had her marry some rich Merchant; but she shewed such an Aversion to Marriage, that he would not put her upon it for fear of doing too great Violence to her Inclination. No Father, said she as often as he talked to her on that Subject, I will not leave you: Suffer me to enjoy with you the Sweetness of the quiet Life you lead.

Several Years did they two live after this manner. At last the Angel of Death took *Dukin* from his Daughter. *Repsima* finding her self deprived of his Support, lifting up her Hands and Eyes, addressed
her

her self thus to Heaven; O thou only Hope of the Distressed, only Relief of the Orphans, who never forsakeſt the miſerable that put their Truſt in thee, and implore thy Aſſiſtance, thou who heareſt the Vows of the Innocent, be not deaf to my Prayer. Thou art all-powerful, thou canſt preſerve me; deliver me, oh Heaven, from all the Perils with which my Innocence is threatened.

The Nine hundred and eighty eighth Day.

AFTER *Dakin's* Funeral was over, all the Family repreſented to *Reſſima* that ſhe could not with Decency remain in that Solitude, but ought to marry. At the ſame Time they propoſed to her a young Merchant named *Temim*, whoſe Prudence and Probity were much talked of. She could not at firſt reliſh Advice ſo contrary to her Diſpoſition; but having conſulted the great Prophet by Prayer, ſhe thought her ſelf inſpired, and that was ſufficient to determine her to marry *Temim*, which ſhe did ſoon after.

She found in her Husband not only all the good Things that had been ſaid of him,
but

but a Disposition to love her passionately. *Temim* every Day grew more and more enamoured of her, and delighted himself with the Thoughts of having a Wife of such singular Merit. He esteemed no Man upon Earth so happy as he was. But alas, his Happiness was of no long Duration. Tremble, ye Mortals, when you are at the Height of your Wishes. Perhaps the very Moment which will be the last of your Felicity, is not far off.

A Year after his Marriage, *Temim* was obliged to make a Voyage on the Coast of *India*. He committed the Care of his Domestick Affairs to a Brother of his. *Revendé*, says he, my dear Brother, endeavour to make *Repsima* chearful during my Absence, and be a good Husband of my Estate. I need say no more to thee. I judge of thee by myself. I doubt not my Interests will be as dear to thee as thy own. Yes, my Brother, replied *Revendé*, you do me Justice to put such a Confidence in me; and indeed there is no need of recommending to me to be careful of your Interests. The Ties of Blood and Friendship would not permit me to be otherwise.

Upon the Assurance *Revendé* had given *Temim* to take great Care of his House,
the

the latter departed from *Basra*, and embarked on the Gulph in a Ship bound for *Surat*. As soon as he was gone, his Brother came to his House, and made a thousand Protestations of Service to *Repsima*, who received him very civilly. By Misfortune *Revendé* fell desperately in Love with his Sister-in-Law. He concealed his Passion for some Time, but it insensibly mastered him so far that he could not help declaring it. Tho' the Lady was highly provoked at his Boldness, yet she spoke to him gently, and prayed him to make no such Discourses to her; representing to him the Injury he did *Tamim*, and how fruitless his Criminal Addresses would be to himself.

Revendé finding his Sister-in-Law took his Declaration so tamely, did not despair of conquering her, and grew bolder upon it. Oh my Queen, says he, all that you can say to me on that Subject will be to no Purpose. Harken then to my Sighs, and accept of my Services. I will bind my self with the Girdle of Slavery, and be your Bondsman 'till Death. Let us agree together, and our Commerce shall be so secret that Scandal shall never be able to attack us. At this Discourse *Repsima* could not

not contain her Choler. Thou Rascal, says she, art thou sollicitous only to hide thy Crime from the Eyes of the World? Art thou only afraid of being disgraced among the People? Dost thou not think of the Offence thou wouldest commit against thy Brother, and Heaven who sees the Bottom of thy Heart? Do not flatter thyself; I would rather die a thousand Deaths than satisfy thy guilty Love.

Perhaps any Man less brutal than *Revendé*, would have been wrought upon by these Words, and have had the greater Esteem for *Repsima*. As for him, finding he could not corrupt her, he resolved to ruin her out of Revenge, and took this Method for it. One Night when she was at Prayer, he caused a Man to enter *Temim's* House privately. This Man stole into her Chamber; and *Revendé* coming afterwards with four Witnesses whom he had suborned, broke open the Door of the House, and running directly to her Chamber, cryed, Ah Wretch have I surprized thee with a Man? Is it thus that thou honour'st my Brother in his Absence? I have brought Witnesses, that thy denying thy Crime may be of no Service to thee. Thou wicked One, thou affectest all the

Outsides

Onsides of severe Virtue, at the same Time that thou committest in Secret the most infamous Actions. Saying this he made so much Noise that he alarmed all the Neighbours, and rendered the Affront publick.

The Nine hundred and eighty ninth Day.

BY this black Artifice did *Revendé* make his Sister-in-Law pass for an Adulteress. He was not contented with that. He went with his four Witnesses to the *Gady*, informed him of the Adventure, and demanded Justice. The Judge presently examined the Witnesses, and upon their Depositions ordered his Lieutenant to seize *Repsma* and put her in Prison until the next Day. The Lieutenant executed his Commission, and the next Day the Person accused was condemned to be buryed alive in the Highway. This cruel Sentence was put in Execution. The Victim was conducted a League out of the City, accompanied with a vast Concourse of People, and buryed up to her Neck in a Grave, where they left her. As the People returned to the City, various were their Judgments concerning

cerning *Temim's* Wife. It is meer Calumny, said some of them; this Matter was soon determined. *Repsima* had always the Appearance of a Woman of Discretion and Virtue. Ay, said others, one must not depend upon the Appearance of Women. This Woman was doubtless very justly condemned. Thus every one argued upon the Matter according to their several Characters.

Repsima was left in the High-way in the Condition I have mentioned; when at Midnight an *Arabian* Robber passed by on Horse-back. She called to him. Who ever thou art oh Passenger, says she, I beseech thee to save my Life. I am unjustly buried alive. In the Name of God have Pity on me, and deliver me from the cruel Death I am condemned to. So good a Work will not be without its Reward. The *Arab*, tho' a Robber, was touched with Compassion. I will save this unfortunate Creature, says he to himself. My Conscience is burthened with a thousand Crimes; this charitable Action will perhaps dispose the most High to pardon me.

Having reflected thus on the Charity of the Deed he alighted, went up to *Repsima*, and having taken her out of the Grave, got

up

up a Horseback again, and took the Lady behind him. My Lord, says she, whither are you going to carry me? To my Tent, replied he, which is not far off. You will be safe there, and my Wife, who is the best Woman in the World, will receive you very kindly.

They soon after came to a Place where were several Tents, in which lived *Arabians*, all Robbers. They alighted at the Door of one of them, and the *Arab* knocked. Immediately came a Negro and opened it. The Robber took the Lady in with him, and presenting her to his Wife told her how he met with her. The *Arab's* Wife was naturally charitable, and 'twas much against her Will that her Husband followed the Trade of Robbing. She made *Repsima* very welcome, and prayed her to tell her her Adventures. *Temim's* Wife began the Relation of them with a profound Sigh, and told them in so moving a Manner, that all who heard her were touched with it; but especially the Robber's Wife. Fair Lady, says she to *Repsima* with the Tears in her Eyes, I am as sensible of your Misfortunes as you your self can be, and be assur'd I will do whatever I can to assist you. My good Lady, replied

plied the Wife of *Temim*, I thank you for your Kindness; I see now Heaven will not forsake me, since I meet with Persons that take part in my Misery. Let me stay with you, I pray you, and give me some Corner where I may spend the rest of my Days in making Vows for your Prosperity.

The Nine hundred and ninetieth Day.

THE *Arab's* Wife carried her to a little Room, saying, You will here be at Quiet. No body will come hither to interrupt your Devotions. It was a great Comfort to *Repsima* to have found such an *Asylum*. She never ceased returning Thanks to Heaven for it. But alas, her Troubles were not over. She was to pass through many other Misfortunes.

The Negro who served in the *Arabian* Tent, and whose Employment was to rub down the Horses, to drive the Cattle afield, and fetch them back again, cast one Day a prophane Eye upon *Repsima*. How beautiful she is! says he to himself, and how happy should I be if I could make her love me! *Calid* (so the Negro was named) tho'

he was one of the most hideous Monsters of his Species, was not without Hopes of becoming a happy Lover. This Hope, and the Beauty of the beloved Object whom he often saw, so encreased his Love, that he resolved to declare it the first Opportunity that offered. It was not long before an Occasion presented it self. The Arab and his Wife were both gone abroad, and *Repsima* and he being left alone in the Tent, he entered her Room. I have a long while, says he, waited for the Moment that I might tell you privately, I die for Love of you. I cannot live without you relieve me. Monster, replied she, canst thou imagine that I would ever deign to look on thee? But wert thou the most amiable of Men, thy Suit would be in vain, and yet dost thou flatter thy self with the Hope of pleasing me? Begone, thou Insolent, I cannot bear the Sight of thee without Horror: If ever, continued she, thou talkest to me of Love again, I will tell thy Master, who will punish thy Insolence.

She spoke these Words so resolutely, that he judged very rightly so fair a Conquest was not reserved for him. As he was every whit as wicked as *Revendé*, he thought he ought to be revenged on a Woman

man that had despised his Flame. But he took a very odd way to effect it. The *Arab* had a Child in the Cradle, of whom he and his Wife were extremely fond. One Night *Calid* cut off the Child's Head, and carrying the Dagger with which he did the barbarous Action to *Repsima's* Room, he opened the Door dexterously and softly, and put the bloody Dagger under the Lady's Bed, who was then asleep. He also affected to leave Drops of Blood on the Floor, from the Cradle where the Child was murdered to the Bed where lay the innocent Lady, on whom he designed that the Suspicion of the Murder should fall: To which End he also stained her Robe with Blood. The next Morning as soon as the *Arab* and his Wife saw their Child in the Condition the Negro had put it, they made a most terrible Outcry, tore their Visages, and threw Ashes on their Heads. *Calid* ran to them and asked what was the Matter, as if he was intirely ignorant of it. They pointed to the Cradle covered all over with Blood, and their Child dead in it.

He affected an extream Fury at the Sight of it. He made the most hideous Howlings, and his Gestures were as terrible.

Oh unparallel'd Misfortune! cried he; Oh detestable Treason! Oh that I could know what barbarous Hand was the Author of it! If I had him here, I would tear him to Pieces. But, added he, methinks it is to be discovered. One need only trace the Murderer by the Track of Blood from the Cradle. At these Words his Master and he followed it to *Repsima's* Room; where the Negro pulled out the Dagger he had put there from under the Bed, and shewed the *Arab* the Lady's Cloaths all bloody. He then spoke thus to him; Oh my Master, you see how this wicked Woman has requited you for all your Kindnesses.

The Nine hundred and ninety first Day.

THE *Arab* was in an inexpressible Surprise, when he saw there was ground to suspect that *Repsima* had committed the cruel Action. Ah Wretch, says he to her, is it thus that thou observest the Laws of Hospitality? Why hast thou spilt the Blood of my Son? What had the poor harmless Babe done to provoke thee to put an End

to

to his Days when they were scarce begun? Ah Inhuman, did the Services I have done thee deserve this Recompence? Saying this he burst out into a Flood of Tears and remained speechless. Oh my dear Lord, says *Calid*, ought you to parley thus with this abominable Stranger? Will you be satisfied with making Reproaches? Strike rather the fatal Dagger into her Heart, which she made use of to murder your only Son. If you will not be revenged of her your self, let me do it for you. I'll punish this wicked Woman who has dipped her Hands in your Child's Blood. At these Words he took up the Dagger, and was about to plunge it into *Repsima's* Breast. She was so amazed at the Negroe's daring to accuse her of so foul a Crime, that she was struck dumb.

She had not Strength enough to justifie her self, and the Negro was going to strike the Blow, when the *Arab* held his Hand. What do you do, says *Calid* to him? Would you deprive me of the Satisfaction of chastising an impious Wretch who is insensible of the Right of Bread and Salt? Ah do not oppose my Design. Let me purge the Earth of a Monster, who if she was spared it would be only to commit other Crimes.

Saying this, he lifted up his Arm a second time to give the mortal Stroke to *Repsima*; but the *Arab* still held his Hand and forbade him to kill her. The Robber, as troubled as he was for the Loss of his Son, and tho' Appearances were against the Wife of *Temin*, yet he could hardly think her guilty. He would hear first what she could say in her own Justification. He demanded of her, why she had murdered the Child? She answered, she had no manner of Knowledge of that Affair, and fell a weeping so bitterly, that the Robber took Compassion on her. The Negro observing it, would have killed her, notwithstanding he was forbidden by his Master. His over-eagerness to stab her displeased the *Arab*, who bad him be gone, telling him his Zeal hurried him too far. I will not have this Woman lose her Life; I believe her innocent, notwithstanding Appearances condemn her.

Tho' the Robber's Wife was in the greatest Affliction for the Loss of her Son, yet she could not think *Repsima* was capable of the Crime imputed to her. We had better, says she to her Husband, send away this Woman without doing her any Harm, than kill her, unless we were sure she was guilty. The *Arab* was of his Wife's Opinion,

pinion, and said to *Repsima*, Whether you are innocent or guilty I can no longer let you live here. As often as my Wife and I see you, it will bring our Son into our Remembrance, and will every Day renew our Grief. Quit this Tent, and seek any other Refuge where you please. You ought to be very well satisfied with my Moderation. Instead of taking your Life, I will even give you Money for your Subsistence.

*The Nine hundred and ninety
second Day.*

R*Repsima* extolled the Justice of the Arab, telling him Heaven was too righteous not to let him know one time or other the Author of the Crime. She then thanked him for his Kindness to her: But when he would have given her a Purse with a hundred Sequins in it, she refused it, saying, Keep your Money and leave me to Providence. Heaven will take Care of me. No, no, replied he, I must engage you to take these Sequins, they will not be useless to you. She accepted of them, and having prayed the Robber's Wife not to think ill

of her, she left the Habitation of the
Arabs.

She travelled all Day without resting her self, and at Night arrived at the Gates of a City which was not far from the Sea-side. She by chance knocked at the Door of a little House, where lived a good old Woman, who opened it, and asked what she would have? Mother, replied *Repsima*, I am a Stranger: I came this Moment to this City; I know no body, and beg you to be so charitable as to take me into your House. The old Woman consented, and gave her a little Room to lie in. Upon which the Wife of *Tenim* pulled a Sequin out of her Purse, and giving it to her Hostess, bad her go buy them some Provisions for their Supper. The old Woman went out, and in a little Time returned with some Dates, some wet and dry Con-serves, and they sat down together to eat them. After Supper *Repsima* told her Story to the old Woman, who was mightily moved at hearing it, and then they went to Bed.

The next Day *Repsima* having a mind to go to the Baths, her Hostess accompanied her thither. As they were on their Way, they saw a young Man with his Hands tied
and

and a Rope about his Neck. The Hangman was leading him to Execution, and a Crowd of People attending him. *Repsima* demanded what Crime the young Man had been guilty of. She was told he was a Debtor, and that the Custom of that City was to hang those who did not pay their Debts. How much does he owe? says the Wife of *Temim*. Sixty Sequins, replied one of the Inhabitants. If you will pay the Money for him, you will save his Life. With all my Heart, says she pulling out her Purse; whom must I pay it to? They presently informed the *Cady*, who attended the young Man to Execution, that a Lady offered to pay the Debt. The Creditor was called for; *Repsima* told him out the sixty Sequins, and the young Man was immediately set at Liberty. Every one wanted to know who this Stranger was, whose Generosity had so charmed them; and they were so inquisitive, that instead of going to the publick Baths, she took Leave of her old Hostess, and left the City to avoid the importunate Curiosity of the Inhabitants.

*The Nine hundred and ninety
third Day.*

IN the mean time the young Man who had escaped Death, sought after his Deliverer to thank her; and being told she was gone out of the City, he enquired which way she went, and followed her. He overtook her near a Fountain, by the Side of which she stopped to rest her self. He saluted her very respectfully, and offered to be her Slave to shew his Gratitude. No, says she, I will not have you purchase so dearly the Service I have done you; you are not so much obliged to me as you imagine; it was not for Love of you that I saved you from Death, but for Love of the most High.

While she was talking to him, the young Man cast his Eyes upon her, and became enamoured of her Beauty. He presently made a Declaration of his Love, and thinking he could never have a better Opportunity to shew the Heat and Vigour of his Passion, he threw himself at *Repsima's* Feet, and besought her in the most Passionate Terms to accept of the Sacrifice of
his

his Heart. But the chaste Wife of *Temim*, instead of being pleased to see a Lover at her Feet, flew into a Rage against him, and treated him no more favourably than she had done the Negro. Thou Villain, says she to him, thou knowest that had it not been for me, thou hadst not now been alive. The most infamous Hand had taken thy Life from thee, and durst thou attempt my Honour? Art thou so insolent as to tell me thy Desires? Fair Lady, replied the young Man, I did not believe you would be angry to hear me express how full my Soul is of Gratitude, and how at the Sight of you it is affected by your Beauty. Is it an Affront to you to say you have charmed me? Peace, Wretch, interrupted *Repsima*, do not think that my Virtue will bear to hear thee talk thus; it is in vain for thee to hide thy wicked Design under submissive and respectful Words. I know how to distinguish thy Falshood from thy Flattery. Be gone, and do not make me repent of the Service I did thee.

Her manner of pronouncing these Words let the young Man see there were no Hopes for him, so he made her no Answer, but rose and proceeded on his way to the Sea side. When he came there, he spied

a Ship whose Crew was just coming ashore, and belonged to a Merchant of *Basra* bound for *Serendib*. He went up to them and asked for the Captain, to whom he said, I have a young Slave to sell, a perfect Beauty; she does not love me, and I am resolved to get rid of her. I left her by the Side of a Fountain, not far off; if you will buy her, I will sell her a Pennyworth; you shall have her for three hundred Sequins. It is a Bargain, replied the Captain, provided she is as young and handsome as you say she is.

Upon this the young Man led the Captain to the Fountain, where *Repsima*, having made Ablution, was at Prayer. As soon as the Captain saw her, he told out three hundred Sequins to the young Man, who returned with them to the City.

*The Nine hundred and ninety
fourth Day.*

THE Captain who had bought *Repsima*, approaching her said, How am I ravished, most charming Beauty, at what I behold! I have seen a great many Slaves, I have bought a thousand in my time, but I confess you surpass them all. Your Eyes
are

are brighter than the Sun, and your Shape is incomparable. *Repsima* was extremely surprized at this Discourse, but much more so, when the Captain held out his Hand, saying, Come, my Princess, I will put you Aboard, and you shall have my own Cabin; we shall set Sail in a Moment; we will together make a Voyage to *Serendib*, and at our Return to *Basra* you shall be Mistress of my Estate and my House, for I do not design to sell you again. If I bought you of the young Man you did not love, it was to make you the happiest Person in the World; I will have all imaginable Tenderness and Complacency for you. Here *Repsima*, who had heard him with Impatience, interrupted the Captain; What say you, cries she? I was never a Slave in my Life. I am a free Woman, and no Body has any Right to sell me. Saying this, she pushed the Captain's Hand aside; and he who was naturally rude and violent, grew angry at her for receiving the obliging Things he had said to her in such a manner; so on a sudden changing his Language, and assuming another Tone; How Hussy, says he, dost thou talk thus to thy Master? I have bought and paid for thee; thou art my Slave, and I will carry thee Aboard

Aboard whether thou wilt or not. At these Words he took her in his Arms, and notwithstanding her Resistance, carried her away as a Wolf does a Lamb that has strayed from the Shepherd. It was in vain for her to fill the Air with her Cries; he put her aboard the Ship, and soon after set sail for *Serendib*.

The Captain let *Repsima* be quiet some Days; but finding she was never the more kind to him for the many Signs of Love which he had shewn her; he lost all Patience, and was resolved one Day to force her to a Complacency for him; to which she had not the least Disposition. And as he was about to put that Resolution of his in Practice, there rose a terrible Storm which frightened all the Ship's Company. The Wind was so violent that it brought all the Masts by the Board immediately, the Ropes broke, and the Sails rent; the Seamen knew not what more to do to save themselves, and the Pilot abandoning the Ship to the Mercy of the Winds and Waves, cried out upon Deck, If any of you Passengers have committed any Crimes, and broken the Prophet's Laws, ask Pardon of Heaven, you have no Time to lose, we are all going to perish. Indeed the Storm en-

increased, and the Ship sunk, after having been for some Moments battered by the Waves.

The Nine hundred and ninety fifth Day.

ALL the Ship's Company, Seamen and Passengers, were drowned, except *Rep-sima* and the Captain; they both saved themselves on Planks, but landed in two several Places. The Wife of *Temim* was driven by the Waves on the Coast of a populous Island governed by a Queen. When she came near the Shoar, there happened to be a great Number of People at the Sea-side. As soon as they saw *Rep-sima* float on the Waters, and that afterwards she came ashoar, they looked upon it as a Miracle. They came all about her, and asked her a thousand Questions. To satisfy their Curiosity she told them the Story of her Adventures, and prayed them to grant her a Place of Refuge among them, where she might live in Tranquility. The Inhabitants were so taken with her Beauty, Wit, and Virtue, that they gave her a Retirement, where she spent several Years in Prayer.

The

The Islanders could not enough admire the Austerity of her Life. All their Discourse was of the Stranger, and the Purity of her Manners. She soon became their Oracle. When any of them were about to make a long Voyage, or undertake any Enterprize of Importance, they never failed consulting her, and she foretold the Success. In fine, she acquired the Esteem of every Body, or rather was looked upon as a Divinity. The Queen of the Island took such an Affection to her, that thinking she could not do better than leave her the Sovereignty at her Death, she declared her her Heir. The Inhabitants highly approved her Choice of a Successor, and the Queen being old died not long after. *Rep-sima* made some difficulty of taking her Place; but the People obliged her to do it, and they had no Reason to repent of it; for she made them so happy, that they blessed the Shipwreck which threw her on their Coasts.

As soon as she was on the Throne, she applied her self entirely to the Government of the State. She chose for her Visiers Men of equal Integrity and Capacity, and took particular Care that every one should have Justice done them. All the Moments
that

that she could spare from the Duties of her Dignity, she spent in Prayer. She kept frequent Fasts, and the more she found herself honoured by Men, the more she humbled herself before the Almighty.

When any sick Person had Recourse to her, and desired her Prayers, she redoubled them on that Occasion, and Heaven always heard them. The Inhabitants of the Kingdom could not withstand so many Miracles of which they were Witnesses. They renounced the Worship of the Sun which they adored before, and embraced *Mahometism*. She made Holy Laws, and built Mosques on the Ruins of Idolatry.

She also built Hospitals for the Poor, and Caravanserails to entertain the Strangers that came to the Isle. She laid out great Sums, to provide these Places with all Things necessary, and her Foundation for relieving the Sick became so considerable, that a little while after the Distempered came thither from all Nations in the World, upon the great Fame of this Queen, to seek Relief for their Distempers.

The

The Nine hundred and ninety sixth Day.

ONE Day it was told *Repsima* that there were six Strangers in a Caravan-serail, who requested to speak with her; that one of them was Blind, another Paralytick, and another Dropsical. She ordered they should be brought to her immediately; she received them sitting on a lofty Throne, surrounded on one Hand by fifty or sixty Female Slaves richly dressed, and on the other by all the Lords of her Court.

When the Strangers arrived at the Palace, two Lords introduced them to the Queen, whose Face was covered with a Veil, as were also the Faces of her Slaves. The Strangers prostrated themselves before her, and remained with their Heads to the Ground, till she commanded them to rise. She then demanded what they desired of her, and whence they came? One of them replied in behalf of the rest; May God, oh great Queen, give Victory to your Arms, may the Earth obey you, and Heaven bless you. We are miserable Sinners,

ners, and are come hither to obtain Pardon of our Sins of the Almighty by your Majesty's Means. Speak more clearly, replied the Queen, having examined their Faces very considerately; I can do nothing for you unless you tell me your Adventures publickly, and that without sinking the least Circumstance. One of the Strangers answered, You shall be obeyed, oh Princess. I am a Merchant of *Basra*, I married a young Woman who had not then her Like in the World; she was perfectly beautiful, sweet tempered, complaisant and virtuous. Being one time obliged to make a Voyage, I left her in my House Mistress of all her Actions; I only desired my Brother, who is this blind Man whom you see here, to take Care of my Domestick Affairs; at my Return he told me he had found my Wife faulty, that she had dishonoured my Bed, and for that had been buried alive: That he was so grieved at it on my Account, that he had wept himself blind. This great Queen, added he, is my Story. I therefore most humbly beseech you to restore my Brother to his Sight. I came hither and brought him with me, to make this Request to your Majesty.

Temim, (for he it was who had talked thus to *Repsima* without knowing her) here finished his Discourse, in expectation of the Queen's Answer; who was so surprized to see her Husband, that she could not presently return it; but at last recollecting her self she said, Is it true that the Woman who was buried alive did betray thee? What dost thou think of it? I cannot believe it, replied *Temim*, when I bring her Virtue to my Remembrance: but alas, I have such a blind Confidence in my Brother, that it makes me question her Innocence.

The Nine hundred and ninety seventh Day.

THE Merchant of *Basra* having done speaking, the Queen answered, It is enough: I know better than you, whether your Wife was justly condemned or not. I will tell you to Morrow, and we will see if your Brother can recover his Sight. Then one of *Temim's* Company addressed himself thus to *Repsima*. I have a Negroe Slave whom I bought, and bred up from a Child; he has been Paralytick all over one

one Side of his Body these several Years. No Physician can cure him, and I have brought him hither to recommend him to your Majesty's Prayers.

The Queen having heard what he had to say, and knowing that the Person who made his Addresses to her was the *Arab* whose Tent she had lived in, and the Paralytick was the same black Slave who had made an Attempt on her Virtue, she said, It is sufficient, I am well informed of your Affair; it may be easily decided to Morrow. And you, continued she turning to the other, how came you to be Dropfical? I know not, oh great Queen, replied he, what to attribute my Distemper to, unless it be a Judgment on me for offering Violence to a fair Slave I bought some Years ago, of a young Man who sold her to me by the Sea-side.

The Queen at these Words looked the dropfical Man in the Face, and knew him again to be the Captain to whom she had been sold; however she seemed to have no more Knowledge of him than of the rest, and suffered him to go on with his Discourse thus: 'I look upon this Distemper of mine as a just Chastisement of Heaven: And I, cries another of the Strangers,
on

on the Furies with which I am continually haunted, as a Punishment I deserved for having sold that same Slave whom you carried Aboard your Ship, against her Will. I am more guilty than you; for she was a Free Woman, to whom I owed my Life; and the Acknowledgment I made her for it was, the delivering of her to you, and selling her to Slavery.

The Nine hundred and ninety eighth Day.

R*Epsima* understood by this, that the Man who spoke last, was the same whom she had delivered from Death, by paying Sixty Sequins for him. She then said to the Strangers, I will pray for you, and do all I can to procure you Relief. Return to your Caravanserail, and come hither again to Morrow at the same Hour. The Blind and the Paralytick may be cured, provided they make a sincere Confession of the Crimes they have committed. I know their Adventures, but I require of them to speak the Truth, and that they put no false Circumstance into what they say; for if they do, they shall repent it,

it, and instead of praying for them, I shall punish them with the utmost Severity. As for the rest, pursued she, I promise to offer up my Vows to Heaven for them immediately, they having both spoke Truth.

The six Strangers returned to their Caravanserail; four of them were already very well satisfied; only *Temim's* Brother and the Negro Slave were very melancholly; they had rather have remained so long as they lived in their present Condition, than be obliged to make a publick Confession of their Treason and Cruelty. They endeavoured to hide their Grief from the Eyes of those they had Offended, but could neither of them get a wink of Sleep all the Night.

Notwithstanding their Apprehensions, they were forced to go with the rest to the Palace the next Day, and appear before the Queen who was sitting on the Throne as she was the preceding Day. Well, says she when she saw the Blind Man and the Paralytick, are they resolved to disguise nothing? Wo be to that Man of them that shall not speak the Truth. Then the Negro approached her full of Shame and Fear; as he saw he should get nothing by telling a Lie, he resolved, happen what

what would, to speak the whole Truth as to what passed at his Master's House relating to *Repsima*. He confessed he was passionately enamoured of that Lady, and being scorned by her he determined to kill the *Arab's* only Son, and lay his Murder upon her, that the *Arab* might destroy her.

The nine hundred and Ninety ninth Day.

WHEN the Negro had ended his Confession, This, says he, was my Crime, and Heaven is Witness to my Repentance. Ah Traitor, says the *Arab* in a Fury, was it thou that robbedst me of my only Son? Oh Queen, added he, addressing himself to *Repsima*, suffer me to cut off his Head this Minute. A Rogue that is capable of doing so bloody a Deed as he has just now owned, does not deserve to live. No, replies the Queen, I will not have you take away his Life. I understand you Princess, replies the *Arab*, you oppose my Rage very justly. It is better to let him remain paralytick, Death would too soon put an End to his Pains. You are mistaken, replies *Repsima*; it is not to prolong his Misery

lery that I would have him live: Since he repents of his Crime, let us pray to the most High to pardon him. She then prostrated her self to the Ground at the Foot of the Throne, and immediately the Negro's Body was restored to its former Motion. All the Spectators were surprized at so miraculous a Cure, and bestowed a thousand Praises on God and the Queen. She prayed also for the dropfical Man, and the Man that was haunted with the Furies; upon which both of them were perfectly cured. Then *Temim*, not doubting but his Brother would recover his Sight, said to him, Oh *Revendé*, it is now thy Turn to speak, the Queen waits only for that, to work a new Miracle in thy Favour. True, says *Repsima*, let him tell his Story, and take Care that he does it with Sincerity; for I know all his Adventures, and if he mixes the least Falshood, his Punishment is ready. *Revendé* judging by her saying this, that whether he held his Tongue, or told an Untruth, he should be punished immediately, Confusion for a while hindering him from speaking, at last determined to confess all. In short, he repented of his betraying his Brother; and believing his Sister-in-Law to be dead, he made a

VOL. III. P very

very moving Relation of his Treachery, without going about to excuse it.

When he had done speaking, He has been very sincere, replied the Queen, and said nothing but what is true. *Temim* finding by his own Confession, what a Villain his Brother had been, and how innocent his Wife, cried out and fell into a Swoon. Some of the Queen's Officers ran to help him, and when he had recovered the use of his Senses, prostrating himself before the Throne, he said, Permit me, oh my Princess, to carry this perfidious Brother of mine back to *Basra*. I do not ask you to cure him. I will lead him to the Place where my Wife was buried alive, and there sacrifice him. You see his Crime is too great for me ever to pardon him.

The Thousandth Day.

THE Queen remained some Moments without making him any Answer, weeping all the while under her Veil: So much did the Condition her Husband was in, touch her. After she had dried up her Tears, she addressed her self thus to *Temim*. I conjure you, oh Merchant of *Basra*, to moderate your Fury for my sake.

Your

Your Brother has indeed committed a great Crime; but since he publicly confesses it, and reproaches himself with the Guilt, remember that the same Blood runs in your Veins, and remit the Punishment you would have him endure. To this *Temim* replied, Your Majesty may command what you please; if you desire I should forget his Fault, be it so; provided he sincerely repents, and accuses no body falsely.

The Merchant had scarce told the Queen that he pardoned *Revendé*, when the Princess bowing her Face to the Ground, prayed to Heaven to restore Sight to the Blind. Her Prayer was heard, and *Revendé* in that very Instant saw again the Light of the Sun.

The Applauses of all present were renewed at this Spectacle; again did the whole Assembly praise God and the Queen, who ordered the Strangers back to their Caravan serail, bidding them come to her the next Day, when they should see Things that would perhaps surprize them more than what they had been so astonished at that Day. They returned to the Palace punctually at the Hour appointed. The Queen called *Temim*, and obliged him to sit in a Chair of Gold, which she had cau-

sed to be placed near the Throne. After which she said to him, Oh Merchant of *Basra*, thou hast gone through a great many Cares and Troubles. I am concerned for thy Misfortunes, and to make thee forget them, am resolved to give thee one of my fairest Slaves in Marriage; with whom, if thou wilt, thou shalt live in my Court.

Instead of accepting the Queen's Proposal, *Femim* fell a weeping, and said to her, Your Majesty over-loads me with your Favours, and I am as sensible of them as I ought to be. But I beseech you not to take it ill that I refuse the Offer you make me of one of your Slaves. I shall think of no other Wife than *Repsima*, as long as I live. My dear *Repsima* is always in my Thoughts. I can have no Comfort under the Loss of her, and am resolved to spend the rest of my Days in mourning over the Place where she was buried alive.

The Thousand and One Day.

R*Epsima* was over-joyed to find her Husband so faithful, as to refuse the young Slave she offered him. If I pray the Almighty, says she, to raise this Wife whose Loss so much afflicts you from the Grave, should

should you be glad to see her again? should you know her if you saw her? Saying this she lifted up her Veil, and *Temim* knew that it was his *Repsima*.

Nothing could equal his Joy to see his Wife again, but the Surprize of the Robber, his Slave, the dropfical Captain, and the young Man that was haunted with the Furies, who perceived in the Queen the Features of the Person whom they had offended. The Princess embraced *Temim*, and told her Adventures in Presence of all the Lords of her Court, who stood in great Admiration at the Strangeness of them. She then gave the *Arab* ten thousand Ducats of Gold, with a rich Brocade Vest, and a magnificent Robe for his Wife. She gave also a thousand Ducats to the Captain, and as much to the young Man who sold her. After which she rose up from her Throne, took *Temim* by the Hand, and led him into her Clofet, where they were both some time in Prayer, to thank Heaven for bringing them together again. Then says *Repsima* to her Husband, Since the Laws of the Kingdom will not suffer me to resign the Sovereign Authority to you, you shall at least dwell in my Palace, and partake with me the Sweets

of a pleasant Life. We will also provide for your Brother so that he shall have cause to rest satisfied. In conclusion, *Revendé* became soon after first Minister, and acquitted himself so well in that Employment, that he gained the Esteem and Friendship of all the Inhabitants of the Island.

The old Man who told this Story to the Commander of the Believers, here held his Peace. The fair *Sultannum* was mightily pleased with it; and the Califf, to shew he did not dislike either this Story, or that of the Genies, gave him a thousand Sequins. The young Man, who told the Adventures of *Nasraddole* and *Abderrahmane* received also the same Sum from *Haroun Arraschid's* Treasurer.

The Sequel and Conclusion of the History of the Princess of Cas- mire.

THE Thousand and One Day that *Farruknaz's* Nurse had been telling Stories, had an End; when *Farruknaz* fell ill. King *Togrulbey*, who tenderly loved his Son, sent for the most able Physicians of *Indostan*, but they could not cure him.

The

The Consternation that this dangerous Distemper threw the Court into, interrupted all Pleasures. The Princes of *Casimire* would hear no more Stories, *Togrulbey* go no more a Hunting. No body minded any thing but the Prince; every one was in Pain for his Life.

The King, who went often to see the Chief Priest of the Temple of *Kesaya*, said one Day to him, You know my Son is as dear to me as my own Life: The Physicians have tried all their Skill, and cannot cure him. I have no more Hope from Medicines, and have Recourse to your Prayers. I flatter my self that by your Intercession, I may obtain what I desire. One may hope every thing, Sir, replied the High-Priest, when one implores the Assistance of Heaven. I shall spend the whole Night in the Temple. I will pray *Kesaya* to intercede for the Prince, and to Morrow I will tell you if his Prayers are heard.

The next Morning the High-Priest went forth to meet *Togrulbey*, who full of Impatience was coming to him. Ah Holy *Dervois*, says he, have you obtained the Cure of my Son? Yes, Sir, replied the Priest; *Kesaya* demanded it of the Lord,

who was ready to grant it to him. At this Answer the King over-joyed embraced the Holy Man, and conducted him to the Apartment of Prince *Farrukrouz*. The *Derwis* sat down at the Feet of the Prince's Bed, and with a Look full of Mystery said a Prayer. He had no sooner done, but the Prince, who had been a long while speechless, cried out, Comfort your self, oh Father, I am cured. He rose at these Words, and nothing was talked of in the City of *Casmire* but the Sanctity of the High-Priest.

Farruknaz, hearing so much Boasting of him, had a great Curiosity to see and discourse him. To this Purpose she went out of the Palace, accompanied by her Women and her Eunuchs, with whom she marched to the Gate of the Monastery of the Priests of *Kesaya*. But she was surprized when she was acquainted that the High-Priest forbade her to enter it. The Princess resenting this Usage, complained presently of it to the King, who would needs know the Cause of it. He went to the High-Priest, and demanded why he refused *Farruknaz's* Visit. My Lord, replied the *Derwis*, this Princess does not obey the most High. She flies Mankind.

She

She looks on them as her Enemies, and walks in the Steps of Idleness. Unless she changes her Mind, it is not permitted me to talk to her. *Kesaya* has forbidden me. But, adds he, if she amends, I will do her all the good Offices that lie in my Power. The King having nothing to answer to this Discourse, returned to his Seraglio.

Some Days after, *Togrulbey* went again to visit the *Dervis*, who told him he had obtained Permission of *Kesaya* to confer with the Princess. I would therefore give her some Ghostly Advice; perhaps I shall put her in the way of Salvation. The King rejoiced that the holy Man was come to this Resolution. He gave *Farruknaz* Notice of it; who the next Day went to the Monastery and asked for the Holy *Dervis*. The Porter let her in, and conducted her by Order of the High-Priest into a great Hall, where he prayed her to stay a Moment.

On the Wall were painted in three several Places a Hind caught in a Snare, and a Stag doing what he could to deliver her. In one Place only was represented a Stag taken, and an Hind looking on him in the Snare, without giving her self any Trouble

to relieve him. The Princess presently cast her Eyes on the Paintings, and considered them very attentively. What do I see, cries she? Just Heaven, the quite contrary to my Dream. These three Stags do their utmost to deliver the Hinds, and the Hind abandons the Stag. What can I think of these Objects? Ah doubtless I have been deceived in my Judgment of Men! They are more grateful than I thought them. How sorry am I, that I have done them so much Injury? While the Princess was making these Reflections to her self, the High-Priest entered the Hall with a grave Air. She would have thrown her self at his Feet, but he hindered her, and having made her sit down, he said to her, Oh *Farruknaz*, the King your Father is very much troubled to find your Sentiments so contrary to Nature and the divine Laws. You are under the Power of Satan. It is he who has prejudiced you against Men. I have prayed to the great *Kesava* to have Compassion on you. But as powerful as he is, do not imagine that he can draw you out of the Abyss into which you are plunged, if you do not on your Part do your utmost to get out of it.

The

The *Dervis* observing the Princess began to weep here, (so frighted was she at what he said) proceeded thus; Dry up your Tears, my Child; I find your Heart is disposed to change. I promise to deliver you out of the Hinds of Satan, provided you will follow my Counsel. *Farruknaz* promised to do whatever he should prescribe. She then kissed the Holy Man's Hand, and returned to the Palace.

The next Day she went again to the Monastery, and being alone with the *Dervis*, he said to her; Princess, I last Night saw *Kesaya* in a Dream, and he told me the Princess *Farruknaz* was no longer hated of the most High; that she had no longer an ill Opinion of Men; but she must take Pity of a young Prince, who burns, who languishes for her Night and Day. For the Almighty has written on the Table of Predestination that she shall be his Wife.

The Princess was astonished at these Words. How can I relieve this young Prince, says she, if I do not know who he is? *Kesaya* told me, replied the High-Priest, it is the Prince of *Persia*, his Name is *Farrukshad*; he is so charming, never Mother brought so accomplished a Man into the World. Oh Father, answered *Farruknaz*,

rukaz, I am amazed at what you say. How can a Prince who never saw me, be in Love with me? I will tell you, replied the *Dervis*, how it came about: For *Kesaya*, who foresaw all the Questions you would ask on this Subject, took Care to inform me of every Circumstance relating to it. Therefore to satisfy your Curiosity, I must let you know, what *Farrukshad* dreamt he saw you in a flowry Meadow. Charmed with your Beauty he would fain have made Love to you; but you left him abruptly, saying, All Men are Traytors. The Trouble your leaving him caused in him, awaked him, and instead of endeavouring when he was awake to put his Dream out of his Head, he pleased himself with reflecting on it. It is never out of his Mind, and though he has no Hopes of enjoying your Charms, your Image is ever in his Remembrance.

At these Words of the High-Priest's, the *Casmirian* Princess fetched a deep Sigh, and lifting her Eyes to Heaven cried, Is it possible this Prince should have the same Dream as I had? *Kesaya*, holy *Dervis*, did not tell you all, continued she: I dreamt also, that I saw in a flowry Meadow the handsomest Prince in the World, who de-

clared

clared his Love to me, which I received very rudely. But notwithstanding I used him so ill, I felt my Heart began to be concerned for him, and was obliged to fly away hastily, for fear his Person and his soothing Talk might triumph over the Hatred I had conceived against Men. This Hatred is an Effect of another Dream, the contrary to those Paintings. I find I was in an Error. I think better of Men; I believe them capable of Friendship, and if it is the Will of Heaven that I shall marry the Prince of *Persia*, I shall submit to it without Repugnance.

The High Priest was charmed to hear her talk so, and taking hold of this Disposition of hers, My Child, said he, I shall spend the Night in the Temple, and consult *Kesaya* to know what you are to do to arrive at the highest Pitch of Happiness. To Morrow you shall have his Answer. *Farruknaz* returned to the Palace, her Thoughts wholly taken up with Prince *Farrukschad*. She a hundred times called him to Mind as represented to her in the Dream, wherein he appeared so amorous. She remembered, as well as she could, every Feature, and the more she thought of him, the better she found she liked him. She every time represented him more charming

charming to her Imagination. She was very uneasy all that Day, and all the next Night did not sleep a Moment.

When Day appeared, she rose to visit the *Dervis*, who saw plainly by her Looks that her Heart was not at Ease. She did not stay for his telling her *Kesaya's* Answer, Ah Father, has Heaven revealed my Destiny? Has it informed you what it requires of me to shew my Obedience? Yes Child, replied the holy Man, the great *Kesaya* has informed me; It is his Pleasure that you bind your self by Oath to do what I am a going to order you. The Princess swore she would punctually perform his Orders. We must then, says he, depart this very Night. I'll conduct you to the Dominions of the Prince who loves you, and with himself will give you a richer Crown than that of *Casmire*. You are without doubt surprized that I propose your going away so precipitately. But it is the Pleasure of *Kesaya*. How, interrupted *Farruknaz*, does he order I should quit the Court of *Casmire* without my Father's Knowledge, to go seek after a Prince who is not yet my Husband? I do not tell you so, replies the High Priest. *Tigralbey* shall know of our Departure, and I'll
un-

undertake to get his Consent. But *Kesaya* will have this matter effected in this manner, to make you to expiate your former Cruelty. I confess, says the Princess, this Step is not at all to my Mind: However I will follow you, provided my Father agrees to it. I will answer for his Consent, replied the *Dervis*. Leave that to me. Return to the Palace, and prepare for your Departure. *Farruknaz* did as he bad her, and the holy Man a Moment after waited on the King.

He found *Togrulbey* with the Princess's Nurse. As soon as the King saw him, he cried, Come hither holy *Dervis*. We are obliged to you for the sudden Change that is wrought in the Heart of my Daughter. You are the Author of this Miracle. She hated Men, and you in a Moment have triumphed over that Hatred. One Conference of yours has done more than all *Suc-lumene's* Stories. Sir, replied the High-Priest, I have done yet more. *Farruknaz* does not only not hate Men, she is even in Love with the Prince of *Persia*.

Then the *Dervis* told all that had passed between the Princess and him, and declared to the King the Will of *Kesaya*. After *Togrulbey* had thought of it a little, I
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am sorry, says he to the High-Priest, that my Daughter is obliged to leave us in this manner. But since it is so ordered by *Kesaya*, I shall not presume to oppose it. Besides she will be under your Conduct, and I ought not then to be apprehensive of any thing. The King consenting to *Farruk-naz's* Departure; she, the *Dervis* and her Nurse left *Casmire* that very Night. They had no Attendants; the holy Man declaring it was the Will of *Kesaya* that they should have none. They all three travelled a Horse-back, and did not stop all the first Night. They arrived by Day-light in a Meadow enamelled with Flowers of a thousand different Kinds, diffusing the most agreeable Odours. At the End of the Meadow was a Garden, the Walls of which were of white Marble. On this Wall was a Summer-house of *Sandal*, with a Balcony gilt with Gold, and beneath ran a River of the fairest Water in the World, which spread it self over the Meadow and watered the Flowers. The Beauty of the Place inviting them to stop, they alighted and sat down on the River's Bank. They were extreemly delighted with so delicious an Abode: But while they were pleasing themselves with it, the *Dervis* on a sudden changed

changed Colour. His Countenance turned as pale as Death, and he was seized with a trembling all over him. *Farruknaz* and her Nurse, frighted at this Alteration, demanded the Cause of him. Ah my Princess, replied he, his very Looks expressing his Fear; what Demon has conducted us hither? That Summer-house, this Meadow, those Garden-Walls, all Things about us tell me this is the dreadful Dwelling of the Witch *Mehresza*. If she sees us we perish. Heaven, alas! is my Witness, that I tremble only for you. Were I here alone I would form a great Enterprize, and I find I have Courage enough to go through with it. Do it then, says *Farruknaz*, and do not matter our being with you. If it is our Destiny that we must perish here, I will shew by my Resolution that I am worthy the high Blood that flows in my Veins.

Ah Princess, crys the *Dervis*, this Resolution of yours dissipates all my Fears. I will acquire immortal Glory, or perish in the Attempt. Do you two stay here. If I do not come back to you in an Hour, you may be assured I have not succeeded in my Design. Saying this, he drew his Sabre, and entered the Magician's Garden. *Farruknaz* and her Nurse were in a terrible
Fright

Fright at his leaving them, not doubting but they should be destroyed if he did not come off. Ah unhappy *Dervis*, says *Farruknaz*, what will become of thee? *Sat-Jumme*, who affected to have more Courage than the Princess, bad her fear nothing. The Chief of the Temple of *Kesaya*, says she, cannot be overcome by a Sorceress. No, no, let his Enterprize be as dangerous as it will, do not fear; he will come off very well.

In effect he returned about an Hour after, and coming up to them, said smiling, Thanks to the Almighty, *Mehrefza* can do us no hurt, and this very Place which she has rendered terrible by her Enchantments, will offer us nothing but Pleasure. Know then, fair Princess, that I am not the Person you have taken me for. Do not any longer look on me as a *Dervis* Chief of the Pagod of *Casmire*, but as the Confident of Prince *Farrukschad*, whose Story and mine I shall tell you in few Words: After which we will enter *Mehrefza*'s Palace, where you will be received as you merit, and shall see Things that will surprize you. The great King who now reigns over *Persia*, has one only Son called *Farrukschad*. This Prince, one of the
most

most accomplished that ever was, fell sick some time since. His Father, who loves him with all imaginable Tenderness, was alarmed at it. He sent for the most able Physicians of his Capital *Chiraz*, who having observed all *Farrukhschad's* Symptoms, declared that his Distemper was such, that the Cause of it could be only known of himself. The King press'd him very much to discover it; but not being able to get the Secret out of him, he sent for me. *Symorgue*, says he, I know my Son conceals nothing from you. Go see him. Engage him to unbosom himself to you, and do not afterwards make any Scruple to reveal to me what he says. No, Sir, replied I; since his Sickneſs arises from his Obstinacy in concealing the Cause of it, if he lets me know it, I shall be sure to communicate it to you. I have too much Interest in his Life not to be guilty of such a Treason to him. Go then, says the King, talk with him. I shall impatiently wait for your Return.

I ran to the Prince's Apartment. He was glad to see me, and made me the most obliging Reproaches that I had not come to him before. Ah my dear Friend, says he, I have Reason to complain of you,
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for that you have not come to see me since I have been sick. Why did you delay it so long? I have already had a thousand troublesom Visits from others; and alas none but thine can be agreeable to me in my present Condition. I have been a hunting, replied I, and am but just now returned. But what's the matter with you, my Prince? What makes you pine thus? How comes it that your Complexion has lost so much of its Lustre? *Symorgue*, says the Prince, after having made all the Officers that were in his Chamber to quit the Room, I can keep no Secret from thee. Instead of hiding the Cause of my Sickness from thee, I wanted to see thee to inform thee of it. Wouldst thou think, my Friend, that I am reduced to this State by a Dream only? Heaven, cried I, what do you tell me? Can a Dream, a Chimera, make such an Impression on so reasonable a Mind as yours? I foresaw the Surprize thou wouldst be in, replies *Farrukschad*; but true it is that I am so weak. I carefully hide it from every Body, and can trust none but thee with the Knowledge of it. The odd Ground of my Illness then, is this. I dreamt I was in a flowery Meadow, where I saw a young Lady fairer than a
Houri.

Houri. I was not Proof against her Charms. I fell at her Feet, and made her a Declaration of my Love; but instead of hearkning to me, the cruel Creature flung from me, and said with a disdainful Air, 'Go your Way, all Men are Traytors. I saw a Hind in a Dream, who after having by her Efforts delivered a Stag out of a Snare in which he had fallen, being her self fallen into another, the Stag was so far from doing her the like good Office, that he ungratefully abandoned her. I judge of Men's Hearts by that. I believe them all ungrateful, and renounce their Love.

I would fain, continued the Prince, have vindicated Men, and undeceived her: But the inhuman Beauty fled. Ah my Goddess, cried I, say rather that the Hind abandoned the Stag. Pronouncing these Words I lost Sight of her, and awoke. This, my Friend, is the fatal Dream that disturbs the Quiet of my Life. I know very well, Reason bids me drive such vain Images out of my Thoughts; that it is Madness to remember them.----No, my Lord, said I hastily interrupting him, I would not that you should blot them out of your Remembrance. I begin to think there may be something extraordinary

traordinary in such pleasing Phantoms, that they are not so much formed by Sleep as by some kind Genies, who presented you with the Likeness of the Princess whom Heaven has destined for your Spouse. Let us go from Kingdom to Kingdom, my Prince, in Search of this amiable Person. We may meet with her, and see her more really than you have seen her. I will tell the King your Father that your Sicknefs comes from a violent Desire to travel, and I am sure he will let you satisfy that Desire.

Farrukschad, ravished with this Discourse, thanked me; and I left him to give his Father an Account of our Conversation. I told him Word for Word what the Prince said to me, adding I would not oppose the Illusions that were the Cause of his Distemper: I rather flattered them, and observed my Complaisance was a great Relief to him. To finish his Cure it is necessary for your Majesty to permit him and me to travel. It will be the only Means to drive away *Farrukschad's* Melancholy, and make him forget a chimerical Object with which his Mind is now so prepossess'd. The King was of the same Opinion, and ordered a magnificent Train to be provided for his Son; who, attended by a great

great Number of Officers, departed soon after from *Chiras*; my self also accompanying him.

We travelled a good while without keeping to any fixed Road. At last we came to the City of *Gazvina*, where reigns an old King who loves his Subjects, and is as much beloved by them. The good old Prince sent the Captain of his Guards to meet *Farrukschad*, in Token of his Joy for his happy Arrival, and make his Excuses that he could not himself come forth of his Palace to receive him. My Prince returned the King's Compliments very obligingly to the Captain, and inquired after his Master's Health. My Lord, replied the Officer, his Majesty is sick of Grief. He lost his only Son a few Days since, a Prince of very great Hopes; and this Loss is still a terrible Affliction to him. We were concerned for the old King's Misfortune, and went to the Palace, where all imaginable Honours were paid *Farrukschad*; in whom the old King finding a Resemblance of his Son, could not help bursting out into Tears at the Sight of him. Ah my Lord, says my Prince, am I the Cause of your weeping? Am I so unhappy as to bring any afflicting thing to your Remembrance?

brance? Yes, Prince, replied the King; the Likeness there is between you and my Son, renews my Grief: But I look on you as a new Child sent me by Heaven to comfort me for the loss of the other. I even begin to feel for you part of the Tenderness I had for him. Hold you the Rank which he held in my Court, and you shall be my Heir. *Farrukschad* thanked the King for his Goodness, and resolved to make a long stay at *Gaznina*, more out of Complaisance to this old Monarch, than to secure the Possession of the Throne he had offered him.

The King's Sorrow diminished sensibly every Day, and his Affection for the Prince of *Persia* encreased, so that he could no more live without him. As they were one Day talking together, *Farrukschad* happened to ask what Distemper the Prince of *Gaznina* died of. Alas, says the King, the Cause of his Death was very Extraordinary. It was Love that carried him to his Grave; the fatal Adventure is this. My Son had heard much Talk of the Princess of *Casmire*, and fell in Love with her on the Representations that had been made of her to him. I presently sent an Ambassador with rich Presents to King *Togrul-bey*,

bey, and Instructions to demand the Princess his Daughter for my Son. The King of *Casmire* made Answer, That he should take my Alliance for a very great Honour, but that he had sworn by *Kesaya* never to marry his Daughter against her Will; that that Princess hated Men mortally, and had conceived that Aversion to them from a Dream, she having dreamed one Night that a Hind after having delivered a Stag out of a Snare in which he had been taken, was her self taken in another, and that the Stag was so ungrateful as to refuse to assist her: That ever since that Dream she looked upon Men as so many Monsters which Women could never enough avoid. My Ambassador brought me this Answer, and my unhappy Son in Despair of marrying the *Casmirian* Princess, fell into a Consumption, of which he died, notwithstanding all the Care and Skill of my Physicians, who left no Remedies untried for his Cure.

Farrukschad could not hear this Story without various Emotions. If he was pleased to think with good Grounds that his Dream was no Chimera, he again was afraid of the same Fate with the Prince of *Gaznina*, considering the Cruelty of his

Princess. The King took Notice of the Concern he was in; Ah my Son, says he, what are you troubled at? You seem to have lost the use of your Reason. My Lord, replied the Prince, I had never left my own Country had it not been for that inhuman Princess.

He then told his Dream, and the King having heard him, cried with a Sigh, Just Heaven, why is my Life made up so of Gares and Troubles? I bred up my Son very carefully, I have lost him; and when I began to comfort my self for the Loss of him, a new Affliction overtakes me. What a strange Destiny is mine? But my dear *Farrukschad*, continued he, take Courage, do not give way to Melancholy; it is not impossible to conquer this Aversion of the Princess of *Casmire's* for Men. Alas, my Son's Sickness had not been without Remedy: If he had had Patience to wait for the Issue of the Stratagems that were made use of to that Purpose, his Life had then been saved.

The King of *Gaznina* having given the Prince of *Persia* some Hope, went to his Visiers who were met in Council; and *Farrukschad*, impatient to confer with me, sent for me, and told me what he had learned.

learned. Ah my dear Prince, said I, your Happiness is certain, now we know what Princels we have to do with; if his Majesty will permit me, I will go to the Kingdom of *Casmire*; and endeavour to bring hither the Object of your Wishes. Do not ask me how I will do it: I do not know my self. I shall act as Oecasion offers. The Prince transported to see with what Confidence I promised to render him happy, embraced me, and we spent the rest of the Day in mutual Rejoicings.

The next Morning I took my Leave of the Prince, and departed with the King of *Gaznina's* Permission for the Kingdom of *Casmire*, being very well armed and mounted. After several Days Travel I arrived at this Meadow on the other Side of the Palace, to which I am about to conduct you. I alighted to look about me, as now we do; being much pleased with the Beauties of the Place, I let my Horse graze, and sat under a tufted Tree on the Bank of a Fountain of pure and transparent Water, which invited me to taste it. I drank of it, and laying my self down on the Grass, fell asleep. When I awoke I saw six white Hinds, which had Housings of blue Satin, and Gold Rings at their Feet; they came

to me, I began to play with them, and stroak them on the Back; but as I did it, I observed they wept, which strangely surprized me, and I could not tell what to think of it; when turning my Eyes to the Palace, I saw a most beautiful Lady looking out at a Window; she made a Sign to me to come up to her; I left my Horse in the Meadow and was going to the Lady; when the Hinds seemed to hinder me by biting the bottom of my Robe, and standing in my Way.

As much amazed as I was at the Motions as well as the Tears of these Animals, I did not then make any Reflection that perhaps there might be something Myste-
rious in it. The Attraction of the Pleasure I proposed to my self in that Lady's Conversation, was too hard for my Prudence, and dragged me along. I arrived at the Gate of the Palace, and entered it; the Lady, who seemed to me to be still handsomer at a nearer than at a distant View, received me very graciously, took me by the Hand, and led me to a stately Apartment, where she made me sit down by her on a Sopha. After the first Compliments were over, several Slaves brought in Fruit in China Plates. The Lady took
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the finest and presented it to me; but I had scarce tasted it, when she on a sudden changed her Countenance, and said, *Rash Stranger, make Proof of the Chastisement destined to all those who like thee are so bold as to enter the Palace of Mehrezza. Quit thy natural Form, and take that of a Stag; lose the use of Speech, but keep still human Understanding, that thou mayest be always sensible of thy Misery.*

She had no sooner said these Words, but I found my self metamorphosed into a Stag. A green Satin Housing was brought her, and she put it on my Back; then they led me to a large Park where were above two hundred other Stags, or rather Men whose ill Fortune had drawn them into this Place, as well as mine had drawn me, and *Mehrezza* had in like manner changed them into Stags.

I had leisure enough to reflect on my Misfortune, which I did not grieve at so much for my own sake, as for the sake of Prince *Farrukschad*. Ah, said I to my self every Moment, what will become of my poor Prince? How can he obtain the Accomplishment of his Desires? He expects I should bring him the Princess he adores, and he will never see me more.

This Thought incessantly tormented me, and it is impossible to express the Trouble it gave me.

One Day I saw eight or ten Ladies enter the Park; among whom was one perfectly beautiful, and by the Richness of her Cloaths she seemed to be the Mistress of the rest; she had a Governante with her, to whom she said, looking on the Stags, In truth I heartily pity these Wretches. How inhuman is the Princess *Mehresza*, my Sister! Heaven has given us two quite different Inclinations; she is ever studying how to torment Mankind; she learned Magick one would think for nothing but to make them Miserable. And if I know any of its Secrets, I never made an ill use of them. I have employed them only to do Good: I delight in charitable Actions, and have a mind to do one to Day in my Sister's Absence. Go Mother, continues she, take one of those Stags and bring it to me in my Apartment. Saying this she returned to the Palace.

The Governante by chance addressed herself to me, and conducted me to her Mistress, who ordered one of her Maids to gather a certain Herb she named to her. The Damsel did as she was ordered, and
returned

returned in a little while with a Handful of it: The Lady squeezed half of it into a Cup, and made me swallow the Juice; then she pronounced these Words, *Oh young Man, quit thy Form of a Stag, and resume thy natural one.* Upon which I presently became as I was before. I threw my self at the Lady's Feet to return my Thanks: She asked me my Name and Country, and what brought me into the Kingdom of *Casmire*. I made a true Answer to all her Questions, and hid nothing from her.

When I had done speaking, she said, I am the Daughter of a Prince of the Court whither you are going; my Name is the Princess *Ghulnaze*: She who changed you into a Stag is my eldest Sister, whose Knowledge in Magick renders her Power very redoubtable. No body but I could have delivered you out of her Hands; and though I am her Sister, yet if she should find out what I have been doing, I fear she would exercise her Resentment on me. But happen what will, I shall not repent of having taken you out of the State you were in; nay, I shall lay further Obligations on you; I will help you to make the Prince your Friend happy. I confess it is a very difficult Business; for in order to it

the Confidence of the Princess he loves must be gained, which you cannot do at the Court of *Casmire*, without passing for some holy Person.

Ah my Princess, cried I at these last Words, what do you tell me? How can I acquire such a Reputation? You have nothing to do, says she, but to follow exactly the Instructions I shall give you. Saying this, she went to a Wardrobe of hers, and returned in a Moment with the Habit of a *Dervis* in her Hand, a Girdle, and a little Ebene Box. See, says she, all that is necessary for you to succeed in your Enterprize, Carry these Things with you, and proceed to the City of *Casmire*, which is not far off: But stop before you enter it; take off your Cloaths, and rub your Body all over with the Grease that is in this Box. Then put on this Habit of a *Dervis*, and gird your Loins with this Magick Girdle. After which march up to the City Gates; you will find Guards there who will say to you, Venerable Father, whence came you? Do you answer; I come from the farthest Parts of the West, in Pilgrimage to *Casmire*, to see the Grand *Kesaya*. You must know, pursued she, that this *Kesaya* is a celebrated Idol adored by the *Casmirians*.

from. As soon as you have said you are come so far to adore this Idol, they will prostrate themselves before you, and with a great deal of Respect conduct you to their King *Togrulbey*, who will give you to the High-Priest *Abram*, Chief of the Temple of *Kesaya*. This High-Priest and all the other Ministers of the Idol will conduct you to the Pagod, which for Beauty and Magnificence is above all the Palaces in the World. But it is surrounded with a Ditch twenty Cubits deep, full of Water that boils without Fire; and on the other Side of the Ditch is a Platform of Steel Plates which are red-hot; so that the Temple seems to be inaccessible. Then will *Abram* say to you, Oh Phoenix of the Age, many Perils hast thou passed, and many Fatigues, before thou couldst arrive here. The Grand *Kesaya*, for whom thou hast undertaken this long and troublesome Journey, dwells in this Temple; he is hidden in his Sanctuary, Men cannot see him. Thou canst only pay thy Adorations here, and then return into thy own Country.

To this Discourse you shall answer, that you are come to visit *Kesaya*, and that you would enjoy his ravishing Sight. The High-

Priest will tell you, that to have so great an Honour you must cross the boiling Water, and march over the burning Platform. Do you then cry out aloud for Joy, and march boldly over; the Grease with which you must rub your self has a Virtue to render Water as solid as Stone, and will also hinder your being burnt. When you are entered the Pagod, you will see *Kesaya*, and must serve him a whole Day. Then go again to *Abran*, and he will adopt you for his Son. Live with him fourteen Days, and at the End of that Time rub his Body while he is asleep with a white Powder I am going to give you. He will die as soon as he feels it, and the King will not fail to make you High-Priest in his Place. When you are arrived at this Dignity, go and see the Prince of *Casmire*, who has been a long time ill, and given over by the Physicians. You must pray over him, and he shall soon be cured. The Noise of this Cure will be spread about among all the People of *Indostan*, who will look upon you as holy; and *Farruknaz*, which is the Name of the Princess of *Casmire*, being charmed with your Reputation, will desire to see you. I need say no more, the rest depends on your Dexterity. I promised

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to follow *Ghulraze's* Instructions to a Title. Then she gave me the Box, the white Powder, and a Paper folded up containing the Form of the Prayer I was to make over the Prince of *Casmire*. Now go my Lord, says she, fly from this Palace with the utmost Speed, for fear my Sister should return. Alas, added she sighing, the Mischief she can do for having destroyed her Enchantment, is not what I am most apprehensive of.

I understood the obliging things she meant of me by her last Words. I again returned her my Thanks in Terms which explained the height of my Gratitude. We should have been very well satisfied with one another, and very glad to have staid together long, but being apprehensive of *Mehresza's* surprizing us, we were obliged to part. I took the Road to *Casmire*, and when I drew near that City, I put off my own Cloaths, and put on the Habit of a *Dervis*, having first rubbed my Body all over with the Grease that was in the *Ebene* Box. I then went up to the Gates. The Guards carried me to the King, who delivered me over to the High-Priest. I crossed the boyling Water and burning Platform without the least hurt. I entered the Temple,

Temple, where I saw the Grand *Kesaya* placed on his Throne. It is, as you know, an Idol of Sandal Wood. His Eyes are two great Carbuncles. On his Head he wears a Crown of Rubies, and round his Waste a Girdle of Turgorfes. I stayed with *Kesaya* till the next Morning, when I went to the chief of the Ministers of the Temple, who adopted me for his Son, and kept me with him. In fine, that I might not lose the Fruit of all my Trouble by omitting any Circumstance, I rid my self of *Abran* after the manner *Ghulnaze* had prescribed, and became High-Priest in his Place. A little while after I cured Prince *Farrukrouz*, which got me such a Reputation that you desired to see me. You know the rest, (and what Impression the Paintings I had ordered to be drawn on the Wall, made on your Mind. I observed you before I appeared my self in the Hall, and perceived you grew very pensive upon Sight of them.

This, charming *Farruknaz*, adds *Symorgue*, is what I thought not fit to keep you any longer in Ignorance of. Pardon the Artifice I made use of, to cure you of the ill Opinion you had conceived of Men, and prepare your Heart to crown the
Wishes

Wishes of the most lovely of all Princes. The Princess of *Casimé* blushed while he was telling the Story, finding he had imposed upon her. But she now loved the Prince of *Persia* so well, she could not be angry with the false *Dervis*. What have you been doing in the Palace of the Sorceress *Mehrazza*, says she? Inform us of your present Adventures. Fair *Farnuknaz*, replied he, I found the Gate open, I entered and saw no Body. I only heard a mournful Voice whose sorrowful Accents drew me to the Chamber whence they came. I saw there a young Lady on a large Sopha, with a Yoke about her Neck and Iron Chains on her Feet. Her Arms were put into a Leather Bag and tied with Thongs. This miserable Creature, over-born with her Calamity, remained thus, her Head resting on her Knees in the most doleful Plight imaginable. I approached her with an Intention to give her some Relief. She lifted up her Head, and I presently knew the unhappy Lady to be my Deliverer, the amiable *Ghulnaze*.

I was enraged at so moving an Object. Ah my Queen, cried I, what a sad Condition do I find you in? What barbarous Hands have loaden you with Irons? Is it you,

you, my dear *Symorgue*, replied she. What evil Genie has brought you hither? Alas, you will soon be the Victim of my cruel Sister. She found out that I had delivered you, and to punish me for it, loaded me with these Chains. I have born them a long time already. But what troubles me more than all the rest, is the Danger that you run. Save your self immediately, endeavour to escape the Inhuman *Mebresza*. Why my *Sultana*, replied I, why will you have me fly and abandon you? Do you think I can be guilty of such foul Ingratitude. Ah, I had rather a hundred Times undergo her Resentment. The most terrible Death loses all its Terrors, when your Preservation and Safety are in Question. I beseech you tell me what must be done to deliver you, and if it is possible I hope to effect it.

Since you have so much Courage, answered *Ghulnaze*, my Liberty depends on you. Go to the West end of the Garden, you will find my Sister asleep on a Bank of Flowers, with a Satin Bag under her Head instead of a Pillow. If you can get away that Bag without waking her, we shall there find the Keys of my Chains, and you may deliver me: But if *Mebresza* awakes as you endeavour to take the Bag away, you
are

are undone. There are no other Means of my Deliverance. All human Efforts will be in vain. Leave it to me, ſays I to *Gbulnaze*, I will fetch the Key I warrant you.

I went out of the Palace into the Garden, where at the Weſt End I ſpied the Sorcerers aſleep upon the Bank, her Head reſting on the Bag, the compaſſing of which I had undertaken. I ſtayed ſome time in Suſpence what to do; but the Fear of waiking her determined me to cut off *Mehrefza's* Head with a Stroke of my *Sabre*. Accordingly I killed the Sorcerers, and carried the Bag to her Siſter, who impatiently expected me. I told her what I had done, at which ſhe ſeemed overjoyed. I then took the Key out of the Bag, and ſet my Princeſs at Liberty. Thus, continues *Symorgue*, have I rid the World of the moſt wicked Woman in it. And now, divine *Farruknaz*, we may enter the Palace boldly, we ſhall there find *Gbulnaze*, who is preparing every thing for your Reception, being as well pleaſed with your Arrival as with her own Deliverance. At theſe Words he gave the Princeſs of *Casmiſe* his Hand, and led her into the Palace. They met *Gbulnaze* coming to wait on

Farruknaz. She fell at her Feet to pay her Duty to the Daughter of her King; the Princess of *Casmire* raised her up, and embracing her with great Tenderness said, I am glad, fair *Gbulnaze*, that the brave and generous *Symorgue* has so well served you. It is true, added she smiling, he has too much Obligation to you not to expose himself to the greatest Dangers, rather than leave you in Chains. Ah my Princess, replied *Gbulnaze* with the same Air, you see the Stag does not leave the Hind when she stands in need of his Assistance.

After some Moments of such like Conversation, they entered the Palace; the Beauty of which *Farruknaz* could not but admire. They then went into the Park, where were above three hundred Stags. The Sister of the Sorceress restored them all to their natural Form by the same Method she practised upon *Symorgue*. As fast as they became Men, they prostrated themselves before their charming Deliverer, to thank her for what she did for them. They were for the most Part of them, young and handsome Persons.

Some said they were *Tartars*, others *Chinese*, and others *Carizmians*: There were some of all Nations of *Asia*. But how

was

was the Conductor of *Farruknaz* and the Princesses surprized, when among the Croud of Stags which were become Men again, he distinguished Prince *Farrukschad*? He ran to him, embraced his Knees, and cried, Have I found you once more, my dear Prince? And my dear Friend, replied the Prince of *Persia*, have I once more found thee again? Yes, my Lord, says the Prince's Confident full of Joy, it is I, it is your *Symorgue*, who to compleat your Happiness brings you the Princess of *Casmire*. At these Words he conducted him to *Farruknaz*, who saw in the Prince the Likeness of him she had seen in her Dream; and *Farrukschad* on his Side knew, as soon as ever he looked on the Princess, she was the same Person whose Image he had so cherished in his Remembrance.

While the Prince of *Persia* was endeavouring to express the Joy of his Soul to his Mistress, *Ghulnaze* went into the Meadow where the white Hinds were. She also restored them to their natural Form, and they appeared to be very amiable young Ladies metamorphosed by the Sorceress her Sister. She carried them to *Farruknaz*, who made them tell their Adventures. All these Ladies had Lovers there, who were transported

366 *Persian* TALES.

transported to see them delivered as well as themselves, from the magical Power that kept them under the Forms of such Animals. To compleat their Happiness every Cavalier, who had been changed to a Stag, found his Horse again in the Stables of the Palace. Thus after having repeated their Thanks to *Gbulnaze*, all the Men she had delivered took Leave of her and departed, carrying with them their Ladies, each for his own Country. There remained no Body in the Palace but *Farruknaz*, *Gbulnaze*, *Satlumeme*, the Prince of *Persia* and his Confident. They stayed there some Days, and then departed all of them for the Court of *Gaznina*, where they happily arrived. The King of *Gaznina*, to celebrate *Farrukschad's* Return, gave Orders for publick Rejoicings. He married that Prince to the Princess of *Casmire*, and *Symorgue* to *Gbulnaze*. Amidst the Joy of the Court of *Gaznina* on Occasion of these Marriages, the old Monarch would needs hear the Story of *Farruknaz*. *Symorgue* told by what Means he acquired the Confidence of that Princess; and when he had finished his Relation, *Farrukschad* gave an Account how he fell into the Hands of *Mehrefza*.

A little while after, the King of *Gaznina* fell ill, and finding the Angel of Death was about to carry him off, he named Prince *Farrukshad* his Successor to the Crown. Accordingly as soon as he was dead, the Prince of *Persia* ascended his Throne; but desiring to return to *Persia*, he left the Scepter of *Gaznina* to *Symorgue* with the Consent of the Nobles and People of the Kingdom. Thus *Symorgue* reigned over *Gaznina* with the Princess *Ghulnaze*, and *Farrukshad* conducted *Farruknaz* to the Court of *Persia*, where he soon after succeeded the King his Father, who seemed to wait only for the Return of his Son, to resign both his Life and Kingdom.

The King happily arrived. The King was to celebrate *Farrukshad's* Return, gave Orders for publick Rejoicings. He married that Prince to the Princess of *Caspia*, and gave *Ghulnaze* to *Farruknaz*. Amidst the joy of the Court of *Gaznina* on Occasion of these Marriages, the old Monarch would needs hear that of *Farrukshad*.

F I N I S. *Symorgue* told by what Means he acquired the Confidence of that Prince; and when he had finished his Relation, *Farrukshad* gave an Account how he fell into the Hands of *Mithras*.

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